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THE
COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT BURNS.

A NEW AND REVISED EDITION,

FROM THE BEST PRINTED AUTHORITIES

WITH MLMOIR, GLOSSARY, ETC.



NEW YORK.
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION . .	19
DEDICATION TO THE SECOND EDITION . .	23
LINE OF ROBERT BURNS . . .	25

BOOK I

MORAL, RELIGIOUS, AND PRECEPTIVE

The Two Dogs	51
The Brigs of Ayr	59
The Vision	67
The Cotter's Saturday Night	77
Verses written in Friar's Carse Hermitage, on Nithside	85
A Prayer, under the Pressure of Violent Anguish	87
A Prayer, in the Prospect of Death	88
Stanzas, on the same Occasion	89
Verses left by the Author at a Reverend Friend's House, in the Room where he slept	90
A Grace before Dinner	91
The First Psalm	92
The First Six Verses of the Ninetieth Psalm	93
Epistle to a Young Friend . . .	94

BOOK II

PATHETIC, ELEGIAC, AND DESCRIPTIVE.

Man was made to Mourn	98
A Winter Night	101
Winter	105
Despondency	106
To Ruin	108
Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots, on the Approach of Spring	109
The Lament, occasioned by the unfortunate Issue of a Friend's Amour	112
Lament of a Mother for the Death of her Son	115
Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn	116
Lines sent to Sir John Whiteford, of Whiteford, Bart., with the foregoing Poem	119
Strathallan's Lament	119
The Chevalier's Lament	120
The Author's Farewell to his Native Country	121
Farewell to Ayishue	122
The Farewell to the Brethren of St James's Lodge, Tur- bolton	123
Farewell to Eliza	125
Highland Mary	126
To Mary in Heaven	127
Elegy, on the late Miss Burnet of Monboddo	128
Verses, on reading, in a Newspaper, the Death of John M'Leod, Esq, Brother to a Young Lady, a particular Friend of the Author	129
Sonnet, on the Death of Robert Riddel, Esq, of Glen Rid- del, April, 1794	131
Verses, on the Death of Sir James Hunter Blair	131
Address to the Shade of Thomson, on crowning his Bust, at Ednam, Roxburghshire, with Bays	133
Epitaph for the Author's Father	134
For R A, Esq	135
On a Friend	135
A Bard's Epitaph	135
Verses, on the Birth of a Posthumous Child, born in pe- culiar Circumstances of Finny Distress	137
Lines, on Searing some Water fowl, in Loch Turlit, a wild Scene among the Hills of Oughtertyre	138

Sonnet, written on the 25th of January, 1793, the Birthday of the Author, on hearing a Thrush in a Morning Walk	139
On Sensibility	140
✓ To a Mouse, on turning her up in her Nest with the Plough, November, 1785	141
✓ To a Mountain Daisy, on turning one down with the Plough, in April, 1786	143
The Humble Petition of Bruar Water, to the noble Duke of Athole	145
Verses, on seeing a wounded Hare limp by me, which a Fellow had just shot at	148
Lines written with a Pencil over the Chimney piece, in the Parlor of the Inn at Kenmore, Tivymouth	149
Lines written with a Pencil, standing by the Fall of Ivers, near Loch-Ness	150
✓ The Farewell	151
Verses written under violent Grief	152
Remorse	153
Elegy on the Death of Robert Dundas, Esq., of Arncliffe, Lord President of the Court of Session, died 1787	154
To Miss Ferrier	155
On the Death of a Favorite Child	156
Bruce	157
To the Memory of Prince Charles Edward Stuart	158
Lines, on viewing Stirling Palace	159
A Farewell	159
Epitaph on John Bushby, writer in Dumfries	159
On the Poet's Daughter, who died 1795	160
Epitaph on W—	160
Epitaph on William Nicol	160
Liberty A Fragment	161
Elegy on the Death of Robert Rousseaux	162
Epitaph on Robert Fergusson, Poet	163
The Poet's Self reproof	163

BOOK III.

FAMILIAR AND EPISTOLARY.

To Miss Cruikshanks, a very Young Lady Written on the blank Leaf of a Book presented to her by the Author	164
Verses on a Young Lady residing on the Banks of the small River Devon, in Clackmannanshire, but whose infant Years were spent in Ayrshire	165
To Miss L——, with Beattie's Poems as a New Year's Gift, January 1, 1787	166
Verses to a Young Lady, with a Present of Songs	166
Verses written on the blank Leaf of a Copy of his Poems presented to a Lady whom he had often celebrated under the name of Chloris	167
To a Young Lady, Miss Jessy L——, Dumfries, with Books which the Bard presented her	168
Verses written on the blank Leaf of a Copy of his Poems, presented to an old Sweetheart, then married	169
To J S****	169
Epistle to Davie, a Brother Poet	175
To the Same	181
Epistle to J Lapraik	183
To the Same	187
To W S*****	191
Epistle to J R*****, enclosing some Poems	198
To Dr Blacklock	201
To Colonel De Peyster	203
Letter to J——s I——t Gl——r	205
To Mr Mitchell	207
To the Guidwife of Wauchope House, in Answer to an Epistle she had sent the Author	209
To J Rinken, on his writing to the Author that a Girl was with Child by him	211
Address to an Illegitimate Child	212
To a Tailor, in Answer to an Epistle which he had sent the Author	213
To Mr William Tytler, with a Portrait of the Author	216
Epistle to R Graham, Esq, of Fintra	217
To the Same	220
To the Same, on receiving a Favor	223
To a Gentleman whom the Author had offended	224

To a Gentleman who had sent him a Newspaper, and offered to continue it free of Expense . . .	225
Sketch, to Mrs Dunlop, on a New Year's Day . .	226
The Auld Farmer's New Year Morning Salutation to his Auld Mse, Maggie . . .	228
The Death and Dying Words of poor Mailie, the Author's only pet Yowc . . .	232
Poor Mailie's Elegy . . .	234
To Clarinda, with a Present of a Pair of Drinking-Glasses	236
To Clarinda . . .	237
To Clarinda . . .	237
To Captain Riddel, of Glenriddel Extempore Lines on returning a Newspaper containing Criticisms on the Poet's Works . . .	238
To John Taylor . . .	239
Third Epistle to John Lapruk, September 13, 1785 . .	239
Delia Au Ode . . .	241
Verses to John Maxwell, of Terraughty, on his Birthday . .	242
Epistle to the Rev John M'Muth one of the Presbyterian Clergy who preached against the "Auld Light" Doctrines . . .	243
Epistle to Gavin Hamilton, Esq, recommending a Boy . .	247
Poetical Invitation to Mr John Kennedy, accompanied by a Copy of "The Cotter's Saturday Night" . .	248
Epistle to Mr M'Adam, of Craiggillan, on receiving an obliging Letter from Mr M'Adam . . .	249
Epistle to Major Logan . . .	250
Epistle to William Creech . . .	253
Epistle to Hugh Parker . . .	256
Second Epistle to Robert Graham, Esq, of Fintry, on the close of the disputed Election between Sir James Johnstone and Captain Miller, for the Dumfries District of Boroughs . . .	257
Epistle from Esopus to Maria . . .	262

BOOK IV.

HUMOROUS, SATIRICAL, EPIGRAMMATICAL, AND
MISCELLANEOUS

Tam O'Shanter	266
Halloween	273
The Jolly Beggars	284
Death and Dr Hornbook	298
A Dream	305
Scotch Drink	310
The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer to the Scotch Representatives in the House of Commons	315
Address to the Devil	322
On the late Captain Grose's Peregrinations through Scotland, collecting the Antiquities of that Kingdom	326
Lines written in a Wrapper, enclosing a Letter to Captain Grose	329
Epigram on Captain Grose	330
Lines on an Interview with Lord Dier	331
The Inventory	332
To a Louse, on seeing one on a Lady's Bounet at Church	335
Address to the Toothache	337
To a Haggle	338
The Holy Fair	340
The Ordination	350
Address to the Uneo Guld, or Rigidly Righteous	355
The Twa Herds	358
The Calf	362
Holy Willie's Prayer	363
Epitaph on Holy Willie	365
The Kirk's Alarm	367
Letter to John Gouda, Kilmarnock, on the Publication of his Essays	371
A Dedication to Gavin Hamilton, Esq.	372
Lines addressed to Mr John Ranken	377
Lines written by Burns, while on his Deathbed, to the Same	378
Extempore, at a Meeting of the Dumfriesshire Volunteers	378
Extempore on the late Mr William Smellie	379
To Mr S**e, on refusing to dine with him, after having been promised the first of Company, and the first Cookery	379

To Mr S**e, with a Present of a Dozen of Porter	380
Extempore, written in Answer to a Card from an Intimate of Burns, inviting him to spend an hour at a Tavern .	380
Extempore, written in a Lady's Pocket-book	381
Lines on Miss J. Scott, of Ayr	381
Lines written under the Picture of the celebrated Miss Burns	381
Lines on being asked why God had made Miss Davis so little, and Miss — so large	382
Lines written and presented to Mrs Kemble, on seeing her in the Character of Yarico	382
Lines written on Windows of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries	383
Lines written on a Window at the King's Arms Tavern, Dumfries	384
A Verse presented by the Author to the Master of a House at a Place in the Highlands, where he had been hos- pitably entertained	384
Epigram on the Neglect of an Innkeeper	385
Epigram on Elphinstone's Translation of Martial's Epigrams	385
Verses written on a Window of the Inn at Carron	386
Epitaph on a celebrated Ruling Elder	386
On a Noisy Polemic	387
On Wee Johnny	387
For G. H., Esq	387
On a Wug in Mauchline	388
On John Dove, Innkeeper, Mauchline	388
On Walter S —	389
On a Henpecked Country Squire	389
Epigram on said Occasion	389
Another	390
On the Death of a Lapdog named Echo	390
Impromptu, on Mrs —'s Birthday	391
Monody on a Lady famed for her Caprice	392
The Epitaph	393
Ode, Sacred to the Memory of Mrs —, of —,	393
The Henpecked Husband	395
Elegy on the Year 1788	395
Tam Samson's Elegy	397
The Epitaph	400
Per Contra	401
Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson	401
The Epitaph	405
On a Scotch Bard, gone to the West Indies	406
On Pastoral Poetry	406

Prologue, spoken at the Theatre, Ellisland, on New-Year-Day Evening	410
Prologue spoken by Mr Woods on his Benefit-night . .	411
The Rights of Woman, an Occasional Address, spoken by Miss Fontenelle on her Benefit night	414
Address, spoken by Miss Fonteneile on her Benefit-night, at the Theatre, Dumfries	415
Fragment, inscribed to the Right Hon C J Fox	417
Inscription for an Altar to Independenec, at Kerroughtry, the seat of Mr Heron	419
Address to Edinburgh	419
Lines written on a Bank note	422
To the Owl	422
Prologue for Mr Sutherland's Benefit night, Dumfries . .	424
Verses on the Destruction of the Woods near Drumlanrig	426
Verses to my Bed	427
Verses on an Evening View of the Ruins of Lincluden Abbey	428
Verses intended to be written below a noble Earl's Picture	430
The Vowels	431
The Hermit, written on a Marble Sideboard in the Hermitage belonging to the Duke of Athole, in the Wood of Aberfeldy	432
Elegy on Peg Nicholson, a Bay Mare of Mr W Nicol's . .	434
To a Kiss	435
On seeing Miss Fontenelle in a Favorite Character	435
Tragic Fragment	436
The Tarbolton Lassies	437
The Ronalds	438
Though Fickle Fortune has deceived me	440
The American War	440
The Laddies on the Banks of Nith	441
The Five Carlins An Election ballad	444
The Dean of Faculty	448
The Heron Election Ballads	449
Address of Beelzebub to the President of the Highland Society	458
Stanzas on the Duke of Queensberry	460
A Grace before Dinner	461
On Tam the Chapman	461
Sketch of a Character	462
Verses addressed to the Landlady of the Inn at Rosslyn . .	462
On Burns's Horse being impounded by the Mayor of Carlisle	463

On a Noted Coxcomb	463
Epigram on Bacon	463
On Mr W Cruikshanks	463
On a Schoolmaster	464
On the Kirk of Lamington, in Clydesdale	464
A Mother's Address to her Infant	464
The Creed of Poverty	464
On Andrew Turner	465
Lines spoken extempore, on being appointed to the Excise	465
Inscription on a Goblet	465
Poetical Reply to an Invitation	466
On a Suicide	466
The Parson's Looks	466
Impromptu on Mrs Riddel's Birthday	467
War	467
Extempore, pinned to a Lady's Coach	468
On Robert Riddel	468
On a Person nicknamed "the Marquis"	468
Drinking	468
Invitation to a Medical Gentleman	469
On a Country Laird an Election Squib	469
The Selkirk Grace	470
On Gabriel Richardson, Brewer, Dumfries	470
The True Loyal Natives	470
On Occasion of a National Thanksgiving for a Naval Victory	471
Innocence	471
On seeing the Beautiful Seat of Lord Galloway	471
On the Same	471
On the Same	472
To the Same, on being threatened with his Resentment	472
To Miss Jessy Lewars	472
On the Sickness of Miss Jessy Lewars	473
On the Recovery of Jessy Lewars	473
To Mrs C, on receiving a Work of Hannah More	473
The Toast	474
The Black-headed Eagle	474
A Bottle and an Honest Friend	474
Grace after Dinner	475
Another Grace	475
To the Editor of "The Star"	475
To Dr Maxwell, on Miss Jessy Stag's Recovery	476
The Piper	476
Jenny M'Craw	476

The Book-worms	477
The Solemn League and Covenant	477
Lines written at Loudon Manse	477
The Two Lawyers	478
To Jona M'Murdo, Esq	478
To the Sime	479
To a Painter	479
On a Sheep's Head	480
To a Lady who was looking up the Text during Sermon	480
On the Illness of a Favorite Child	481
Verses written under the Portrait of Fergusson, the Poet	481

BOOK V.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

A Vision	482
Bannock Burn Robert Bruce's Address to his Army	484
Song of Death	485
Imitation of an old Jacobite Song	486
The Lass of Inverness	486
The Absent Warrior	487
The Warrior's Return	489
Lord Gregory	491
Open the Door to me, O' With Alterations	492
The Eutreaty	493
The Answer	494
The Forlorn Lover	495
The Dreary Night	496
Poorlith Cauld	498
Clarinda	498
Isabella	499
Wandering Willie	499
The Parting Kiss	500
The Roaring Ocean	501
Fair Eliza	502
Eliza	503
The Braes o' Ballochmyle	504
Gloomy December	504
Departure of Nancy	505
My Nanie's awa	506
Banks o' Doon	507

The Disconsolate Lover	507
Cragie-Burn	509
The Cheerless Soul	510
Mary Morison	511
Fair Jenny	512
Address to the Wood Lark	518
Fragment, in Witherspoon's Collection of Scots' Songs, .	514
Address to a Lady	514
The Auld Man	515
John Anderson, my Jo	516
Auld Lang Syne	517
Hopeless Love	518
Banks of Nith	519
Banks of Cree	520
Castle Gordon	520
Afton Water	522
The Sacred Vow	523
The Rigs o' Barley	524
The Lea-Rig	525
The Lass of Ballochmyle	526
Bonnie Lesley	528
Bonnie Jean	529
Dainty Davie	531
To Jeanie	532
Clouden Knowes	533
Lovely Nancy	534
To Chloris	535
Lassie wi' the Linthwaite Locks	536
Chloris	537
The Rosbud	537
The Birks of Aberfeldy	538
This is no my ain Lissie	540
Const mev	541
Peggy's Charms	542
Jessy	543
The Blue-eyed Lassie	544
Wilt thou be my Dearie?	544
The Blissful Day	545
Lovely Jean	546
Lucy	547
Blithe Phemie	548
Charming Nannie	549
Green grow the Rashies	551

The Highland Lassie	552
Anna	554
The Spinning Wheel	556
The Country Lassie	556
Tam Glen	557
Somebody	559
O, Whistle, & Co	559
Ane-and Twenty	560
The Young Lassie	561
The Mercenary Lover	562
Mcg o' the Mill	563
My Tocher's the Jewel	564
Auld Rob Morris	564
To Tibble	565
Duncan Gray	567
The Braw Wooer	568
Willie's Wife	570
A Peck o' Maut	571
The Lawin	572
Honest Poverty	573
The Battle of Sheriff-Muir	575
Contentment	577
The Dumfries Volunteers	578
Caledonia	579
Comin' through the Rye	580
The Whistle	581
John Barleycorn	585
Luckless Fortune	587
My Handsome Nell	588
I Dreamed I lay where Flowers were springing	590
My Father was a Farmer	590
O, that I had ne'er been Married	592
Peggy	593
Montgomery's Peggy	594
The Muchline Lady	595
The Rantin' Dog the Daddie O't	595
My Heart was once as blithe and free	596
Gude'en to you, Kimmie	597
A Fragment	598
O, why the Deuce should I repine ?	599
Robin shure in hairst	599
Sweetest May	600
When I think on the Happy Days	600

My Jean	601
Rantin' Rovin' Robin	601
Bonnie Peggy Alison	602
Mauchline Belles	603
The Belles of Mauchline	604
Hunting Song	604
Young Peggy	605
The Cure for all Care	606
The Sons of Old Kilie	606
Katherine Jaffray	608
On Cessnock Banks	609
On Cessnock Banks (Improved Version)	611
To Mary	613
Mary	614
Bonnie Dundee	614
The Joyful Widower	615
There 's News, Lassies, News	616
Macpherson's Farewell	617
Damon and Sylvia	618
Her Daddie Forbade	619
I'm o'er Young to Marry yet	619
Stay, my Charmer	620
Come down the Back Stairs	621
My Hoggie	621
Braw Lads of Galla Water	622
There was a Wife	623
Up in the Morning early	624
There was a Lass	624
Hey, the Dusty Miller	625
The Young Highland Rover	626
Bonnie Peg	627
Shelah O'Neil	627
Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray	628
Thaniel Menzie's Bonnie Mary	629
Ye ha'e Lien Wrang, Lassie	629
The Ploughman	630
Landlady, count the Lawin	631
To Dauntin me	632
Women's Minds	633
Come, boat me o'er to Charlie	634
My Wife 's a Winsome Wee Thing	634
Rattlin', Roarin' Willie	635
Tibbie Dunbar	636
My Harry was a Gallant gay	637

The Tailor	638
When Rosy May comes in wi' Flowers	638
Beware o' Bonnie Ann	639
Summer's a Pleasant Time	640
My Love she's but n Lassie yet	641
Whistle o'er the Lave o't	641
My Bonnie Maiv	642
The Captain's Lady	643
Wee Willie Gray	643
Blooming Nelly	644
O, can ye Labor lea	645
The Lazy Mist	646
There's a Youth in this City	646
O, Guld Ale comes	647
Jamie, come, try me	648
My Heart's in the Highlands	649
Our Thrissles flourished Fresh and fair	649
Brose and Butter	650
Eppie Adair	651
O, merry ha'e I been Tecthun' a Heckle	651
Lament Written at a Time when the Poet was about to leave Scotland	652
Evan Banks	653
Young Jockey	654
The Bittle of Kalliecrunkie	655
Frae the Friends and Land I love	655
Sweet closes the Evening	656
Come, rede me, Dame	657
The Bonnie Lad that's far awa'	658
Cock up your Beaver	659
I do confess thou art sae fair	660
Yon Wild, Mossy Mountains	660
It is na, Jean, thy Bonny Face	662
O, saw ye my Deanie?	662
Who is that at my Bower Door?	663
The Bonnie Wee Thing	664
Lovely Dances	665
The tither Morn	666
Ae Fond Kiss	667
The Weary Fund o' Tow	668
Galla Water	669
Young Jessie	670
I ha'e a Wife o' my ain	671
O, Kenmure's on and awa'	671

My Collier Laddie	672
Nithsdale's Welcome Hame	674
As I was a-Wand'ring	674
The Posie	675
Ye Jacobites by Name	676
The Banks of Doon First Version	677
Sic a Wife as Willie had	678
Farewell to a' our Scottish Fame	679
Bonnie Bell	680
Lady Mary Ann	681
The Gallant Weaver	682
Jeane's Bosom	683
The Mirk Night o' December	683
Ladie Onhe	684
The Carles of Dysart	684
The Deuks Dang o'er my Daddie, O'	685
Had I a Cave	686
The De'il 's awa' wi' th' Exciseman	686
Phyllis the Fair	687
My Spouse Nancy	688
Anna, thy Charms	689
Thou hast left me ever	690
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie ?	690
O Philly !	691
Had I the Wyte she bade me	692
The Highland Laddie	694
Lovely Polly Stewart	695
Cassillis Banks	696
The Lover's Morning Salutation to his Mistress	696
Young Jamie, Pride of a' the Plun	697
The Lass of Leekfechan	698
The Winter it is past	698
The Cooper o' Cuddie	699
The cardu' o't	700
Ah, Chloris	701
Out over the Forth	701
The Lass that made the Bed to me	702
Sae far awa' !	704
Let not Woman e'er complun	704
I'll aye cr' in by you Town	706
Sae ye my Phely ?	706
To thee, loved Nith	706
On the Seas and far awa'	707
She says she lo'es me best of a'	708

Bannocks o' Barley	709
Here's his health in Water	710
The Charming Month of May	710
Wae is my Heart	711
Hee Balou	712
My Peggy's Face	712
Amang the Trees where humming Bees	713
My Lady's Gown, there's Gairs upon't	714
O, wat ye what my Minnie did?	715
Here's to thy Health, my bonnie Lass	716
O, wha is she that lo'es me?	717
O, steer her up	718
The Farewell	719
O, aye my Wife she dang me	720
O, lay thy Loof in mine, Lass	720
The Fête Champêtre	721
The last Braw Bridal	723
Here's a Health to them that's awa'	724
The Winter of I life	725
The Highland Widow's Lament	725
To Mary	727
Welcome to General Dumourier	727
Bonnie Peg-a Ramsay	728
O, Mally's meek, Mally's sweet	728
There was a Bonnie Lass	729
'Twas na her Bonnie Blue E'e	730
On Chloris being ill	730
Their Groves o' Sweet Myrtle	731
How cruel are the Parents	732
Mark yonder Pomp	732
Chloris	733
Song	734
Her Flowing Locks	735
The Discreet Hint	735
Deluded Swain, the pleasure	736
A down Winding Nith	736
A Red, Red Rose	738
The Ruined Maid's Lament	739
Fairest Maid on Devon Banks	740
Lines written on a Tumbler	741
To some People who wereboasting of their grand Acquaintances	741
<hr/>	
GLOSSARY	742

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE following trifles are not the production of the poet who, with all the advantages of learned art, and perhaps amid the elegances and idleness of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocritus or Virgil To the author of this, these and other celebrated names, their countrymen, are, at least in their original language, a fountain shut up and a book sealed Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing poetry by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself, and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language. Though a rhymers from his earliest years, at least from the earliest impulses of the softer passions, it was not till very lately that the applause, perhaps the partiality of friendship, awakened his vanity so far as to make him think anything of his worth showing; and none of the following works were composed with a view to the press To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigues of a laborious life, to transcribe the various feelings, the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears, in his own breast, to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind, —

these were his motives for courting the Muses, and in these he found Poetry to be its own reward.

Now that he appears in the public character of an author, he does it "with fear and trembling." So dear is fame to the rhyming tribe, that even he, an obscure, nameless bard, shrinks aghast at the thought of being branded as an unpertinent blockhead, obtruding his nonsense on the world, and, because he can make a shift to jingle a few doggerel Scotch rhymes together, looking upon himself as a poet of no small consequence, forsooth.

It is an observation of that celebrated poet, Shenstone, whose divine elegies do honor to our language, our nation, and our species, that "Humility has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame!" If any critic catches at the word *genius*, the author tells him, once for all, that he certainly looks upon himself as possessed of some poetic abilities, otherwise his publishing in the manner he has done would be a manoeuvre below the worst character which, he hopes, his worst enemy will ever give him. But to the genius of a Ramsay, or the glorious dawns of the poor, unfortunate Fergusson, he, with equal unaffected sincerity, declares that, even in his highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions. These two justly admired Scotch poets he has often had in his eye in the following pieces, but rather with a view to kindle at their flame, than for servile imitation.

To his subscribers the author returns his most sincere thanks,—not the mercenary bow over a counter, but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the bard, conscious how much he owes to benevolence and friendship, for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom—

to be distinguished. He begs his readers; particularly the learned and the polite, who may honor him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for education and circumstances of life, but if, after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of dullness and nonsense, let him be done by as he would, in that case, do by others,—let him be condemned, without mercy, to contempt and oblivion.

DEDICATION

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CALEDONIAN
HUNT.

My Lords and Gentlemen

A SCOTTISH bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native land, those who bear the honors and inherit the virtues of their ancestors? The poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes, and rural pleasures, of my native soil, in my native tongue, I tuned my wild, artless notes as she inspired. She whispered me to come to this ancient metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my songs under your honored protection.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favors. That path is so hackneyed by prostituted learning, that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this address with the venal soul of a servile author, looking for a continuation of those favors. I was bred to the plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to con-

gratulate my country that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the great Fountain of honor, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness. When you go forth to waken the echoes, in the ancient and favorite amusement of your forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party, and may social Joy await your return? When harassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured worth attend your return to your native seats, and may domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May corruption shrink at your kindling, indignant glance; and may tyranny in the ruler, and licentiousness in the people, equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honor to be,

With the sincerest gratitude, and highest respect,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most devoted, humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS

EDINBURGH, April 4, 1787.

THE

LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS.

THERE is no poet of the present age more deservedly popular than Burns. Though born in an humble station in life, he raised himself, by the mere exertions of his mind, to the highest pitch of intellectual greatness. The originality of his genius, the energy of his language, and the richness of his imagination, merited the gratitude as well as the admiration of his countrymen. But his highest efforts, in which the tide of human feeling seemed to flow in deep and exhaustless channels, failed to soften the avarice of a mean and selfish aristocracy. Like his native and lonely hills, he was subject to every blast, and exposed naked and bare to every tempest. He was an elevated point, round which the storm clung and gathered, a prominent rock, condemned by nature, as it were, to endure the buffets of the surge. Yet his rude splendor remained uninjured. Amidst the bitter waters of indigence and sorrow, of drudgery and neglect, he produced those beautiful idylls which will ever exist for the delight of the world, and which will never be read without an expansion of the understanding and of the heart.

Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a cottage near the banks of the Doon, about two miles from Ayr. The chief incidents of his life are related by himself in a letter to Dr. Moore. In this document, and in several

passages of his correspondence, he unfolds the vicissitudes of his fortune, and the peculiarities of his character, with great strength and clearness. Whocver would do justice to his memory must copy his sentiments and his language.

"For some months past," says he, "I have been rambling over the country, but I am now confined with some lingering complaints, originating, as I take it, in the stomach. To divert my spirits a little in this miserable fog of *ennui*, I have taken a whim to give you a history of myself. My name has made some little noise in this country, you have done me the honor to interest yourself very warmly in my behalf, and I think a faithful account of what character of a man I am, and how I came by that character, may perhaps amuse you in an idle moment. I will give you an honest narrative, though I know it will be often at my own expense, for I assure you, sir, I have, like Solomon, whose character—except in the trifling affair of wisdom—I sometimes think I resemble; I have, I say, like him, 'turned my eyes to behold madness and folly,' and, like him, too, frequently 'shaken hands with their intoxicating friendship' . . . After you have perused these pages, should you think them trifling and unpertinent, I only beg leave to tell you that the poor author wrote them under some twitching qualms of conscience, arising from suspicion that he was doing what he ought not to do, a predicament he has more than once been in before.

"I have not the most distant pretensions to assume that character which the pye-coated guardians of escutcheons call a gentleman. When at Edinburgh, last winter, I got acquainted in the Herald's Office, and, looking through that granary of honors, I there found almost every name in the kingdom, but for me,

'My ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood.'

Gules, Purpure, Argent, &c., quite disowned me.

"My father was of the north of Scotland, the son of a farmer who rented lands of the noble Keiths of Marischal, and had the honor of sharing their fate. I do not use the

word *honor* with any reference to political principles. *loyal* and *disloyal* I take to be merely relative terms, in that ancient and formidable court known in this country by the name of Club law, where the right is always with the strongest. But those who dare welcome ruin, and shake hands with infamy, for what they sincerely believe to be the cause of their God, or their king, are, as Mark Antony says, in Shakspeare, of Brutus and Cassius, 'honorable men.' I mention this circumstance because it threw my father on the world at large.

"After many years' wanderings and sojournings, he picked up a pretty large quantity of observation and experience, to which I am indebted for most of my little pretensions to wisdom. I have met with few who understood men, their manners and their ways, equal to him. But stubborn, ungainly integrity, and headlong, ungovernable irascibility, are disqualifying circumstances, consequently, I was born a very poor man's son. For the first six or seven years of my life, my father was gardener to a worthy gentleman of small estate, in the neighborhood of Ayr. Had he continued in that station, I must have marched off to be one of the little underlings about a farm-house; but it was his dearest wish and prayer to have it in his power to keep his children under his own eye till they could discern between good and evil, so, with the assistance of his generous master, my father ventured on a small farm on his estate. At those years, I was by no means a favorite with anybody. I was a good deal noted for a retentive memory, a stubborn, sturdy something in my disposition, and an enthusiastic, idiot piety. I say *idiot* piety, because I was then but a child. Though it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings, I made an excellent English scholar, and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic in substantives, verbs, and particles. In my infant and boyish days, too, I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantrips, giants.

enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry, but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp lookout in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors. The earliest composition that I recollect taking pleasure in, was the Vision of Mirza, and a hymn of Addison's, beginning, 'How are thy servants blest, O Lord!' I particularly remember one half stanza, which was music to my boyish ear

' For though on dreadful whirls we hang
High on the broken wave '

I met with these pieces in Mason's English Collection, one of my school-books. The two first books I ever read in private, and which gave me more pleasure than any two books I ever read since, were the Life of Hannibal, and the History of Sir William Wallace. Hannibal gave my young ideas such a turn, that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wish myself tall enough to be a soldier, while the story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest.

" Polemical divinity about this time was putting the country half mad, and I, ambitious of shining in conversation parties on Sundays, between sermons, at funerals, &c, used, a few years afterwards, to puzzle Calvinism with so much heat and indiscretion, that I raised a hue and cry of heresy against me, which has not ceased to this hour.

" My vicinity to Ayr was of some advantage to me. My social disposition, when not checked by some modifications of spirited pride, was, like our catechism definition of infinitude, 'without bounds or limits.' I formed several connections with other youngers who possessed superior advantages, the youngling actors, who were busy in the rehearsal of parts in which they were shortly to appear on the stage of life, where, alas! I was destined to drudge behind the scenes. It is no;

commonly at this green age that our gentry have a just sense of the immense distance between them and their ragged play-fellows. It takes a few dashes into the world to give the young great man that proper, decent, unnoticing disregard for the poor, insignificant, stupid devils, the mechanics and peasantry around him, who were, perhaps, born in the same village. My young superiors never insulted the cloutierly appearance of my ploughboy carcass, the two extremes of which were often exposed to the inclemencies of all the seasons. They would give me stray volumes of books, among them, even then, I could pick up some observations, and one, whose heart I am sure not even the *Munny Begum* scenes have tainted, helped me to a little French. Parting with these, my young friends and benefactors, as they occasionally went off for the East or West Indies, was often to me a sore affliction, but I was soon called to more serious evils. My father's generous master died, the farm proved a ruinous bargain, and, to elench the misfortune, we fell into the hands of a factor, who sat for the picture I have drawn of one in my tale of *Twa Dogs*. My father was advanced in life when he married, I was the eldest of seven children, and he, worn out by early hardships, was unfit for labor. My father's spirit was soon irritated, but not easily broken. There was a freedom in his lease in two years more, and, to weather these two years, we retrenched our expenses. We lived very poorly. I was a dexterous ploughman, for my age, and the next eldest to me was a brother (Gilbert) who could drive the plough very well, and help me to thresh the corn. A novel-writer might, perhaps, have viewed these scenes with some satisfaction, but so did not I. My indignation yet boils at the recollection of the s—l factor's insolent, threatening letters, which used to set us all in tears.

"This kind of life—the cheerless gloom of a hermit with the unceasing moil of a galley slave, brought me to my sixteenth year, a little before which period I first committed the sin of rhyme. You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labors of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn my partner was a bewitching creature

a year younger than myself My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language, but you know the Scottish idiom—she was a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass. In short, she, altogether unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-house prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below! How she caught the contagion I cannot tell you medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, &c., but I never expressly said I loved her Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labors, why the tones of her voice made my heartstings thrill like an *Æolian* harp, and particularly why my pulse beat such a furious ratan when I looked and fingered over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sang sweetly, and it was her favorite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin, but my girl sang a song which was said to be composed by a small country laird's son, on one of his father's maids with whom he was in love, and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he, for, excepting that he could smear sheep and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholarcraft than myself

“Thus with me began love and poetry, which at times have been my only, and, till within the last twelve months, have been my highest enjoyment My father struggled on till he reached the freedom in his lease, when he entered on a larger farm about ten miles further in the country The nature of the bargain he made was such as to throw a little ready money into his hands at the commencement of his lease, otherwise the affair would have been impracticable For four years we lived comfortably here, but a difference commencing between him and his landlord as to terms, after three years' tossing and whirling in the vortex of litigation, my father was just

saved from the horrors of a jail by a consumption, which, after two years' promises, kindly stepped in, and carried him away to 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest'

"It is during the time that we lived on this farm that my little story is most eventful. I was, at the beginning of this period, perhaps the most ungainly, awkward boy in the parish — no *solitaire* was less acquainted with the ways of the world. What I knew of ancient story was gathered from Salmon's and Guthrie's geographical grammars, and the ideas I had formed of modern manners, of literature, and criticism, I got from the Spectator. These, with Pope's works, some plays of Shakespeare, Tell and Dickson on Agriculture, The Pantheon, Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, Stackhouse's History of the Bible, Justice's British Gardener's Directory, Bayle's Lectures, Allan Ramsay's works, Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin, A select Collection of English Songs, and Hervey's Meditations, had formed the whole of my reading. The collection of songs was my *tade-mecum*. I pored over them, driving my cart, or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true, tender, or sublime, from affectation and fustian. I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic-craft, such as it is.

"In my seventeenth year, to give my manners a brush, I went to a country dancing-school. My father had an unaccountable antipathy against these meetings, and my going was, what to this moment I repent, in opposition to his wishes. My father, as I said before, was subject to strong passions, from that instance of disobedience in me he took a sort of dislike to me, which I believe was one cause of the dissipation which marked my succeeding years. I say dissipation, comparatively with the strictness, sobriety, and regularity of Presbyterian country life, for though the Will o' Wisp meteors of thoughtless whim were almost the sole lights of my path, yet early ingrained piety and virtue kept me for several years afterwards within the line of innocence. The great misfortune of my life was to want an aim. I had felt

early some stirrings of ambition, but they were the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave. I saw my father's situation entailed upon me perpetual labor. The only two openings by which I could enter the temple of Fortune were the gate of niggardly economy, or the path of little chicaning bargain-making. The first is so contracted an aperture, I never could squeeze myself into it, the last I always hated — there was contamination in the very entrance. Thus abandoned of aim or view in life, with a strong appetite for sociability, as well from native hilarity as from a pride of observation and remark, a constitutional melancholy, or hypochondriasm, that made me fly to solitude, add to these incentives to social life my reputation for bookish knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, and a strength of thought something like the rudiments of good sense, and it will not seem surprising that I was generally a welcome guest where I visited, or any great wonder that, always where two or three met together, there was I among them.

“But far beyond all other impulses of my heart was *un penchant à l'adorable moitié du genre humain*. My heart was completely tender, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other, and, as in every other warfare in this world, my fortune was various. Sometimes I was received with favor, and sometimes I was mortified with a repulse. At the plough, scythe, or reap-hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance, and as I never cared further for my labors than while I was in actual exercise, I spent the evenings in the way after my own heart. A country lad seldom carries on a love adventure without an assisting confidant. I possessed a curiosity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity that recommended me as a proper second on these occasions, and I dare say I felt as much pleasure in being in the secret of half the loves of the parish of Tarbolton, as ever did statesmen in knowing the intrigues of half the courts of Europe. The very goose-feather in my hand seems to know instinctively the well-worn path of my imagination, the favorite theme of my song, and is with difficulty restrained from giving you a couple of paragraphs on the love adventures of my compeers.

the humble inmates of the farm-house and cottage, but the grave sons of science, ambition, or avarice, baptize these things by the name of Follies. To the sons and daughters of labor and poverty they are matters of the most serious nature, to them, the ardent hope, the stolen interview, the tender farewell, are the greatest and most delicious parts of their enjoyments.

"Another circumstance in my life, which made some alteration in my mind and manners, was, that I spent my nineteenth summer on a smuggling coast, a good distance from home, at a noted school, to learn mensuration, surveying, dialling, &c, in which I made a pretty good progress. But I made a greater progress in the knowledge of mankind. The contraband trade was at that time very successful, and it sometimes happened to me to fall in with those who carried it on. Scenes of swaggering riot and roaring dissipation were till this time new to me, but I was no enemy to social life. Here, though I learnt to fill my glass, and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble, yet I went on with a high hand with my geometry, till the sun entered Vingo, a month which is always a carnival in my bosom, when a charming rattle, who lived next door to the school, overset my trigonometry, and ~~set me~~ off at a tangent from the sphere of my studies. I, however, struggled on with my sines and cosines for a few days more, but, stepping into the garden one charming noon to take the sun's altitude, there I met my angel —

'Like Proserpine, gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower.'

It was in vain to think of doing any more good at school. The remaining week I stand I did nothing but craze the faculties of my soul about her, or staid out to meet her, and, the two last nights of my stay in the country, had sleep been a mortal sin, the image of this modest and innocent girl had kept me guiltless.

"I returned home very considerably improved. My reading was enlarged with the very important addition of Thomson's and Shenstone's works, I had seen human nature in a

new phasis; and I engaged several of my school-fellows to keep up a literary correspondence with me. This improved me in composition. I had met with a collection of letters by the wits of Queen Anne's reign, and I pored over them most devoutly. I kept copies of any of my own letters that pleased me, and a comparison between them and the compositions of most of my correspondents flattered my vanity. I carried this whim so far, that, though I had not three farthings' worth of business in the world, yet almost every post brought me as many letters as if I had been a broad plodding son of a day book and ledger.

"My life flowed on much in the same course till my twenty-third year. *Vive l'amour, et vive la bagatelle* were my sole principles of action. The addition of two more authors to my library gave me great pleasure. Sterne and M'Kenzie — Tristram Shandy and the Man of Feeling — were my bosom favorites. (Poesy was still a darling walk for my mind,) but it was only indulged in according to the humor of the hour. I had usually half a dozen or more pieces on hand, I took up one or other as it suited the momentary tone of the mind, and dismissed the work as it bordered on fatigue. My passions, when once lighted up, raged like so many devils till they got vent in rhyme, and then the conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet. None of the rhymes of those days are in print except *Winter*, a dugo, the eldest of my printed pieces, the *Death of Poor Maihe*, John Barley-corn, the songs, first, second, and third. Song second was the ebullition of that passion which ended the forementioned school business.

"My twenty-third year was to me an important era. Partly through whim, and partly that I wished to set about doing something in life, I joined a fix-dresser in a neighboring town (Irwin) to learn his trade. This was an unlucky affair, and, to finish the whole, as we were giving a welcome carousal to the new year, the shop took fire, and burnt to ashes, and I was left, like a true poet, not worth a six pence.

"I was obliged to give up this scheme, the clouds of mis-

fortune were gathering thick round my father's head, and, what was worst of all, he was visibly far gone in a consumption, and, to crown my distresses, a *belle fille*, whom I adored, and who had pledged her soul to meet me in matrimony, jilted me with peculiar circumstances of mortification. The finishing evil that brought up the rear of this infernal file, was my constitutional melancholy being increased to such a degree that for three months I was in a state of mind scarcely to be envied by the hopeless wretches who have got their mittimus—'Depart from me, ye accursed!'

"From this adventure I learned something of a town life, but the principal thing which gave my mind a turn, was a friendship I had formed with a young fellow, a very noble character, but a hapless son of misfortune. He was the son of a simple mechanic, but a great man in the neighborhood taking him under his patronage, gave him a genteel education, with a view of bettering his situation in life. The patron dying just as he was ready to launch out into the world, the poor fellow, in despair, went to sea, where, after a variety of good and ill fortune, a little before I was acquainted with him, he had been set on shore by an American privateer, on the wild coast of Connaught, stripped of everything. I cannot quit this poor fellow's story without adding that he is at this time master of a large West-Indiaman belonging to the Thames.

"His mind was fraught with independence, magnanimity, and every manly virtue. I loved and admired him to a degree of enthusiasm, and of course strove to imitate him. In some measure I succeeded, I had pride before, but he taught it to flow in proper channels. His knowledge of the world was vastly superior to mine, and I was all attention to learn. He was the only man I ever saw who was a greater fool than myself where woman was the presiding star, but he spoke of illicit love with the levity of a sailor, which hitherto I had regarded with horror. Here his friendship did me mischief, and the consequence was, that soon after I resumed the plough I wrote *The Poet's Welcome*.^{*} My reading only in-

^{*} This piece, we believe, was afterwards entitled *Address to an Illegitimate Child*.

creased, while in this town, by two stray volumes of *Pamela*, and one of Ferdinand Count Fathom, which gave me some idea of novels. Rhyme, except some religious pieces that are in print, I had given up, but meeting with Fergusson's *Scottish Poems*, I strung anew my wildly-sounding lyre with emulating vigor. When my father died, his all went among the hell-hounds that prowl in the kennel of justice, but we made a shift to collect a little money in the family amongst us, with which, to keep us together, my brother and I took a neighboring farm. My brother wanted my han-brained imagination, as well as my social and amorous madness, but in good sense, and every sober qualification, he was far my superior.

"I entered on the farm with a full resolution, 'Come, go to, I will be wise!' I read farming books, I calculated crops, I attended markets, and, in short, in spite of 'the devil, and the world, and the flesh,' I believe I should have been a wise man, but the first year, from unfortunately buying bad seed, the second, from a late harvest, we lost half our crops. This overset all my wisdom, and I returned, 'like the dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire'.

"I now began to be known in the neighborhood as a maker of rhymes. The first of my poetic offspring that saw the light was a burlesque lamentation on a quarrel between two reverend Calvinists, both of them *dramatis personæ* in my *Holy Fair*. I had a notion myself that the piece had some merit, but to prevent the worst, I gave a copy to a friend who was very fond of such things, and told him that I could not guess who was the author of it, but that I thought it pretty clever. With a certain description of the clergy, as well as laity, it met with a roar of applause. *Holy Willie's Prayer* next made its appearance, and alarmed the kirk-session so much, that they held several meetings to look over their spiritual artillery, if haply any of it might be pointed against profane rhymers. Unluckily for me, my wanderings led me, on another side, within point-blank shot of their heaviest metal. This is the unfortunate story that gave rise to my printed poem, *The Lament*. This was a most melancholy affair

which I cannot yet bear to reflect on, and had nearly given me one or two of the principal qualifications for a place among those who have lost the chart, and mistaken the reckoning of rationality * I gave up my part of the farm to my brother—in truth it was only nominally mine—and made what little preparation was in my power for Jamaica But before leaving my native country forever, I resolved to publish my poems I weighed my productions as impartially as was in my power I thought they had merit, and it was a delicious idea that I should be called a clever fellow, even though it should never reach my ears—a poor negro-driver, or perhaps a victim to that inhospitable clime, and gone to the world of spirits! I can truly say, that *pauvre inconnu* as I then was, I had pretty nearly as high an idea of myself and of my works as I have at this moment, when the public has decided in their favor It was my opinion that the mistakes and blunders, both in a rational and religious point of view, of which we see thousands daily guilty, are owing to their ignorance of themselves To know myself, has been all along my constant study I weighed myself alone, I balanced myself with others, I watched every means of information to see how much ground I occupied as a man and as a poet I studied assiduously Nature's design in my formation—where the lights and shades in my character were intended I was pretty confident my poems would meet with some applause, but at the worst, the roar of the Atlantic would deafen the voice of censure,

* This distraction of mind arose from the misery and sorrow in which he involved Jean Armour, afterwards Mrs Burns She was a great favorite of her father The intimation of a marriage was the first suggestion he received of her real situation He was in the greatest distress, and fainted away The marriage did not appear to him to make the matter better He expressed a wish that the agreement between them should be cancelled This was communicated to Burns He felt the deepest anguish of mind He offered to stay at home, and provide for his wife and family by every exertion in his power Even this was not approved of, and humble as Jean Armour's station was, and great though her imprudence had been, she was still thought, by her partial parents, to look forward to a more advantageous connection than that which now presented itself

and the novelty of West Indian scenes make me forget neglect I threw off six hundred copies, of which I had got subscriptions for about three hundred and fifty. My vanity was highly gratified by the reception I met with from the public, and besides, I pocketed, all expenses deducted, nearly twenty pounds. This sum came very seasonably, as I was thinking of indenting myself, for want of money, 'to procure my passage. As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde, for

'Hungry ruin had me in the wind'

"I had been for some days skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail, as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels * I had taken the last farewell of my few friends, my chest was on the road to Greenock, I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia—'The gloomy night is gathering fast,'—when a letter from Dr Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition. The doctor belonged to a set of critics for whose applause I had not dared to hope. His opinion that I would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition fired me so much that away I posted for that city, without a single acquaintance or a single letter of introduction. The baneful star that had so long shed its blasting influence in my zenith for once made a revolution to the nadir, and a kind Providence placed me under the patronage of one of the noblest of men, the Earl of Glencairn. *Oublie moi, Grand Dieu, si jamais je l'oublie*'

"I need relate no further. At Edinburgh I was in a new world, I mingled among many classes of men, but all of them new to me, and I was all attention to 'catch' the characters, and 'the manners living as they rise.' Whether I have profited, time will show."

* This was to oblige him to find security for the maintenance of his two children, whom he was not permitted to legitimize by a marriage with their mother

His reception from men of letters, in general, was flattering. Dr Robertson, Dr Blair, Dr Gregory, Mr Stewart, Mr Makenzie, and Mr. Frazer Tytler, perceived and acknowledged his talents. He was an acceptable guest in the gayest and most elevated circles, and received from female beauty and elegance those attentions above all others most grateful to him. Among men of rank and fashion he was particularly distinguished by James, Earl of Glencairn, who introduced him to the notice and the convivial society of the Caledonian Hunt. But while he was invited into the company of men of virtue and taste, he was also seduced, by pressing solicitations, into the fellowship of those whose habits, without being extremely gross, were yet too licentious and dissolute. The festive indulgences which he enjoyed among them, gradually deprived him of his relish for the temperate and austere virtues. But whatever influence this change produced on his conduct and morals, his understanding suffered no correspondent debasement. He estimated his new friends and associates at their proper value, and manifested great discrimination in appreciating the character of those who imagined themselves men of the first order in the walks of literature and fashion.

"There are few of the sore evils under the sun," he observes, "give me more uneasiness and chagrin, than the comparison how a man of genius, nay, of avowed worth, is received everywhere, with the reception which a mere ordinary character, decorated with the trappings and futile distinctions of fortune, meets. I imagine a man of abilities, his breast glowing with honest pride, conscious that men are born equal, still giving 'honor to whom honor is due,' he meets, at a great man's table, a Squire Somebody or a Sir Somebody, he knows the noble landlord at heart, gives the bard, or whatever he is, a share of his good wishes, beyond, perhaps, any one at the table, yet how will it mortify him to see a fellow, whose abilities would scarcely have made an eight-penny tailor, and whose heart is not worth three farthings, meet with attention and notice, that are withheld from the son of genius and poverty!"

"The noble Glencairn has wounded me to the soul here, because I dearly esteem, respect, and love him. He showed so much attention — engrossing attention — one day, to the only blockhead at table (the whole company consisted of his lordship, dunderpate, and myself), that I was within half a point of throwing down my gage of contemptuous defiance, but he shook my hand, and looked so benevolently good at parting, — God bless him! — though I should never see him more, I shall love him until my dying day! I am pleased to think I am so capable of the throes of gratitude, as I am miserably deficient in some other virtues.

"With Dr Blair I am more at my ease. I never respect him with humble veneration, but when he kindly interests himself in my welfare, or still more, when he descends from his pinnacle and meets me on equal ground in conversation, my heart overflows with what is called *liking*. When he neglects me for the mere carcass of greatness, or when his eye measures the difference of our points of elevation, I say to myself, with scarcely any emotion, What do I care for him or his pomp either?

"It is not easy forming an exact judgment of any one, but, in my opinion, Dr Blair is merely an astonishing proof of what industry and application can do. Natural parts like his are frequently to be met with, his vanity is proverbially known among his acquaintance, but he is justly at the head of what may be called fine writing, and a critic of the first, the very first, rank in prose, even in poetry, a bird of Nature's making can only take the *pas* of him. He has a heart, not of the very finest water, but far from being an ordinary one. In short, he is truly a worthy and most respectable character."

The respect and sympathy of Burns dwelt with keener emotion and more intense interest on the fate of Fergusson than on the intercourse which he held with persons of distinction. On the 6th of February, 1787, he addressed a letter to the bailies of Canongate, Edinburgh, requesting permission to erect a monument to his memory. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am sorry to be told that the remains of Robert Fergusson

the so justly celebrated poet, a man whose talents, for ages to come, will do honor to our Caledonian name, lie in your churchyard, among the ignoble dead, unnoticed and unknown. Some memorial, to direct the steps of the lovers of Scottish song, when they wish to shed a tear over the narrow house of the bard who is no more, is surely a tribute due to Fergusson's memory—a tribute I wish to have the honor of paying. I petition you, then, gentlemen, to permit me to lay a simple stone over his revered ashes, to remain unalienable property to his deathless fame."

Burns, in consequence of this application, obtained leave to gratify his desire.* The inscription of the stone is as follows

"HERE LIES ROBERT FERGUSSON, 10KT

Born September 5th, 1751—Died 16th October, 1774

No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,

No storied urn, nor animated bust,

This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,

To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust."

On the other side of the stone is as follows

"By special grant of the managers to Robert Burns, who erected this stone, this burial place is to remain forever sacred to the memory of Robert Fergusson."

* A correspondent of Burns, in alluding to this transaction, expresses himself in this manner: "So you have obtained liberty from the magistrates to erect a stone over Fergusson's grave? I do not doubt it: such things have been, as Shakspeare says, 'in the olden time'

'The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,

He asked for bread, and he received a stone.'

It is, I believe, upon poor Butler's tomb that this is written. But how many poor brothers of Parnassus, as well as poor Butler and poor Fergusson, have asked for bread, and been served with the same sauce!

"The magistrates gave you liberty, did they? O generous magistrates! ***** celebrated over the three kingdoms for his public spirit, gives a poor poet liberty to raise a tomb to a poor poet's memory! Most generous! ***** once upon a time, gave that same poet the mighty sum of eighteen pence for a copy of his works. But then it must be considered that the poet was at this time absolutely starving, and besought his aid with all the earnestness of hunger, and over and above he received a ***** worth at least one third of the value, in exchange but which, I believe, the poet afterwards very ungratefully expunged."

Shortly after paying this mark of respect to the ashes of a kindred genius, he acquired, by the new edition of his poems, a sum of money more than sufficient for his present exigencies. He therefore determined to gratify a desire he had long entertained, of visiting some of the most interesting districts of his native country. For this purpose he left Edinburgh on the 6th of May, and in the course of his journey was hospitably received at the houses of several gentlemen of worth and learning. After proceeding up the Tweed, through the counties of Roxburgh and Selkirk, penetrating into England as far as Newcastle, and crossing the island to Carlisle, he returned through Anan and Dumfries to Ayrshire, after an absence of six months.

It will easily be conceived with what pleasure and pride he was received by his mother, his brothers and sisters. He had left them poor, and comparatively friendless, he returned to them high in public estimation and easy in his circumstances. He returned to them unchanged in his ardent affections, and ready to share with them to the uttermost farthing the pittance that fortune had bestowed.

Having remained with them a few days, he proceeded again to Edinburgh, and immediately set out on a tour to the Highlands. From this journey he returned to his relations in his native country, renewing his friendships and extending his acquaintance.

In August he made another visit to Edinburgh, whence he travelled, in company with Mr. Adair, through Linlithgow, Carion, Stirling, the vale of Devon, and Harvieston. In a visit to Mrs. Bruce, of Clackmannan, a lady above ninety, the lineal descendant of that race which gave the Scottish throne its brightest ornament, his feelings were powerfully interested. Though almost deprived of speech by a paralytic affection, she preserved her hospitality and urbanity. She was in possession of the helmet and two-handed sword of her great ancestor, with which she conferred on her two visitors the honor of knighthood, remarking that she had a better right to confer that title than some people.

At Dunfermline they visited the ruined abbey, and the ab-

hey-church now consecrated to Presbyterian worship. Here Mr. Adair mounted the cutty-stool, or stool of repentance, assuming the character of a penitent for fornication, while Burns, from the pulpit, addressed to him a ludicrous reproof and exhortation, parodied from that which had been delivered to himself in Ayrshire, where he had once been one of seven who mounted the seat of shame together.

In the churchyard, two broad flagstones marked the grave of Robert Bruce, for whose memory Burns had a more than common veneration. He knelt and kissed the stone with sacred fervor, and heartily (*suis ut mos erat*) execrated the worse than Gothic neglect of the first of Scottish heroes. He afterwards returned with Mr. Adair to Edinburgh by Kinross (on the shore of Lochleven) and Queen's ferry.

These journeys, however, did not satisfy the curiosity of Burns. About the beginning of September he again set out from the metropolis on a more extended tour to the Highlands, in company with Mr. Nicol, assistant teacher in the high school. After passing through the heart of that mountainous division of their native country, they stretched northwards about ten miles beyond Inverness. There they bent their course eastward, across the island, and returned by the shore of the German Sea to Edinburgh. In the course of this journey they visited a number of remarkable scenes, and the imagination of Burns was constantly excited by the wild and sublime scenery through which he passed.

Having settled with his publisher, in February, 1788, he found himself master of nearly five hundred pounds, after discharging all his expenses. To his brother Gilbert, who had taken upon him the support of their aged mother, and was struggling with many difficulties in the farm of Mossgiel, he immediately advanced two hundred pounds. With the remainder he resolved on settling himself for life in the occupation of agriculture, and took the farm of Ellisland, on the banks of the Nith, six miles above Dumfries, on which he entered at Whitsunday.

When he had in this manner arranged his plans for futurity, his generous heart turned to the object of his attachment.

and, listening to no considerations but those of honor and affection, he led her to the altar, and joined with her in a public declaration of marriage. His notice of this event, to Mrs. Dunlop, is truly honorable to his feelings. "When Jean found herself," says he, "as women wish to be who love their lords, as I loved her nearly to distraction, we took steps for a private marriage. Her parents got the hint, and not only forbade me her company and the house, but, on my rumored West Indian voyage, got a warrant to put me in jail till I should find security in my about-to-be paternal relation. You know my lucky reverse of fortune. On my exultant return to Mauchline, I was made very welcome to visit my girl. The usual consequences began to betray her, and as I was at that time laid up a cripple in Edinburgh, she was turned—literally turned out of doors, and I wrote to a friend to shelter her till my return, when our marriage was declared. HER HAPPINESS OR MISERY WAS IN MY HANDS, AND WHO COULD TRIFLE WITH SUCH A DEPOSIT?"

He now engaged in rebuilding the dwelling-house on his farm, which, in the state he found it, was inadequate to the accommodation of his family. On this occasion he resumed at times the occupation of a laborer, and found neither his strength nor his skill impaired. Pleased with surveying the grounds he was about to cultivate, and with rearing a habitation that might give shelter to his wife and children, and, as he fondly hoped, to his own gray hairs, sentiments of independence buoyed up his mind, pictures of domestic content and peace rose on his imagination, and a few days passed away, the most tranquil, and perhaps the happiest, he had ever experienced.

His industry, however, was frequently interrupted by visiting his family in Ayrshire, and as the distance was too great for a single day's journey, he generally spent a night at an inn on the road. On such occasions he sometimes fell into company, and was drawn into irregular and intemperate habits. His appointment in the excise, which was completed in autumn, 1789, likewise obstructed his agricultural pursuits. He was unable to reconcile the business of the two occupations

His farm was in a great measure abandoned to his servants, while he was engaged in performing his official duties. He might be seen, now and then, in the spring, directing his plough, a labor in which he excelled, or with a white sheet, containing his seed-corn, slung across his shoulders, striding with measured steps along his turned-up furrows, and scattering the grain in the earth. But his farm no longer occupied the principal part of his thoughts. It was not at Ellisland that he was now in general to be found. Mounted on horseback, this high-minded poet was pursuing the defaulters of the revenue among the hills and vales of Nithsdale, his roving eye wandering over the charms of nature, and muttering his wayward fancies as he moved along.

Besides his duties in the excise, other circumstances interfered with his attention to his farm. He engaged in the formation and management of a society for purchasing and circulating books among the farmers of his neighborhood, and occasionally occupied himself in composing songs for the musical work of Mr. Johnson, then in the course of publication. These engagements, though useful and honorable, necessarily contributed to the abstraction of his thoughts and the neglect of his rural affairs.

The consequences may easily be imagined. Notwithstanding the prudence and good management of Mrs. Burns, he found it necessary, after the expiration of three years and a half, to relinquish his lease. His employment in the excise originally produced fifty pounds per annum. He was now appointed to a new district, the emoluments of which rose to about seventy. Hoping to support himself and his family on this humble income till promotion should reach him, he removed to a small house in Dumfries, about the end of the year 1791.

His great celebrity made him an object of interest and curiosity to strangers, and few persons passed through Dumfries without an attempt to see him, and to enjoy the pleasure of his conversation. As he could not receive them conveniently at home, these interviews passed at the inns of the town, and often terminated in convivial excesses. Among the inhabi-

tants, also, there were never wanting persons to lead or accompany him to the tavern, to applaud the sallies of his wit, and to witness at once the strength and the degradation of his genius.

In the four years that he lived in Dumfries he produced many of his beautiful lyrics, and cheerfully consented to give his aid to a collection of original Scottish airs and verses, projected by George Thomson, of Edinburgh. During this time he made several excursions into the neighboring country. In one of these he passed through Glendenwynes, a beautiful situation on the banks of the Dee, in company with Mr. Syme, and reached Kenmore, where they remained three days at the seat of Mr. Gordon. On leaving Kenmore for Gatehouse, they took the moor-road, where everything presented a wild and desolate aspect. The sky appeared to sympathize with the dreariness of the soil. It became lowering and dark. Gleams of sheeted lightning were followed by the awful rolling of thunder. Burns spoke not a word, but seemed wrapped in meditation. In a little while the rain began to fall, and for three hours it poured in torrents on the waste. In the midst of this storm, though drenched, as it were, by the embattled elements, he remained absorbed in thought, wholly inattentive to the descending floods. He was equally regardless of everything around him during his ride home from St. Mary's Isle, and his companion did not venture to disturb him. Next day he produced the celebrated martial hymn entitled, Robert Bruce's Address to his Army, a hymn unparalleled in the annals of modern poetry, and equal to the happiest efforts of the greatest geniuses of antiquity.

Burns had entertained hopes of promotion in the excise; but circumstances occurred which prevented their fulfilment. The events of the French revolution, which interested the feelings of every thinking mind, were commented on by Burns in a manner very different from what might have been expected from an officer under government. Information of his sentiments was given to the board of excise; an inquiry was instituted into his conduct; and, after being reprimanded, he was suffered to retain his situation.

This circumstance made a deep impression on his mind. Fame exaggerated his misfortune, and represented him as actually dismissed from his office, and this report induced gentlemen of much respectability to propose a subscription in his favor. But he refused the offer with great elevation of sentiment, and nobly defended himself against the imputation of having made submission, 'or the sake of his office, unworthy of his character.

"The partiality of my countrymen," he observes, "has brought me forward as a man of genius, and has given me a character to support. In the poet I have avowed manly and independent sentiments, which I hope have been found in the man. Reasons of no less weight than the support of a wife and children have pointed my present occupation as the only eligible line of life within my reach. Still, my honest fame is my dearest concern, and a thousand times have I trembled at the idea of the degrading epithets that malice or misrepresentation may affix to my name. Often, in blasting anticipation, have I listened to some future hackney scribbler, with the heavy malice of savage stupidity, exultingly asserting that Burns, notwithstanding the *fanfaronade* of independence to be found in his works, and after being held up to public view and to public estimation as a man of some genius, yet, quite destitute of resources within himself to support his borrowed dignity, dwindled into a paltry exciseman, and slunk out the rest of his insignificant existence in the meanest of pursuits, and among the lowest of mankind.

"In your illustrious hands, sir, permit me to lodge my strong disavowal and defiance of such slanderous falsehoods. BURNS WAS A POOR MAN FROM HIS BIRTH, AND AN EXCISEMAN BY NECESSITY, BUT—I WILL SAY IT!—THE STERLING OF HIS HONEST WORTH, POVERTY COULD NOT DEBASE, AND HIS INDEPENDENT BRITISH SPIRIT, OPPRESSION MIGHT BEND, BUT COULD NOT SUBDUCE."

It was one of the last acts of his life to copy this heart-rending letter into a book which he kept for the purpose of recording such circumstances as he thought worthy of preservation. Upwards of a year before his death there was an evident

decline in his personal appearance, and though his appetite continued unimpaired, he was himself sensible that his constitution was sinking. From October, 1795, to the January following, an accidental complaint confined him to the house. A few days after he began to go abroad, he dined at a tavern, and returned home about three o'clock in a very cold morning, benumbed and intoxicated. This was followed by an attack of rheumatism, which confined him about a week. His appetite began to fail, his hand shook, and his voice faltered on any exertion or emotion, his pulse became weaker and more rapid, and pain in the larger joints, and in the hands and feet, deprived him of sleep. In the month of June, 1796 he removed to Biow, in Annandale, about ten miles from Dumfries, to try the effects of sea-bathing. Here he was invited to dinner by a lady in the neighborhood, and, as he was unable to walk, she sent her carriage for him to the cottage where he lodged. As he entered her apartment, the stamp of death seemed imprinted on his features. He appeared already touching the brink of eternity. His first salutation was, "Well, madam, have you any commands for the other world?" He ate little, and complained of having entirely lost the tone of his stomach. He spoke of his death without any of the ostentation of philosophy, but with firmness and feeling, as an event likely to happen very soon. His anxiety for his family hung heavy upon him, and when he alluded to their approaching desolation, his heart was touched with pure and unmingled sorrow.

At first he imagined that bathing in the sea had been of benefit to him, the pains in his limbs were relieved, but this was immediately followed by a new attack of fever. When brought back to his own house in Dumfries, on the 18th of July, he was no longer able to stand upright. A tremor pervaded his frame, his tongue was parched, and his mind fell into a delirium, when not roused by conversation. On the second and third day the fever increased, and his strength diminished. On the fourth, the sufferings of this great but ill-fated genius were terminated, and a life was closed which had been embittered by suffering, and insulted by unmerited

salunmy. When his death was known, it excited a deep and mournful sensation. It was felt as a loss which no earthly power could replace, as the extinction of a prodigy whose appearance was rare and uncertain. He was lamented, not merely like a common individual, by friends and neighbors, but by a whole country, whose pleasures he had an exclusive capacity to augment.

He left a widow and four sons. The ceremonial of his interment was accompanied with military honors, not only by the corps of Dumfries Volunteers, of which he was a member, but by the Fencible Infantry, and a regiment of Cinque Port cavalry then quartered in Dumfries. On the same day, by a coincidence singularly touching, Mrs. Burns was delivered of a son, who did not long survive his father.

Burns was nearly five feet ten inches in height, and of a form that indicated agility as well as strength. His well-raised forehead, shaded with black, curling hair, expressed uncommon capacity. His eyes were large, dark, full of ardor and animation. His face was well formed, and his countenance strikingly interesting.

Of his general behavior every one spoke in the highest terms. It usually bespoke a mind conscious of superior talents, not, however, unmixed with the affections which beget familiarity and affability. His conversation was extremely fascinating, rich in wit, humor, whim, and occasionally in serious and apposite reflection. No man had a quicker apprehension of right and wrong, or a stronger sense of what was ridiculous and mean. Neither chicanery nor sordidness ever appeared in his conduct. Even in the midst of distress, while his feeling heart sank under the secret consciousness of indigence and the apprehensions of absolute want, he bore himself loftily to the world. He died in the utmost penury, but not in debt, and left behind him a name which will be remembered as long as departed worth and goodness are esteemed among men.

After contemplating the melancholy story of his life, it is impossible not to heave a sigh at the asperity of his fortune, while we reprobate the conduct of those who drew him from

the simplicity of humble life, and left him a prey to anxiety and want, to sorrow and despair

Of his poems, which have been so often printed and so eagerly read, it is unnecessary to enter into a critical examination. All readers of taste and sensibility assign him the first place among the poets of his country, and acknowledge the presence of that "light from heaven" which consecrates and eternizes every monument of genius.

POEMS,
CHIEFLY SCOTTISH

BOOK I.

MORAL, RELIGIOUS, AND PRECEPTIVE

THE TWA DOGS.

A TALE.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
Upon a bonny day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar
Was keepit for his Honor's pleasure,
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Show'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His locked, letter'd braw brass collar,
Show'd him the gentleman and scholar;

.

But tho' he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride nae pride had he ,
But wad hae spent an hour caressin'.
Ev'n wi' a tinker-gipsej's messin' .
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tauted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tuther was a ploughman's colle,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,*
Was made lang syne — Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithful tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke,
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Ay gat him friends in ilka place
His hreast was white, his touzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy hlack ;
His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither ,
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit,
Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit ;
Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion ;
Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down,

* Cuthullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.

And there began a lang digression
About the Lords o' the Creation.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wondered, honest Luath,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have ;
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies liv'd ava'.

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kain, and a' his stents :
He rises when he likes himsel',
His flunkies answer at the bell ;
He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse ;
He draws a bome silken purse
As lang's my tail, where, thro' the steeks,
The yellow-letter'd Geordie keeks

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling ;
An' tho' the gentry first are stechin',
Yet e'en the ha' folk fill then pechin
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic like trashtrie,
'That's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our Whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than ony tenant man
His Honor has in a' the lan' ;
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fastt enough,
A catter howkin in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes begin a dyke,

Boring a quarry, and sic like,
 Himsel', a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytie o' wee duddie weans,
 An' nought but his hand darg, to keep
 Them right and tight in thack an' rape.

As when they meet with sair disasters,
 Like loss o' health, or want o' masters,
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
 An' they maun starve o' could an' hunger
 But, how it comes, I never kenn'd yet,
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented ;
 An' burdly chieles, and clever hizzies,
 Are bred in sic a way as this is

CÆSAR

But then to see how ye're neglectit,
 How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit !
 L—d, man, our gentry care as little
 For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle ,
 They gang as saucy by poor folk,
 As I wad by a stinking brock

I've noticed, on our Laird's court-day
 An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
 Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
 How they maun thole a factor's snash :
 He'll stamp and threaten, curse and swear.
 He'll apprehend them, pound their gear ;
 While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble
 An' hear it a', ar' fear, an' tremble !

I see how folks live that hae riches ;
 But surely poor folk maun be wretches !

LUATH.

They're nae sae wretched 's ane wad think,
 Tho' constantly on poortith's brink :
 They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
 The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are sae guided
 They're ay in less or mair provided ;
 An', tho' fatigu'd with close employment,
 A blink o' rest 's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
 Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives ;
 The prattling things are just their pride
 That sweetens a' their fire-side

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappv
 Can make the bodies unco happy ;
 They lay aside their private cares,
 To mind the kirk and state affairs ,
 They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
 Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
 Or tell what new taxation 's comin',
 An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on

As bleak-faced Hallowmas returns,
 They get the jovial, ranting kurns,
 When rural life, o' every station,
 Unite in common recreation .
 Love blinks, Wit slaps, and social Mirth
 Forgets there 's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
 They bar the door on frosty winds ;

The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
 An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
 The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
 Are handed round wi' right gude will; •
 The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,
 The young anes ranting thro' the house, —
 My heart has been sae fain to see them,
 That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
 Sic game is now owre aften played
 There's monie a creditable stock
 O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
 Are riven out, haith root and branch,
 Some rascal's pridfuf greed to quench,
 Wha thinks to knyt himsel' the faster
 In favor wi' some gentle Master,
 Wha, aiblins, thrang a-parliamentin',
 For Britain's guid his saul indentin'.

CÆSAR

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it:
 For Britain's guid' guid faith' I doubt n
 Say, rather, gaun as Premiers lead him,
 An' saying *aye* or *no*'s they bid him.
 At operas an' plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading;
 Or, may be, in a frolic daft,
 To Hague or Calais takes a waft,
 To make a tour, an' tak' a whirl,
 To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
 He rives his father's auld entrails;
 Or by Madrid he takes the rout,

To thrum guitars, and fecht wi' nowt ;
 Or down Italian vista startles,
 Wh-re-hunting among groves o' myrtles ;
 Then bouses drumly German water
 To mak' himsel' look fair an' fatter,
 An' clear the consequential sorrows,
 Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.
 For Britain's guid ! for her destruction
 Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

LUATH

Hech, man ! dear sirs ' is that the gate
 They waste sae mony a braw estate ?
 Are we sae foughten an' harass'd
 For gear to gang that gate at last ?

O, would they stay aback frae courts,
 An' please themselves wi' countra sports,
 It wad for every ane be better,
 The Laird, the 'Tenant, an' the Cotter '
 For thae frank, iantin', ramblin' billies,
 Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows !
 Except for breakin' o' their timmer,
 Or speakin' lightly o' their himmer,
 Or shootin' o' a hare or moor-cock,
 The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will you tell me, Master Cæsar,
 Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure ?
 Nae cauld or hunger e'er can steer them,
 The vera thought o't needna fear them.

CÆSAR

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
 The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true, they need nae starve or sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld or simmer's heat ;
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes :
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges an' schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They make enow themsels to vex them ;
An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion less will hurt them.
A country-fellow at the pleugh,
His acres till'n, he's right enough ;
A country-girl at her wheel,
Her dizzens done, she's unco weel :
But Gentlemen, and Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, and lazy,
Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy ;
Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless,
Their nights unquiet, lang, and restless ;
An' e'en their sports, their balls, an' races,
Their galloping thro' public places.
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
The men cast out in party matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches ;
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,
Niest day their life is past enduring.
The ladies, arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great and gracious a' as sisters ,
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run deils an' jades thegither !
Whyles o'er the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty ;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks

Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks ;
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
 An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.

There 's some exception, man an' woman
 But this is gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
 An' darker gloaming brought the night.
 The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone ;
 The kye stood routin i' the loan ;
 When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
 Rejoiced they were nae *men*, but *dogs* ;
 An' each took aff his several way,
 Resolved to meet some ither day.



THE BRIGS OF AYR.

A POEM.

*Inscribed to J B*****, Esq, Ayr.*

'THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
 Learning his tuneful trade from every bough ;
 The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
 Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush
 The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
 Or deep-ton'd plovers, gray, wild-whistling o'er the hill
 Shall he, nurst in the peasant's lowly shed,
 To hardy independence bravely bred,
 By early poverty to hardship steel'd,
 And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field, —

Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
 The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?
 Or laour hard the panegyric close,
 With all the venal soul of dedicating prose?
 No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
 And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
 He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
 Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward!
 Still, if some patron's gen'rous care he trace,
 Skill'd in the secret to bestow with grace;
 When B***** befriends his humble name,
 And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
 With heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells;
 The god-like bliss, to give, alone excels.

* * * * *

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap
 And thack and rape secure the toil-worn crap;
 Potato-bings are snugged up frae skaith
 Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath,
 The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
 Unnumber'd buds an' flowers' delicious spoils,
 Seal'd up, with frugal care, in massive waxen piles,
 Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death o' devils smoor'd wi' brimstone reek;
 The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,
 The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide,
 The feather'd field-mates, bound by nature's tie,
 Sires, mothers, children in one carnage lie:
 (What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds,
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
 Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
 Except, perhaps, the robin's whistling glee,
 Proud o' the height o' some bit half-land tree.

The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
 Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noon-tide blaze,
 While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays.
 'Twas in that season, when a simple bard,
 Unknown and poor—simplicity's reward;
 Ae night, within the ancient burgh of Ayr,
 By whim inspir'd, or haply press'd wi' care,
 He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
 And down by Simpson's * wheel'd the left about:
 (Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
 To witness what I after shall narrate,
 Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
 He wandered out, he knew not where nor why;)

The drowsy Dungeon-clock † had number'd two,
 And Wallace Tow'r ‡ had sworn the fact was true
 The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar,
 Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore.
 All else was hush'd as nature's closed e'e,
 The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree.
 The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
 Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream—

When lo! on either hand the list'ning bard,
 The clanging sigh of whistling winds he heard;
 Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
 Swift as the Gos † drives on the wheeling hare;
 Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
 The ither flutters o'er the rising piers.
 Our warlock rhymers instantly descry'd
 The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside
 (That bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
 And ken the lingo o' the sp'ritual folk;

* A noted tavern at the Auld Brig end † The two steeples. ‡ The
 gooshawk, or falcon

Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
 And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them.)
 Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
 The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face:
 He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
 Yet toughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
 New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
 That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams, got;
 In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
 Wi' virls an' whirlygigums at the head
 The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
 Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;
 It chanc'd his new-come neebour took his e'e,
 And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!
 Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
 He, down the water, gives him this guid e'en:

AULD BRIG

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank,
 Ance ye were streekit o'er from bank to bank!
 But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,
 Tho' faith, that day I doubt ye'll never see;
 There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a boddle,
 Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
 Just much about it wi' your scanty sense,
 Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a street,
 Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet,
 Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane an' lime,
 Compare wi' bonie Brigs o' modern time?
 There's men o' taste would take the Duckat stream,*

* A noted ford just above the Auld Brig

Tho' they should cast the very sark and swim,
Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
Of sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG

Conceited gowk ! puff'd up wi' windy pride :
This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide ;
An' tho' wi' crazy euld I'm sair forfain,
I'll be a Brig, when ye're a shapeless cairn '
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform you better
When heavy, dark, continu'd a'-day rains,
Wi' deep'ning deluges o'erflow the plains ;
When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,
Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
Or haunted Garpal * draws his feeble source,
Arous'd by blust'ring winds an' spotting thowes,
In many a torrent down his sna'broo rowes ,
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate ;
And from Glenbuck,† down to the Ratton-key,‡
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea ;
Then down ye'll hurl — deil nor ye never rise !
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies,
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost !

NEW BRIG.

Fine Architecture ! trowth, I needs must say't o't !
The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't !

* The banks of Garpal Water—one of the few places in the West of Scotland, where those fancy-scaring beings, known by the name o' Ghaists, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.

† The source of the river Ayr

‡ A small landing-place above the large key

Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
 Hanging with threat'ning jut, like precipices
 O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
 Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves ;
 Windows and doors, in nameless sculpture drest,
 With order, symmetry, or taste, unblest ;
 Forms like some bedlam-statuary's dream,
 The craz'd creations of misguided whim ;
 Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
 And still the *second* dread *command* be free, —
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
 Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
 Of any masson reptile, bird, or beast ;
 Fit only for a doited Monkish race,
 Or frosty maids, forsworn the dear embrace,
 Or Cuijs of latter times, wha held the notion
 That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion,
 Fancies that our gurd Burgh denies protection,
 And soon may they expire, unblest'd with resurrection.

AULD BRIG

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings !
 Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Bailie,
 Wha in the paths of righteousness did toil ay ;
 Ye dainty Deacons, and ye douce Conveeners,
 To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners ;
 Ye godly Councils wha hae bless'd this town ;
 Ye godly Brethren of the sacred gown,
 Wha meekly gae your hurdies to the smiters ;
 And (what would now be strange) ye godly writers .
 A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
 Were ye but here, what would ye say or do ?
 How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
 To see each melancholy alteration ;

And agonizing, curse the time and place
 When ye begat the base, degen'rate race!
 Nae langer Rev'iend Men, their country's glory,
 In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story!
 Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
 Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house,
 But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless gentry.
 The herryment and run of the country,
 Men, three parts made by tailors and by barbers,
 Wha waste your wheel-hain'd gear on d—d new Brigs
 and Harboirs!

NEW BRIG

Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough,
 And muckle mair than ye can mak' to through.
 As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
 Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle,
 But, under favor o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' magistrates might weel be spar'd
 To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd
 In Ayr, wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
 To mouth "a citizen," a term o' scandal.
 Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit
 Men wha grew wise priggish owre hops an' raisins,
 Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins
 If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
 Had shor'd them with a glimmer o' his lamp,
 And would to Common-sense, for once betray'd them,
 Plan, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

• • • • •

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
 What bloody wars, if sprites had blood to shed,

No man can tell ; but all before their sight
A fairy train appear'd in order bright ·
Adown the glittering stream they featly danced ;
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanced ;
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet ·
While arts of minstrelsy among them rung,
And soul-ennobling bards heroic ditties sung.
O, had M'Laughlan,* thairm-inspiring sage,
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
When through his dear Strathspeys they bore with
 Highland rage ,
Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares ,
How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd !
No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
But all the soul of Music's self was heard ;
Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
A venerable chief advanc'd in years ;
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
His manly leg with garter-tangle bound
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring ;
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye ;
All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn, wreath'd with nodding corn ;
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
By Hospitality with cloudless brow.

* A well-known performer of Scottish music on the violin.

Next follow'd Courage, with his martial stride,
 From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide,
 Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
 A female form,* came from the tow'rs of Stair;
 Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
 From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode,
 Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,
 To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
 The broken iron instruments of Death;
 At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their kindling wrath

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST †

THE sun had clos'd the winter day,
 The curlers quat their roaring play,
 An' hunger'd maukin ta'en her way
 To kail-yards green,
 While faithless snaws ilk step betray
 Where she has been.

The thrasher's weary flingin-tree
 The lee-lang day had tired me;
 And when the day had clos'd his e'e,
 Far i' the west,

* The poet here alludes to a Mrs Stewart, who was then in possession of Stair. She afterwards removed to Afton-lodge, on the banks of the Afton, a stream which he subsequently celebrated in a song entitled "Afton Water"—Ed

† Duan, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. II. of Macpherson's translation.

Ben i' the spence, right pensivelie
I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeeek,
The auld clay biggin;
An' heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin.

All in this mottie, misty chime,
I backward mus'd on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae-thing,
But stringin blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a bank an' clarkit
My cash account
While here, half mad, half fed, half sarkit,
Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring, blockhead! coof!
And heav'd on high my waukit loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I henceforth would be a rhyme-proof
Till my last breath; —

When, click! the string the sneek did draw
And, jee! the door gaed to the wa';
An' by my ingle-lowe I saw,
Now bleezin bright,

A tight, outlandish Hizzie, braw,
Come full in sight.

Ye need nae doubt, I held my wisht ;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht ;
I glow'rd as eerie's I'd been dusht,
In some wild glen ,
When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht,
And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows ;
I took her for some Scottish muse,
By that same token ;
An' come to stop those reckless vows,
Wou'd soon been broken.

A "hair-brain'd, sentimental trace,"
Was strongly marked in her face ;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her ,
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen with honor.

Down flow'd her robe, a Tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimpy seen ;
And such a leg ' my bonie Jean
Could only peer it ,
Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean,
Nane else came near it.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew ,
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand ;

And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A well-known land!

Here, rivers in the sea were lost;
There, mountains to the skies were tost;
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast
With surging foam;
There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods;
There, well-fed Irvine stately thuds;
Auld hermit Ayr staw thro' his woods,
On to the shore;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient Borough rear'd her head;
Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a race
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
I could discern;
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
With features stern

My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a race * heroic wheel,

* The Wallaces.

And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
 In sturdy blows;
 While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
 Their Southron foes.

His Country's Savior,* mark him well!
 Bold Richardton's † heroic swell;
 The chief on Sark ‡ who glorious fell.
 In high command,
 And HE whom ruthless Fates expel
 His native land.

There, where a sceptr'd Pictish shade §
 Stalk'd round its ashes lowly laid,
 I mark'd a martial race, portray'd
 In colors strong,
 Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd
 They strode along

Thro' many a wild, romantic grove,||
 Near many a hermit-fancied cove,
 (Fit haunts for Friendship or for Love,)
 In musing mood,
 An aged Judge, I saw him rove,
 Dispensing good

* William Wallace. † Adam Wallace, of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish independence

‡ Wallace, laird of Cragie, who was second in command, under Douglas, earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought A. D. 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valor of the gallant laird of Cragie, who died of his wounds after the action.

§ Collins, king of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family-seat of the Montgomeries of Coll's-field, where his burial-place is still shown.

|| Barakimming, the seat of the late Lord Justice Clerk.

With deep-struck, reverential awe,*
 The learned Sire and Son I saw;
 To Nature's God and Nature's law
 They gave their lore,
 This, all its source and end to draw,
 That to adore.

Brydone's brave ward † I well could spy,
 Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye;
 Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
 To hand him on,
 Where many a patriot name on high,
 And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND

With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
 I view'd the heav'nly-seeming Fair;
 A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
 Of kindred sweet,
 When, with an elder sister's air,
 She did me greet

"All hail! my own inspir'd Bard!
 In me thy native Muse regard!
 Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
 Thus poorly low!
 I come to give thee such reward
 As we bestow

"Know, the great Genius of this land
 Has many a light, aerial band,

* Catrine, the seat of the late doctor and present professor Stewart.

† Colonel Fullarton

Who, all beneath his high command,
 Harmoniously,
 As arts or arms they understand,
 Their labors ply.

"They Scotia's race among them share ;
 Some fire the Soldier on to dare ;
 Some rouse the Patriot up to bare
 Corruption's heart ,
 Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
 The tuneful art.

"'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
 They ardent, kindling spirits pour ;
 Or, 'mid the venal senate roar,
 They, sightless, stand,
 To mend the honest patriot-lore,
 And grace the land

"And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,
 Charm or instruct the future age,
 They bind the wild poetic rage
 In energy ,
 Or point the inconclusive page
 Full on the eye.

"Hence Fullarton, the brave and young ;
 Hence Dempster's zeal-inspir'd tongue ;
 Hence sweet, harmonious Beattie sung
 His ' Minstrel Lays ,'
 Or tore, with noble ardor stung,
 The skeptic's bays.

"To lower orders are assign'd
 The humbler ranks of humankind,

The rustic Bard, the lab'ring hind,
The Artisan,
All choose, as various they're inclin'd,
The various man.

" When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threat'ning storm some strongly rein;
Some teach to meliorate the plain,
With tillage skill,
And some instruct the shepherd train,
Blithe o'er the hill

" Some hint the lover's harmless wile;
Some grace the maiden's artless smile,
Some soothe the lab'rer's weary toil,
For humble gains,
And make his cottage-scenes beguile
His cares and pains.

" Some, bounded to a district space
Explore at large man's infant race,
To mark the embryotic trace
Of rustic bard;
And careful note each op'ning grace,
A guide and guard.

" Of these am I — COLLA my name;
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling pow'r;
I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame,
Thy natal hour.

" With future hope I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,

Thy rudely caroll'd chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fir'd at the simple, artless lays
Of other times

" I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar ;
Or, when the North his fleecy store
Drove thro' the sky,
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
Struck thy young eye

" Or, when the deep-green mantled earth
Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In ev'ry grove,
I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
With boundless love.

" When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
Call'd forth the reapers' rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

" When youthful love, warm-blushing strong,
Keen-shiv'ring shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adored name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

" I saw thy pulses madd'ning play,
Wild send thee pleasure's devious way

Misled by Fancy's meteor ray,
By Passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven!

"I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends.
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends.

"Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow,
Or wake the bosom-melting throe
With Shenstone's art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart

"Yet all beneath the unrivall'd rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Tho' large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows
Adown the glade

"Then never murmur nor repine
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And, trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor king's regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic bard!

"To give my counsels all in one, —
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;

Preserve the Dignity of Man,
 With soul erect;
 And trust, the Universal Plan
 Will all protect'

"And wear thou this," she solemn said,
 And bound the Holly round my head; —
 The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
 Did rustling play,
 And, like a passing thought, she fled
 In light away



THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

*Inscribed to R A****, Esq*

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short but simple annals of the poor — GRAY

L

My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend!
 No mercenary bard his homage pays;
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise;
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
 What A**** in a cottage would have been;
 Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween

II.

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose,
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly toil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary o'er the moor his course does homeward bend

III.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree,
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher thro'
To meet their dad, wi' flichter in noise an' glee
His wee bit ingle blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wife's smile,
The hisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

IV.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin' in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town,
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers;
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears,
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years,
 Anticipation forward points the view.
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
 Gars auld claes look amais't as weel's the new;
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
 The younkers a' are warn'd to obey;
 An' mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
 An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play,
 "An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
 An' mind your *duty* duly, morn an' night!
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting might;
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

VII

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame!
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek,
 With heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
 While Jenny haffins is afraid to speak; [rake.
 Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless

VIII

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben,
 A strappan youth, he takes the mother's eye;
 Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en,
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel behave,
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave,
 Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

IX

O, happy love! where love like this is found,
 O, heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
 I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me thus declare—
 If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening
 gale

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
 A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
 Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

XI

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food;
 The soup their only hawkie does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cud:
 The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-ham'd kebbuck fell,
 An' aft he's press'd, an' aft he ca's it guid,
 The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

XII

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They round the ingle form a circle wide,
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big Ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride;
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearin' thin an' bare,
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care,
 And, "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.

XIII.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise,
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
 Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;
 Or noble Elgin beats the heav'nward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays
 Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame,
 The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise,
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise

XIV.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or, how the Royal Bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or, Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or, rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire,
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XV

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How HE, who bore in Heav'n the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head!
How His first followers and servants sped,
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heav'n's
command.

XVI.

Then, kneeling down, to Heav'n's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays!
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"*
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There, ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,

* Pope's "Windsor Forest."

In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

XVII

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart* !
The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ,
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul,
And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enroll !

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest ,
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide,
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

XIX.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad ;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
" An honest man 's the noblest work of God ,"
And *certainly*, in fair virtue's heav'nly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.

What is a lordling's pomp? — a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of humankind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

XX.

O Scotia, my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heav'n is sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, O! may Heav'n their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.

XXI

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never Scotia's realm desert,
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession rise, her ornament and guard!

VERSES

WRITTEN IN FRIAR'S-CARSE HERMITAGE, ON NITH-SIDE

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deck'd in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul —

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost,
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will always low'r.

As youth and love, with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair,
Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait,
Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among

As the shades of evening close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-neuk of ease;
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought,
And teach the sportive youngers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, Man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, Art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one?
Tell them, and press it on their mind
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heav'n
To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies,
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep,
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night where dawn shall never break,
Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before!

Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide!
Quod the Beadsman of Nith-side.

A PRAYER,

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

O THOU great Being¹ what thou art
Surpasses me to know,
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distressed;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey thy high behest.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;
Then man my soul with firm resolves,
To bear and not repine!

A PRAYER,

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

O THOU, unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear !
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear !

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun , —
As something loudly in my breast
Remonstrates I have done, —

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong ,
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, All Good ! — for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide

Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But, *Thou art good* ! and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive !

STANZAS,

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

I.

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
 Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
 Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between;
 Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms:
 Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
 Or death's untovely, dreary, dark abode?
 For guilt, for guilt! my terrors are in arms!
 I tremble to approach an angry God,
 And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

II

Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul offence!"
 Fain promise never more to disobey
 But, should my Author health again dispense,
 Again I might desert fair Virtue's way
 Again in folly's path might go astray;
 Again exalt the brute, and sink the man,
 Then how should I for heav'nly mercy pray,
 Who act so counter heav'nly Mercy's plan?
 Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran!

III

O Thou, great Governor of all below,
 If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
 Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
 Or still the tumult of the raging sea;

With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me,
Those headlong, furious passions to confine;
For all unfit I feel my pow'rs to be,
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;
O, aid me with thy help, Omnipotence divine!

VERSES,

LEFT BY THE AUTHOR AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S HOUSE
IN THE ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT.

I.

O THOU, dread Pow'r, who reign'st above;
I know thou wilt me hear,
When, for this scene of peace and love
I make my pray'r sincere

II.

The hoary sire — the mortal stroke,
Long, long be pleas'd to spare!
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

III.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

IV.

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush;



O Thou who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want!
We bless Thee, God of Nature wide,
For all Thy goodness lent

Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish !

V

The beauteous, *seraph* sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand, —
Guide Thou their steps alway !

VI

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in heav'n !



A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
For ev'ry creature's want !
We bless thee, God of Nature wide,
For all thy goodness lent !

And if it please thee, heav'nly Guide,
May never worse be sent ,
But whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content !

Amen.

THE FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life wherever plac'd,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore !

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow ,
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below

But he whose blossom buds in guilt,
Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble, tost
Before the sweeping blast

For why ? — that God the good adore,
Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETIETH
PSALM

O THOU, the first, the greatest Friend
Of all the human race !
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place !

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself
Arose at thy command ,

That Pow'r which rais'd, and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time,
Was ever still the same

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv't the word, — thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought ;
Again thou say'st, " Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought ! "

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep ,
As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd ;
But long ere night, cut down, it lies
All wither'd and decay'd

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

I

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve no other end
Than just a kind memento ;
But how the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine ;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

II

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
And, Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye !
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end 's attained ;
And a' your views may come to nought,
When ev'ry nerve is strained.

III

I'll no say men are villains a' ;
The real, harden'd, wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restrick'd —

But och! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If *self* the wav'ring balance shawe,
It's rarely right adjusted!

IV.

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strite,
Their fate we should na censure.
For still th' important end of life
They equally may answer,
A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' poortith hourly stare him;
A man may tak' a neebor's part,
Yet hae na cash to spare him

V.

Ay free, aff han', your story tell,
When wi' a bosom-crony,
But still keep something to yoursel'
Ye'll scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection,
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection

VI.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love
Luxuriantly indulge it,
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Tho' naething should divulge it.
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard o' concealing;
But och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

VII

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Assiduous wait upon her ;
 And gather gear by ev'ry wile
 That's justified by honor —
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Nor for a train-attendant,
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being independent !

VIII

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
 To haud the wretch in order, —
 But where ye feel your honor grip,
 Let that ay be your border,
 Its slightest touches, instant pause, —
 Debar a' side pretences,
 And resolutely keep its laws,
 Uncaring consequences

IX.

The great Creator to revere,
 Must sure become the creature ;
 But still the preaching cant forbear,
 And ev'n the rigid feature,
 Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
 Be complaisance extended,
 An atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended !

X.

When ranting round in pleasures ring
 Religion may be blinded,
 Or if she gie a random sting,
 It may be little minded ;

But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
A conscience but a canker —
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
Is sure a nobler anchor!

II

Adieu, dear, amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting;
May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, "Gad send you speed,"
Still daily to grow wiser;
And may you better reckon the rede,
Than ever did th' adviser!

May, 1786.

BOOK II
PATHETIC, ELEGIAC, AND DESCRIPTIVE

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN

A DIRGE

I.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care,
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair

II

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?
(Began the rev'rend sage;)
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me to mourn
The miseries of man!

III.

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labor to support
A haughty lordling's pride ;
I've seen yon weary winter sun
Twice forty times return ;
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.

IV

O man ! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time !
Mispending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime !
Alternate follies take the sway ;
Licentious passions burn ;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn

V

Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might,
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported in his right
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, — oh ! ill-match'd pair ! —
Show man was made to mourn.

VI

A few seem favorites of Fate,
In Pleasure's lap carest ;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.

But, oh! what crowds, in ev'ry land,
 Are wretched and forlorn;
 Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
 That man was made to mourn.

VII.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
 Inwoven with our frame!
 More pointed still we make ourselves
 Regret, remorse, and shame!
 And man, whose heav'n-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

VIII.

See yonder poor, o'erlabor'd wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil!
 And see his lordly fellow-worm,
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.

IX.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
 By Nature's law design'd;
 Why was an independent wish
 E'er planted in my mind?
 If not, why am I subject to
 His cruelty, or scorn?
 Or why has man the will and pow'r
 To make his fellow mourn?

X.

Yet let not this too much, my son,
 Disturb thy youthful breast;
 This partial view of humankind
 Is surely not the *last* !
 The poor, oppressed, honest man,
 Had never, sure, been born,
 Had there not been some recompense
 To comfort those that mourn.

XI

O Death ! the poor man's dearest friend,
 The kindest and the best !
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest !
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn ;
 But, oh ! a blest relief to those
 That weary-laden mourn !



A WINTER NIGHT.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm !
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness offend you,
 From seasons such as these ? — SHAKESPEARE

WHEN biting Boreas, fell and dour,
 Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r ;
 When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r
 Far south the lift,

Dun-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
Or whirlin' drift!

Ae night the storm the steeples rock'd,
Poor Labor sweet in sleep was lock'd,
While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-chock'd.
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bock'd,
Down headlong hurl.

List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing,
That in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Where wilt thou cow'r thy chitt'ring wing,
An' close thy e'e?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone, from your savage homes exil'd,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
Dark muffled, view'd the dreary plain;
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,

When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow, solemn, stole —

“Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost!
Descend, ye chilly, smoth’ring snows!
Not all your rage, as now united, shows
More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
Than heav’n-illum’d man on brother man bestows!

“See stern Oppression’s iron grip,
Or mad Ambition’s gory hand,
Sending, like blood-hounds from the ship,
Woe, want, and murder o’er a land!

“Ev’n in the peaceful rural vale,
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
How pamper’d luxury, flatt’ry by her side,
The parasite empoisoning her ear,
With all the servile wretches in the rear,
Looks o’er proud property extended wide,
And eyes the simple rustic hind,
Whose toil upholds the glitt’ring show,
A creature of another kind,
Some coarser substance, unrefin’d,
Plac’d for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below

“Where, where is love’s fond, tender throe,
With lordly Honor’s lofty brow,
The pow’rs you proudly own?
Is there, beneath love’s noble name,
Can harbor, dark, the selfish aim,
To bless himself alone?

"Mark maiden innocence, a prey
 To love-pretending snares ,
 This boasted honor turns away,
 Shunning soft pity's rising sway,
 Regardless of the tears, and unavailing prayers !
 Perhaps, this hour, in mis'ry's squalid nest,
 She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
 And with a mother's fears shrieks at the rocking blast

"O ye ! who, sunk in beds of down,
 Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 Think for a moment on his wretched fate,
 Whom friends and fortune quite disown !
 Ill satisfied keen nature's clam'rous call,
 Stretch'd on his straw, he lays himself to sleep,
 While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
 Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drift' heap !
 Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
 Where guilt and poor misfortune pine !
 Guilt, erring man, relenting view !
 But shall thy legal rage pursue
 The wretch already crushed low
 By cruel fortune's undeserved blow ?
 Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss ! "

I heard nae mair, for Chanticleer
 Shook off the pouthery snaw
 And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
 A cottage-rousing crow

But deep this truth impress'd my mind —
 Thro' all his works abroad,
 The heart, benevolent and kind,
 The most resembles GOD.

WINTER.

A DIEGE.

I.

THE wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw,
Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw
While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day

II

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast," *
The joyless winter day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May!
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join,
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine!

III

Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest — they must be best,
Because they are thy will!

* Dr Young

Then all I want, (O, do thou grant
This one request of mine!)
Since to enjoy thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign.

DESPONDENCY.

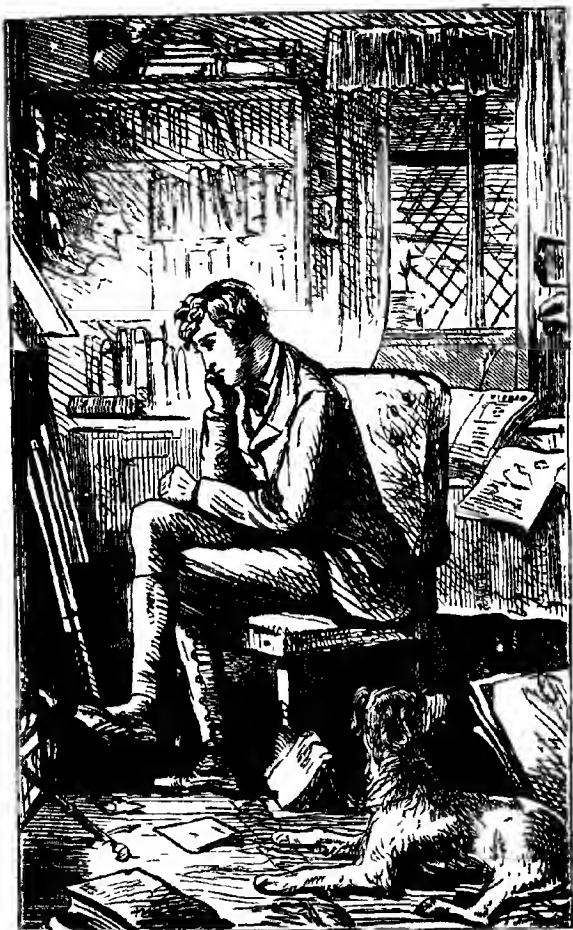
AN ODE

I.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I sit me down and sigh ;
O life, thou art a galling load,
A long, a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I !
Dim, backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear !
What sorrows yet may pierce me thro',
Too justly I may fear !
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom ;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb !

II

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard !
Ev'n when the wished end's denied,
Yet while the busy means are ply'd,
They bring their own reward :



DESPONDENCY

Oppressed with grief, oppressed with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I sit me down and sigh

Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
 Unfitted with an aim,
 Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
 And joyless morn, the same.
 You, bustling and justling,
 Forget each grief and pain ;
 I, listless, yet restless,
 Find ev'ry prospect vain

III

How blest the Solitary's lot,
 Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
 With in his humble cell,
 The cavern wild with tangling roots,
 Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
 Beside his crystal well !
 Or, haply, to his evening thought,
 By unfrequented stream,
 The ways of men are distant brought,
 A faint collected dream ,
 While praising, and raising
 His thoughts to Heav'n on high,
 As wand'ring, meand'ring,
 He views the solemn sky

IV

Then I, no lonely hermit plac'd
 Where never human footstep trac'd,
 Less fit to play the part ,
 The lucky moment to improve,
 And just to stop, and just to move,
 With self-respecting art
 But an' those pleasures, loves, and joys,
 Which I too keenly taste,
 The Solitary can despise,

Can want, and yet be blest !
 He needs not, he heeds not,
 Or human love or hate,
 Whilst I here must cry here,
 At perfidy ingrate !

V

Oh ' enviable, early days,
 When dancing, thoughtless pleasure's mase,
 To care, to guilt unknown !
 How ill exchange'd for riper times,
 To feel the follies, or the crimes,
 Of others, or my own !
 Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court,
 When manhood is your wish !
 The losses, the crosses,
 That active man engage !
 The fears all, the tears all,
 Of dim, declining age !



TO RUIN.

I.

ALL hail ' inexorable lord !
 At whose destruction-breathing word
 The mightiest empires fall !
 Thy cruel, wo-delighted train,
 The ministers of grief and pain,
 A sullen welcome, all !

With stern, resolv'd, despairing eye,
 I see each aimed dart;
 For one has cut my dearest tie,
 And quivers in my heart.
 Then low'ring and pouring,
 The storm no more I dread;
 Tho' thick'ning and black'ning
 Round my devoted head.

II.

And thou, grim power, by life abhorr'd,
 While life a pleasure can afford,
 Oh! hear a wretch's prayer!
 No more I shrink appall'd, afraid,
 I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
 To close this scene of care!
 When shall my soul, in silent peace,
 Resign life's joyless day;
 My weary heart its throbbings cease,
 Cold mould'ring in the clay?
 No fear more, no tear more,
 To strain my lifeless face;
 Enclasped and grasped
 Within thy cold embrace!

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
 On ev'ry blooming tree,
 And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
 Out o'er the grassy lea;

BURNS'S POEMS.

Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing,
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis wild, wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest;
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae.
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove the sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang

I was the Queen o' bonie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
As blithe lay down at e'en,
And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
And monie a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim Vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae:

The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee,
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine ;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign
That ne'er wad blink on mine !
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee ,
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me !

O' soon, to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn'
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn'
And, in the narrow house o' death,
Let winter round me rave !
And the next flowers that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave !

THE LAMENT,

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A
FRIEND'S AMOUR.

Alas! how oft does Goodness wound itself,
And sweet Affection prove the spring of woe!
HOMER.

I

O THOU pale orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep.
With woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam,
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream.

II

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly-marked distant hill;
I joyless view thy trembling horn
Reflected in the gurgling rill
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!
Thou busy power, Remembrance, cease!
Ah! must the agonizing thrill
For ever bar returning peace!

III

No idly-feign'd poetic pains
My sad love-lorn lamentings claim;
No shepherd's pipe — Arcadian strains;

No fabled tortures, quaint and tame,
The plighted faith, the mutual flame,
The oft-attested Pow'rs above,
The promis'd Father's tender name,
These were the pledges of my love

IV

Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptur'd moments flown!
How have I wished for fortune's charms,
For her dear sake, and hers alone!
And must I think it is she gone,
My secret heart's exulting boast?
And does she heedless hear my groan?
And is she ever, ever lost?

V.

Oh! can she bear so base a heart,
So lost to honor, lost to truth,
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth?
Alas! life's path may be unsmooth!
Her way may lie thro' rough distress,
Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,
Her sorrows share, and make them less?

VI

Ye winged hours that o'er us passed,
Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
Your dear remembrance in my breast
My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
That breast, how dreary now, and void,
For her too scanty once of room!
Ev'n ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd,
And not a wish to gild the gloom.

VII.

The morn that warns th' approaching day
 Awakes me up to toil and woe ;
 I see the hours, in long array,
 That I must suffer, ling'ring slow :
 Full many a pang, and many a throe,
 Keen recollection's direful train,
 Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low
 Shall kiss the distant western main

VIII

And when my nightly couch I try,
 Sore harass'd out with care and grief,
 My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
 Keep watchings with the nightly thief ;
 Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
 Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright ;
 Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief
 From such a horror-breathing night.

IX.

Oh ! thou bright queen, who o'er th' expanse
 Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway,
 Oft has thy silent-marking glance
 Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray !
 The time, unheeded, sped away,
 While Love's luxurious pulse beat high,
 Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
 To mark the mutual kindling eye.

X

Oh ! scenes in strong remembrance set !
 Scenes never, never to return !
 Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
 Again I feel, again I burn ;

From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
Life's weary vale I'll wander thro',
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow.

LAMENT

OF A MOTHER FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

TUNE — "*Finlayston House.*"

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierc'd my darling's heart,
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.

By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonor'd laid,
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade

The mother linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.

Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
Now, fond, I bare my breast;
O, do thou kindly lay me low,
With him I love, at rest!

LAMENT

FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream
Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years,
His locks were bleached white wi' time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears !
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To Echo bore the notes along

" Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
The reliques of the vernal quire !
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
The honors of the aged year !
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e
But nocht, in all revolving time,
Can gladness bring again to me.

a bending, aged tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain;
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hald of earth is gane,
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae summer sun exalt my bloom,
But I maun lie before the storm,
And ithers plant them in my room

'I've seen sae monie changefu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown,
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
Unheard, unpitied, unrelieved,
I bear alane my lade o' eare,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrows share

"And last, (the sum o' all my griefs !)
My noble master lies in clay,
The flow'r amang our barons bold,
His country's pride, his country's stay :
In weary being now I pine,
For a' the life of life is dead,
And hope has left my aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp,
The voice of woe and wild despair !
Awake ! resound thy latest lay,
'Then sleep in silence evermair !
And thou, my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the bard
Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom

"In poverty's low, barren vale,
Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round ;
Tho' oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found
Thou found'st me, like the morning sun,
That melts the fogs in limpid air ,
The friendless bard, and rustic song,
Became alike thy fost'ring care

"Oh ! why has worth so short a date ?
While villains ripen gray with time,
Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime ?
Why did I live to see that day ?
A day to me so full of woe !
O, had I met the mortal shaft
Which laid my benefactor low !

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been ;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me !"

LINES,

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFORD, OF WHITEFORD,
BART., WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

THOU who thy honor as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,
To thee this votive offering I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The friend thou valued'st, I the patron lov'd;
His worth, his honor, all the world approv'd.
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

THICKEST night o'erhangs my dwelling!
Howling tempests o'er me rave!
Turbid torrents wintry swelling,
Still surround my lonely cave.

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redress,

Honor's war we strongly waged,
But the Heavens denied success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend ;
The wide world is all before us,
But a world without a friend !

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale
The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning,
And wild-scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are number'd by care ?
No flow'rs gayly springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair

The deed that I dar'd, could it merit their malice,
A king and a father to place on his throne ?
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none

But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn, —
My brave, gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn,
Your deeds prov'd so loyal in hot, bloody trial, —
Alas ! can I make you no sweeter return !

THE AUTHOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS NATIVE
COUNTRY.TUNE — "*Roshin Castle.*"

I

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain,
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr

II

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
By early Winter's ravage torn,
Across her placid azure sky
She sees the scowling tempest fly.
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr

III

'Tis not the surging billows' roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore
Though death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear,
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound!

These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonie banks of Ayr.

IV

Farewell ! old Coula's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales,
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves !
Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !
My peace with these, my love with those .
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell the bonie banks of Ayr.

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

SCENES of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew,
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu !

Bonie Doon, sae sweet and gloamin',
Fare thee weel before I gang !
Bonie Doon, whare, early roaming,
First I weav'd the rustic sang !

Bow'rs, adieu, whare Love, decoying,
First inthrall'd this heart o' mine,
There the safest sweets enjoying,
Sweets that Mem'ry ne'er shall tyne !

Friends, so near my bosom ever,
Ye hae render'd moments dear ;

But, alas! when fore'd to sever,
Then the stroke, O how severe!

Friends' that parting tear, reserve it,
Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me,
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be!

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew,
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!

THE FAREWELL TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES S LODGE, TARBOLTON.

TUNE — “ *Good night, and joy be wi' you a'!* ”

I

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the mystic tye!
Ye favor'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing fortune's shiddy ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'

II.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;

Oft, honor'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light :
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw,
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes, when far awa'.

III

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath the Omniscient Eye above,
The glorious Architect divine !
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

IV.

And you, farewell ! whose merits claim,
Justly, that highest badge to wear !
Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble name,
To Masonry and Scotia dear !
A last request permit me here —
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round — I ask it with a tear —
To him, the Bard that's far awa' !

FAREWELL TO ELIZA.

TUNE — "*Gilderoy*"

I.

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,
 And from my native shore,
 The cruel fates between us throw
 A boundless ocean's roar
 But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
 Between my love and me,
 They never, never can divide
 My heart and soul from thee

II

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
 The maid that I adore!
 A boding voice is in mine ear,
 We part to meet no more.
 But the last throb that leaves my heart,
 While death stands victor by,
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
 And thine that latest sigh!

HIGHLAND MARY

TUNE — "*Katharine Ogie.*"

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry,
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie,
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' many a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender,
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursel's asunder
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O, pale, pale now, those rosy lips
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
 And clos'd for ay the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly !
 And mould'ring nōw, in silent dust,
 That heart that lo'd me dearly !
 But still, within my bosom's core,
 Shall live my Highland Mary

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn
 O Mary ! dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest !
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget ?
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,
 To live one day of parting love ?
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past ;
 Thy image at our last embrace —
 Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

• Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his peppled shore,
 O'erhung with wild-woods, thick'ning, green,

The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene ;
 The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
 Till too, too soon the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care '
 Time but th' impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary ' dear departed shade '
 Where is thy blissful place of rest ?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

ELEGY ON THE LATE MISS BURNET,

OF MONBODDO

LIFE ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
 As BURNET, lovely, from her native skies ,
 Nor envious Death so triumph'd in a blow,
 As that which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget ?
 In richest ore the brightest jewel set '
 In thee, high Heav'n above was truest shown,
 As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves ; .
 Thou crystal streamlet, with thy flow'ry shore,

Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,
Ye cease to charm — Eliza is no more !

Ye heathy wastes, inmix'd with reedy fens ;
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd ;
Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly — ye with my soul accord

Princes, whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail ?
And thou, sweet excellence ! forsake our earth,
And not a muse in honest grief bewail ?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres,
But, like the sun eclips'd at morning tide,
Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care !
So deck'd the woodbine sweet yon aged tree ;
So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare

VERSES,

ON READING IN A NEWSPAPER THE DEATH OF JOHN
M'LEOD, ESQ., BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY A PAR-
TICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms ;
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deck'd with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow ;
But cold, successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smil'd ;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That Nature finest strung ;
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung

Dread Omnipotence alone
Can heal the wound he gave ;
Can point the brimful, grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no with'ring blast ;
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ., OF GLEN
RIDDEL, APRIL, 1794.

No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more,
Nor pour your descant, grating on my soul,
Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar,
How can ye charm, ye flow'rs, with all your dyes?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend!
How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
That strain flows round th' untimely tomb where Riddel
lies!

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe,
And soothe the Virtues weeping on this bier.
The Man of Worth, who has not left his peer
Is in his "narrow house," for ever darkly low.
Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet,
Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

THE lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave;
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the dark'ning air
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
 Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train ; *
 Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd well, †
 Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred fane, †

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,
 The clouds, swift-wing'd, flew o'er the starry sky,
 The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
 And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
 And 'mong the cliffs disclosed a stately form,
 In weeds of woe, that frantic beat her breast,
 And mixt her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
 'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd !
 Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
 The light'ning of her eye in tears imbui'd

Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,
 Reclin'd that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
 That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
 And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world

" My patriot son fills an untimely grave ! "
 With accents wild and lifted arms she cried,
 " Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
 Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride !

" A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
 The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry ;

* The King's Park, at Holyrood House † St. Anthony's Well.
 † St. Anthony's Chapel.

The drooping Arts surround their patron's hier,
And grateful Science heaves the heartfelt sigh.

"I saw my sons resume their ancient fire;
I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow;
But ah! how hope is born but to expire!
Relentless fate has laid this guardian low.

"My patriot falls! but shall he lie unsung,
While empty greatness saves a worthless name?
No! ev'ry muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
And future ages hear his growing fame.

"And I will join a mother's tender cares,
Thro' future times to make his virtues last,
That distant years may boast of other Blairs!"—
She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.

ADDRESS

TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON, ON CROWNING HIS BUST
AT EDNAM, BOXBURGHSHIRE, WITH BAYS.

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Æolian strains between,

While Summer, with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade;

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
- Each creature on his bounty fed ;

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows.

So long, sweet poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won,
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son !

EPITAPH

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER

O YE, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence, and attend ;
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father, and the gen'rous friend.

The pitying heart that felt for human woe ,
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride ;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,
" For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side " *

* Goldsmith

FOR R. A , ESQ.

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honor'd name,
(For none that knew him need be told,)
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

ON A FRIEND.

AN honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with his image blest ;
The friend of man, the friend of truth ;
The friend of age, the guide of youth :
Few hearts, like his, with virtue warm'd.
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd ;
If there's another world, he lives in bliss ;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspir'd fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool ?
Let him draw near,

And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng?
O, pass not by!
But with a frater-feeling strong,
Here beave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave?
Here pause, — and, thro' the starting tear
Survey this grave

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stam'd his name!

Reader, attend — whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkly grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit,
Know, prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root.

VERSES

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD, BORN IN
PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY DISTRESS.

SWEET flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' monie a pray'r,
What heart o' stane wad thou nae move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair!

November hirkles o'er the lea,
Chill on thy lovely form;
And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree,
Should shield thee frae the storm

May He who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
The bitter frost and snaw!

May He, the friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various stounds,
Protect and guard the mother-plant,
And heal her cruel wounds

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn,
Now, feebly bends she in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem
Unscath'd by ruffian hand,
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land.

LINES

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL IN LOCH TURIT, A
WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF OUGHTERTYRE.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free!
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave
Busy feed or wanton lave,
Or, beneath the shelt'ring rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace;
Man, your proud, usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below,
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside

The eagle from the cliffy brow
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels
But man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,

Glories in his heart humane,
And creatures for his pleasure a sin

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways,
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might,
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his powers you scorn ;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs ;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.



SONNET

WRITTEN ON THE 25TH OF JANUARY, 1793, THE BIRTH-
DAY OF THE AUTHOR, ON HEARING A THRUSH, IN
A MORNING WALK.

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough ;
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain,
See ' aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow.
So, in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content, with light, unanxious heart,

Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.
I thank thee, Author of this op'ning day,
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies !
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away !
Yet come, thou child of poverty and care,
The mite high Heav'n bestow'd, that mite with thee I'll
share.

ON SENSIBILITY.

TO MY DEAR AND MUCH HONORED FRIEND, MRS.
DUNLOP, OF DUNLOP

SENSIBILITY ! how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell ;
But distress, with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well

Fairest flower, behold the hly,
Blooming in the sunny ray ,
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys ;
Hapless bird ! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure,
Finer feelings can bestow ;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST, WITH THE
PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie !
O, what a panic's in thy breastie !
Thou need nae start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickerin' brattle !
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murd'ring pattle !

I truly sorrow man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
 Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whyles but thou may thieve !
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
A daimen-icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
 And never miss't !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin' ,
An' naething, now, to big a new ane
 O' foggage green ,
An' break December win's ensuin',
 Baith snell and keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
 An' weary winter comin' fast,
 An' coze here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till, crash ! the cruel coultter past
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
 Has cost thee monie a weary nubble '
 Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
~~suffer~~ But house or hauld,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch could !

But, mousie, thou art ^{na} thy lane,
 In proving foresight may be vain ;
 The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men,
 Gang aft a-gley,
 An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain
 For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me !
 The present only toucheth thee ,
 But, och ! I backward cast my e'e,
 On prospects drear !
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear !

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH IN
APRIL, 1786

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou'at met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem ;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonie Lark, companion meet, *to*
Bending thee 'mang the dewy wget,
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou ghinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield ;
But thou, beneath the random bield,
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the hie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head,
 In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust;
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd;
Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er

Such fate to suff'ring worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To misery's brink,
Till, wench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'd the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine — no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
Till, crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER,*

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE

MY lord, I know your noble ear
 Woe ne'er assails in vain,
 Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
 Your humble slave complain, —
 How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
 In flaming summer-pride,
 Dry-with'ring, waste my foamy streams,
 And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumping, glowrin trouts,
 That thro' my waters play,
 If in then random, wanton spouts,
 They near the margin stray,
 If, hapless chance, they linger lang,
 I'm scorching up so shallow,
 They're left the whitning stanes amang,
 In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
 As Poet B**** came by,
 That, to a bard, I should be seen
 Wi' half my channel dry,
 A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
 Ev'n as I was, he shor'd me,

* Bruar Falls, in Athole are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful
 but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs

But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin ,
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn
Enjoying large each spring and well,
As nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I say't mysel',
Worth gaun a mile to see

Would then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
And bonie spreading bushes ;
Delighted doubly, then, my lord,
You'll wander on my banks,
And listen monie a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks

The sober lav'rock, warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire ,
The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir ;
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The mavis mild and mellow ;
The robin pensive autumn cheer,
In all her looks of yellow :

This, too, a covert shall insure,
To shield them from the storm,
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form ;

Here shall the shepherd make his seat
To weave his crown of flow'rs ,
Or find a shelt'ring, safe retreat,
From prone descending show'rs

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising words, with all their wealth,
As empty, idle care
The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heav'n to grace,
And buks extend their fragrant arms,
To screen the dear embrace

Here haply, too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain gray ,
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild chequ'ring thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,
Hoarse-sweeing on the breeze

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed ,
Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn,
And for the little songster's nest
The close embow'ring thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,

Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honor'd native land
So may, thro' Albion's farthest ken,
To social flowing glasses,
The grace be — "Athole's honest men,
And Athole's bonie lasses!"

VERSES

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME, WHICH
A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go, live, poor wand'rer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains,
No more the thick'ning brakes, and verdant plains,
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying-bed!
The shelt'ring rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft, as by winding Nith I musing wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate

LINES

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL, OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE
IN THE PARLOR OF THE INN AT KENMORE, TAY-
MOUTH

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th' abodes of covey'd rouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides,
Th' outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills,
The Tay, meand'ring sweet, in infant pride,
The palace rising on his verdant side,
The lawns wood-fing'd in Nature's native taste;
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste,
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
The village glitt'ring in the noontide beam —

Poetic ardors in my bosom swell,
Lone, wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell.
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods
Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods —

Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,
And look thro' Nature with creative fire,

Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd,
 Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild ;
 And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
 Find balm to soothe her bitter, rankling wounds ;
 Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward stretch
 her scan,
 And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.

.

LINES

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL, STANDING BY THE FALL
 OF FYERS, NEAR LOCH-NESS.

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods,
 The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods ;
 Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
 Where, through a shapeless breach, his stream resounds
 As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
 As deep recoiling surges foam below,
 Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
 And viewless Echo's ear, astonish'd, rends
 Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
 The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, low'rs
 Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
 And still below the horrid cauldron boils —

.

THE FAREWELL.*

"The valiant in himself, what can he suffer?
 Or what does he regard his single woes?
 But when, alas! he multiplies himself,
 To dearer selves, to the loved, tender fair,
 To those whose bliss, whose being hang upon him,
 To helpless children! then, O, then he feels
 The point of misery festering in his heart,
 And weakly weeps his fortune like a coward
 Such, such am I! undone!"

THOMSON'S *Edward and Eleanor.*

FAREWELL old Scotia's bleak domains,
 Far dearer than the torrid plains
 Where rich ananas blow!
 Farewell a mother's blessing dear!
 A brother's sigh! a sister's tear!
 My Jean's † heart-rending throe!
 Farewell, my Bess! ‡ though thou'rt bereft
 Of my parental care!
 A faithful brother I have left,
 My part in him thou'lt share!
 Adieu too, to you too,
 My Smith, my bosom frien';
 When kindly you mind me,
 O, then befriend my Jean!

What bursting anguish tears my heart!
 From thee, my Jeanie, must I part!
 Thou, weeping, answerest, "No!"
 Alas! misfortune stares my face,

* Written when the Poet designed to leave Scotland for the West Indies.

† Jean Armour

‡ His illegitimate child

And points to ruin and disgrace,
 I for thy sake must go !
 Thee, Hamilton and Aiken dear,
 A grateful, warm adieu !
 I, with a much indebted tear,
 Shall still remember you !
 All hail then, the gale then,
 Wafts me from thee, dear shore !
 It rustles and whistles —
 I'll never see thee more !

VERSES WRITTEN UNDER VIOLENT GRIEF.*

ACCEPT the gift a friend sincere
 Wad on thy worth be pressin',
 Remembrance oft may start a tear,
 But O ! that tenderness forbear,
 Though 'twad my sorrows lessen.

My morning raise sae clear and fair,
 I thought sair storms wad never
 Bedew the scene, but grief and care
 In wildest fury hae made bare
 My peace, my hope forever !

You think I'm glad, O, I pay weel
 For a' the joy I borrow,
 In solitude — then, then I feel
 I canna to myself conceal
 My deeply ranklin' sorrow

* These lines, which first appeared in the *Sun* newspaper, April, 1823, appear to have been originally written on a leaf of a copy of his poems presented to a friend

Farewell ! within thy bosom free
A sigh may whiles awaken ,
A tear may wet thy laughin' e'e,
For Scotia's son — ance gay like thee,
Now hopeless, comfortless, forsaken !

REMORSE *

OF all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,
That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish,
Beyond comparison the worst are those
That to our folly or our guilt we owe
In every other circumstance, the mind
Has this to say — “It was no deed of mine,”
But when to all the evil of misfortune
This sting is added — “Blame thy foolish self !”
Or worse far, the pangs of keen remorse,
The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt —
Of guilt, perhaps, where we've involved others,
The young, the innocent, who fondly loved us,
Nay, more, that very love their cause of ruin !
O burning hell ! in all thy store of torments
There's not a keener lash !
Lives there a man so firm, who, while his heart
Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,
Can reason down its agonizing throbs,
And, after proper purpose of amendment,
Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace ?
O happy, happy, enviable man !
O glorious magnanimity of soul !

* Taken from a collection of MSS which Burns placed in the hands of his friend, Mrs Riddel

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT DUNDAS,
ESQ., OF ARNISTON,

LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF SESSION, DIED, 1787

LONE on the bleaky hills the straying flocks
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks,
Down foam the rivulets, red with dashing rains !
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains ;
Beneath the blast the leafless forests groan ,
The hollow caves return a sullen moan

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,
Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves !
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly ;
Where, to the whistling blast and waters' roar,
Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore
O, heavy loss, thy country ill could bear !
A loss these evil days can ne'er repair !
Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,
Her doubtful balance eyed, and swayed her rod ;
She heard the tidings of the fatal blow,
And sunk, abandoned to the wildest woe.

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
Now gay in hope explore the paths of men ;
See, from his cavern, grim Oppression rise,
And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,
And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry

Mark ruffian Violence, distained with crimes,
Rousing elate in these degenerate times ;

View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
 As guileful Fraud points out the erring way:
 While subtle Litigation's pliant tongue
 The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong,
 Hark ' injured Want recounts th' unlistened tale,
 And much-wronged Misery pours th' unpitied wail

Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains,
 To you I sing my grief-inspired strains
 Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents, roll!
 Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul
 Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign,
 Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,
 To mourn the woes my country must endure,
 That wound degenerate ages cannot cure.

TO MISS FERRIER,*

ENCLOSING THE ELEGY ON SIR J H BLAIR.

NAE heathen name shall I prefix
 Frae Pindus or Parnassus,
 Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks,
 For rhyme-inspiring lasses

Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three
 Made Homer deep their debtor,
 But, gi'en the body half an e'e,
 Nine Ferriers wad done better!

Last day my mind was in a bog,
 Down George's Street I stotied ,

* This lady was the author of the "Inheritance, Marriage, and Destiny "

A creeping, cauld, prosaic fog
My very senses doited

Do what I dought to set her free,
My saul lay in the mire,
Ye turned a neuk — I saw your e'e —
She took the wing like fire

The mournfu' sang I here enclose,
In gratitude I send you,
And wish and pray, in rhyme sincere,
A' guid things may attend you

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE CHILD

O, SWEET be thy sleep in the land of the grave,
My dear little angel, forever;
Forever — O, no ! let not man be a slave,
His hopes from existence to sever

Though cold be the clay where thou pillow'st thy head,
In the dark silent mansions of sorrow,
The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed,
Like the beam of the day-star to-morrow

The flower-stem shall bloom like thy sweet seraph form,
Ere the Spoiler had nipt thee in blossom,
When thou shrunk from the scowl of the loud winter
storm,
And nestled thee close to that bosom

* These lines were written on the death of a little daughter of the Poet's. She died suddenly while he was absent from home

O, still I behold thee, all lovely in death,
Reclined on the lap of thy mother,
When the tear trickled bright, when the short stifled
 breath,
Told how dear ye were aye to each other

My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest,
Where suffering no longer can harm ye,
Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the
 blest,
Through an endless existence shall charm thee

While he, thy fond parent, must sighing sojourn
Through the dire desert regions of sorrow,
O'er the hope and misfortune of being to mourn,
And sigh for his life's latest morrow

BRUCE

A FRAGMENT

HIS royal visage seamed with many a scar,
That Caledonian reared his martial form,
Who led the tyrant quelling war,
Where Bannockburn's ensanguined flood
Swelled with mingling hostile blood,
Soon Edward's myriads struck with deep dismay,
And Scotia's troop of brothers win their way
(O, glorious deed to bay a tyrant's band!
O, heavenly joy to free our native land!)
While high their mighty chief poured on the doubling
 storm.

TO THE MEMORY OF PRINCE CHARLES
EDWARD STUART

FALSE flatterer, Hope, away !
Nor think to lure us as in days of yore ,
We solemnize this sorrowing natal day
To prove our loyal truth , we can no more ,
And owning Heaven's mysterious sway,
Submissive low adore

Ye honored mighty dead !
Who nobly perished in the glorious cause,
Your king, your country, and her laws !
From great Dundee, who smiling Victory led,
And fell a martyr in her arms *
(What breast of northern ice but warms ?)
To bold Balmerino's undying name,
Whose soul of fire, lighted at heaven's high flame,
Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim

Nor unavenged your fate shall be,
It only lags the fatal hour ,
Your blood shall with incessant cry
Awake at last th' unsparing power ,
As from the cliff, with thundering course,
The snowy ruin smokes along,
With doubling speed and gathering force,
Till deep it crashingwhelms the cottage in the vale !
So vengeance

* At the battle of Killbuckie.

LINES ON VIEWING STIRLING PALACE.

HERE Stuarts once in glory reigned,
 And laws for Scotland's weal ordained;
 But now unroofed their palace stands,
 Their sceptre's sway'd by other hands
 The injured Stuart line is gone,
 A race outlandish fills their throne —
 An idiot race, to honor lost;
 Who know them best, despise them most.

A FAREWELL •

FAREWELL, dear friend ! may Guld-Luck hit you,
 And 'mang her favorites admit you !
 If e'er Detraction shore † to smit you,
 May nane believe him !
 And ony de'il that thinks to get you,
 Good Lord deceive him !

EPITAPH ON JOHN BUSHBY.

WRITER IN DUMFRIES.

HERE lies John Bushby, honest man !
 Cheat him, Devil, if you can

• Addressed to Mr John Kennedy

† Threaten.

ON THE POET'S DAUGHTER,

WHO DIED 1795 .

HERE lies a rose, a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom,
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume

To those who for her loss are grieved,
This consolation 's given —
She's from a world of woe relieved,
And blooms, a rose, in Heaven.



EPITAPH ON W——

STOP, thief! dame Nature cried to Death,
As Willic drew his latest breath,
You have my choicest model ta'en, —
How shall I make a fool again?



EPITAPH ON WILLIAM NICOL.

YE maggots, feast on Nicol's brain,
For few sic feasts ye've gotten,
And fix your claws in Nicol's heart,
For de'il a bit o't 's rotten.

LIBERTY *

A FRAGMENT

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes,
Where is that soul of freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead,
Beneath the hallowed turf where Wallace lies!
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death!
Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep;
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath

Is this the power in freedom's war
That wont to bid the battle rage?
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
Crushing the despot's proudest bearing.
That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
Braved usurpation's boldest daring!
One quenched in darkness, like the sinking star,
And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age

* Sent to Mrs Dunlop in a letter Burns says of it "I am just going to trouble your critical patience with the first sketch of a stanza I have been framing as I passed along the road The subject is Liberty You know, my honored friend how dear the theme is to me I design it as an irregular ode for General Washington's birthday After having mentioned the degeneracy of other kingdoms, I come to Scotland thus "

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT
RUISSEAUX *

Now Robin lies in his last lair,
He'll gabble rhyme nor sing nae mair,
Cauld Poverty, wi' hungry stare,
Nae mair shall fear him;
Nor anxious Fear, nor cankert Care,
E'er mair come near him.

To tell the truth, they seldom fasht him,
Except the moment that they crusht him:
For sune as Chance or Fate had husht 'em,
Though e'er sae short,
Then wi' a rhyme or song he lasht 'em,
And thought it sport

Though he was bred to kintra wark,
And counted was bath wight and stark,
Yet that was never Robin's mark
To mak' a man,
But tell him he was learned and clark,
He roosed him than !

* This fragment was found by Cromek among the Poet's manuscripts. Ruisseau is a translation into French of his own name — i.e., Burne or rivulets.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT FERGUSSON, POET *

No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,
"No storied urn nor animated bust,"
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust

THE POET'S SELF-REPROOF

RASH mortal, and slanderous Poet ' thy name
Shall no longer appear in the records of Fame,
Dost not know, that old Mansfield, who writes like the
Bible,
Says, The more 'tis a truth, sir, the more 'tis a libel?

* Born, September 6th, 1751, died, 16th October 1774.

BOOK III

FAMILIAR AND EPISTOLARY.

TO MISS CRUICKSHANKS,

A VERY YOUNG LADY,—WRITTEN ON THE BLANK
LEAF OF A BOOK, PRESENTED TO HER BY THE
AUTHOR

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,
Blooming on thy early May,
Never may'st thou, lovely flower,
Chilly shrink in sleety show'r!
Never Boie is' hoary path,
Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,
Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights.
Never, never reptile thief
Riot on thy virgin leaf!
Nor even Sol too fiercely view
Thy bosom blushing still with dew!

May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem,
'Till some evening, sober, calm,
Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And ev'ry bird thy requiem sings,

Thou amid the dingeful sound,
 Shed thy dying honors round,
 And resign to parent earth
 The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

VERSES

ON A YOUNG LADY RESIDING ON THE BANKS OF THE
 SMALL RIVER DEVON, IN CLACKMANNANSHIRE, BUT
 WHOSE INFANT YEARS WERE SPENT IN AYRSHIRE

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
 With green spreading bushes, and flow'rs blooming
 fair,
 But the homest flow'r on the banks of the Devon
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet-blushing flower,
 In the gay, rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew!
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
 That steals on the evening each leaf to renew

O, spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
 With chill, hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn!
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile 'hat seizes
 The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn.

Let Bombon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
 And England triumphant display her proud rose;
 A fancy than either adorns the green valleys
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

TO MISS L——,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT, JAN-
UARY 1, 1787

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer heav'n

No gifts have I from Indian coasts,
The infant year to hail,
I send you more than India boasts,
In Edwin's simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
Is charg'd, perhaps too true;
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An Edwin still to you



VERSES

TO A YOUNG LADY, WITH A PRESENT OF SONGS.

HERE, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
Accept the gift, tho' humble he who gives,
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind

So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast
Discordant jar thy bosom chords among,
But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or love ecstatic wake his seraph song.

Or pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
As modest want the tale of woe reveals ;
While conscious virtue all the strain endears,
And heav'n-born piety her sanction seals.



VERSES

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF HIS
POEMS, PRESENTED TO A LADY, WHOM HE HAD OF-
TEN CELEBRATED UNDER THE NAME OF CHLORIS.

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralizing muse

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms,)
To join the friendly few ;

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lower ;
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flow'r ,)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind,
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store, —
The comforts of the mind !

Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honor's part ;
And, dearest gift of Heav'n below,
Thine friendship's truest heart

The joys refin'd of sense and taste,
With every muse to rove,
And doubly were the Poet blest,
These joys could he improve



TO A YOUNG LADY,

MISS JESSY L——, DUMFRIES, WITH BOOKS WHICH
THE BARD PRESENTED HER.

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the Poet's prayer ;
That Fate may, in her fairest page,
With ev'ry kindest, best presage
Of future bliss, enrol thy name,
With native worth and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution, still aware
Of ill — but chief, man's felon snare,
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind
These be thy guardian and reward,
So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF HIS
POEMS, PRESENTED TO AN OLD SWEETHEART.
THEN MARRIED

ONCE fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear,
Sweet early object of my youthful vows,
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere, —
Friendship! — 'tis all cold duty now allows
And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him, he asks no more,
Who distant burns in flaming, torrid climes,
Or haply lies beneath the Atlantic roar

 TO J S****

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweet ner of life and solder of society!
I owe thee much — BLAIR

DEAR S****, the bleest, paukie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock breef
Owre human hearts,
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your aits

For me, I swear by sun and moon,
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,

Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon,
 Just gaun to see you ;
 And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
 Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carlin, Nature,
 To mak amends for scrimpit stature,
 She's turn'd you aff' a human creature
 On her first plan,
 And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
 She's wrote the Man.

Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,
 My barmie noddle's working prime,
 My fancie yerkite up sublime,
 Wi' hasty summon ;
 Hae ye a leisure moment's time
 To hear what's comin'?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash ;
 Some rhyme (vain thought') for needfu' cash
 Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
 An' raise a din ,
 For me, an aim I never fash ;
 I rhyme for fun !

The star that rules my luckless lot,
 Has fated me the russet coat,
 And damn'd my fortune to the groat ;
 But in requit,
 Has bless'd me wi' a random shot
 O' countra wit

This while my notion's ta'en a sklent,
 To try my fate in gund black prent ;

But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries, "Hoochie.
I rede you, honest man, tak tent!
Ye'll shaw your folly.

"There's ither poets, much your better,
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
Hae thought they had insur'd their debtors
A' future ages, —
Now moths deform, in shapeless tatters,
Their unknown pages "

Then fareweel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights and howes
My rustic sang

I'll wander on wi' tentless heed,
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone!

But why, O Death, begin a tale?
Just now we're living, sound, and hale
Then top and main-top crowd the sail,
Heave Care o'er-side!
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand
Is a' enchanted, fairy land,

Where Pleasure is the magic wand
 That, wielded right,
 Maks hours, like minutes, hand in hand,
 Dance by fu' light.

The magic wand then let us wield,
 For, ance that five-an-forty's speel'd,
 See crazy, weary, joyless Eild
 Wi' wrinkled face,
 Comes hostin', hurpin' owre the field,
 Wi' creepin' pace.

When ance life's day draws near the gloamin',
 Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin',
 An' fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin',
 An' social noise,
 An' fareweel dear deluding Woman,
 The joy of joys!

Life! how pleasant in thy morning!
 Young Fancy's rays the hells adorning!
 Cold, pausing Caution's lessons scorning,
 We flisk away,
 Like school-boys, at th' expected warning
 To joy and play

We wander there, we wander here,
 We eye the rose upon the brier,
 Unmindful that the thorn is near,
 Among the leaves;
 And, though the puny wound appear,
 Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
 For which they never toil'd nor swat;

They drink the sweet, and eat the fat,
 But care or pain,
 And haply eye the barren hut
 With high disdain

With steady aim, some Fortune chase;
 Keen Hope does ev'ry sinew brace,
 Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
 And seize the prey;
 Then came, in some cozie place,
 They close the day

And others, like your humble servan',
 Poor wights ! nae rules nor roads observin'
 To right or left eternal swervin',
 They zig-zag on,
 Till curst with age, obscure an' starvin',
 They aften groan

Alas ! what bitter toil an' straining —
 But, truce with peevish, poor complaining,
 Is Fortune's tickle Luna wainin' ?
 E'en let her gang !
 Beneath what light she has remaining,
 Let's sing our sang

My pen I here fling to the door,
 And kneel, "Ye Powers !" and warm implore,
 "Tho' I should wander Terra o'er,
 In all her climes,
 Grant me but this, I ask no more,
 Ay rowth o' rhymes

"Gie dreeping roasts to countra lairds.
 Till icicles hing frae their beards,

Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-Guards,
 And Maids o' Honor ;
 And yill an' whiskey gie to Cairds,
 Until they sconnor.

" A title Dempster merits it ;
 A garter gie to Wilhe Pitt ;
 Gie wealth to some beleger'd cit,
 In cent per cent. ;
 But gie me real, sterling wit,
 And I'm content.

" While ye are pleased to keep me hale,
 I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
 Be't water-brose or mushin-kail,
 Wi' cheerfu' face,
 As lang's the Muses dinna fail
 To say the grace "

An anxious e'e I never throws
 Behint my lug, or by my nose,
 I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows
 As weel's I may,
 Sworn foe to Sorrow, Care, and Prose,
 I rhyme away

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
 Grave, tideless-bloody, calm, and cool,
 Compar'd wi' you — O fool ! fool ! fool !
 How much unlike !
 Your hearts are just a standing pool ,
 Your lives, a dyke !

Nae hair-brain'd, sentimental traces
 In your unletter'd, nameless faces,

In arioso trills and graces
 Ye never stray ;
 But, gravissimo, solemn basses
 Ye hum away.

Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise ;
 Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
 The hairum-scurum, ram-stam boys,
 The rattlin' squad :
 I see you upward cast your eyes —
 Ye ken the road.

Whilst I — but I shall haud me there —
 Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony where ;
 Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair,
 But quat my sang,
 Content wi' you to mak a pair,
 Whare'er I gang.

EPISTLE TO DAVIE

A BROTHER POET *

January, —.

I

WHILE winds frae aff Ben-Lomond blaw,
 And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
 And hing us owre the ingle,
 I sit me down to pass the time,
 And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
 In hamely westlin jingle.

* David Sillar, one of the Club at Tarbolton, and author of a volume of Poems in the Scottish dialect.

While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the great folks' gift,
That live sae hien and snug
I tent less, and want less,
Their roomy fireside ,
But hanker and canker,
To see their cursed pride.

II

It's hardly in a body's pow'r
To keep at times frae being sour
To see how things are shar'd;
How best o' chiefs are whiles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair't
But, Davie, lud, ne'er fash your head,
Tho' we hae little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang 's were hale and fier ,
"Mair spur na, no fear na," *
Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only for to beg

III

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are craz'd and bluid is thin,
Is doubtless, gient distress !
Yet then content could make us blest ;
Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness
The honest heart that's free frae a'

Intended fraud or guile,
 However Fortune kick the ba',
 Has ay some cause to smile;
 And mmd still, you 'll find still,
 A comfort this na sma';
 Nae mair then, we'll care then,
 Nae farther can we fa'.

IV.

What tho', like commoners of air,
 We wander out we know not where,
 But either house or hal'
 Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
 The sweeping vales and foaming floods,
 Are free alike to all
 In days when daisies deck the ground,
 And blackbirds whistle clear,
 With honest joy our hearts will bound,
 To see the coming year
 On braes when we please, then,
 We'll sit and sowth a tune,
 Syne rhyme till t, we'll time till't,
 And sing't when we hae done

V

It's no in titles nor in rank,
 It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
 To purchase peace and rest,
 It's no in makin' muckle mair,
 It's no in books, it's no in lear,
 To make us truly blest,
 If happiness hae not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest.

Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
 Could make us happy lang;
 The heart's ay the part ay
 That makes us right or wrang.

VI

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
 Wha drudge an' drive thro' wet an' dry,
 Wi' never-ceasing toil;
 Think ye, are we less blest than they,
 Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
 As hardly worth their while?
 Alas! how aft, in haughty mood,
 God's creatures they oppress!
 Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
 They riot in excess!
 Baith careless and fearless
 Of either heav'n or hell!
 Esteeming, and deeming
 It's a' an idle tale!

VII.

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce,
 Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
 By pining at our state;
 And, even should misfortunes come,
 I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
 An' 's thankfu' for them yet.
 They gie the wit of age to youth;
 They let us ken oursel',
 They make us see the naked truth,
 The real guid and ill
 Tho' losses and crosses
 Be lessons right severe,

There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find na other where.

VIII

But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts '
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
And flatt'ry I detest,)
This life has joys for you and I;
And joys that riches ne'er could buy;
And joys the very best.
There's a' the pleasures o' the heart.
The lover an' the friend'
Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean '
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name
It heats me, it beets me,
And sets me a' on flame '

IX

O, all ye Pow'rs who rule above!
O Thou, whose very self art love!
Thou know'st my words sincere!
The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear, immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear.
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief
And solace to my breast
Thou Being, All-seeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r;
Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care!

X.

All hail, ye tender feelings dear!
 The smile of love, the friendly tear,
 The sympathetic glow,
 Long since, this world's thorny ways
 Had number'd out my weary days.
 Had it not been for you!
 Fate still has blest me with a friend
 In every care and ill,
 And oft a more endearing band,
 A tie more tender still.
 It lightens, it brightens,
 The tenebrific scene,
 To meet with, and greet with,
 My Davie or my Jean.

XI

O, how that name inspires my style!
 The words come skelpin rank and file,
 Amaist before I ken!
 The ready measure rin's as fine,
 As Phœbus and the famous Nine
 Were glowrin owre my pen.
 My spaviet Pegasus will hmp,
 Till ance he's fairly het,
 And then he'll hilch, and stult, and jimp,
 An' rin an unco fit
 But lest then, the beast then,
 Should rue this hasty ride,
 I'll light now, and dight now,
 His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

TO THE SAME.

AULD NEEBOR, —

I'M three times doubly o'er your debtor
For your auld-farrant, frien'ly letter,
Tho' I maun say 't, I doubt ye flatter,
 Ye speak sae fair,
For my pur, silly, rhymn' clatter,
 Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle,
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
To cheer you thro' the weary widdle
 O' war'ly cares,
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
 Your auld gray hairs

But, Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit.
I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit,
An' gif it's sae, ye sud be lickit
 Until ye fyke,
Sio hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit,
 Be hain't wha like

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
Rivin the words tae gar them clink;
Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink
 Wi' jads or masons;
An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think,
 Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
Commen' me to the Bardie clan ;
Except it be some idle plan
 O' rhymin' clnk,
The devil-haet, that I sud ban,
 They ever think

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin'.
Nae cares tae gie us joy or grievin' ;
But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
 An' while aught's there,
Then hiltie, skiltie, we gae scribevin'
 An' fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhym-^a ! it's ay a treasure,
My chief, amaist my only pleasure,
At hame, a-fiel', at wark or leisure,
 The Muse, poor hizzie !
Tho' rough an raploch be her measure,
 She's seldom lazy

Haud tae the Muse, my daintie Davie.
The warl' may play you monie a shavie,
But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
 Tho' e'er sae pur ;
Na, ev'n tho' humpin' wi' the spavie
 Frae door to door.

EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD, APRIL 1, 1785.

WHILE briers an' woodbines budding green,
An' patricks sraichin loud at e'en,
An' morning poussie whiddin seen,
Inspire my Muse,
This freedom in an unknown frien'
I pray excuse

On fasteen-e'en we had a rockin',
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin',
And there was muckle fun an' jokin',
Ye need na doubt
At length we had a hearty yokin
At sang about.

There was ae sang, amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife ;
It thrill'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life

I've scarce heard aught describe sae weel
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel ;
Thought I, " Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark ? "
They told me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About Muirkirk.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't,
And sae about him there I spier 't,
Then a' that kent him round declar'd
 He had ingine,
That nane excell'd it, few cam near 't,
 It was sae fine

That set him to a pint of ale,
An' either douce or merry tale,
Of rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel',
 Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverness and Teviotdale,
 He had few matches

Then up I gat, an' swore an aith,
Tho' I should pawn my plough and graith,
Or die a cadger-pownie's death,
 At some dyke-back,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith
 To hear your crack

But first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amast as soon as I could spell,
I to the crambo-jingle fell,
 Tho' rude an' rough,
Yet crooning to a body's sel',
 Does weel enough.

I am nae poet, in a sense,
But just a rhymer, like, by chance,
An' hae to learning nae pretence;
 Yet what tha matter?
Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
 I jungle at her

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
 And say, "How can you e'er propose,
 You wha ken hardly verse fra prose.
 To make a sang?"

But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
 Ye're may be wrang

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
 Your Latin names for horns an' stools,
 If honest Nature made you fools?
 What sairs your grammars?
 Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,
 Or knappin-hammers

A set o' dull, conceited hashes,
Confuse their brains in college classes!
 They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
 Plain truth to speak;
 An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
 By dint o' Greek!

Gie me a spark o' Nature's fire,
 That's a' the learning I desire,
 Then, tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire,
 At pleugh or cart,
 My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
 May touch the heart

O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
 Or Fergusson's, the bauld and slee,
 Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,
 If I can hit it!
 That would be lear enough for me,
 If I could get it!

Now, sir, if ye hae friends enow,
 Tho' real friends, I b'lieve, are few,
 Yet, if your catalogue be fou,
 I'ae no insist;
 But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
 I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel' ;
 As ill I like my fauts to tell ,
 But friends and folk that wish me well
 They sometimes roose me,
 Tho' I maun own, as monie still
 As far abuse me

There's ae wee faut they whyles lay to me —
 I like the lasses — Gude forgie me !
 For monie a plack they wheedle frae me,
 At dance or fair ,
 May be, some ither thing they gie me,
 They weel can spare.

But Mauchline race, or Mauchline fair,
 I should be proud to meet you there ;
 We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
 If we forgather,
 An' hae a swap o' rhyming-ware
 Wi' ane anither

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
 An' kirsen him wi' reekin water ,
 Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
 To cheer our heart ;
 An' faith, we'se be acquainted better
 Before we part

Awa, ye selsh, warly race,
Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,
Ev'n love and friendship should give place
 To catch-the-plack !
I dinna like to see your face,
 Nor hear your crack

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your being on the terms, —
 " Each aid the others ! "
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
 My friends, my brothers !

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen 's worn to the grissle ;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fiddle,
 Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing or whistle,
 Your friend and servant.



TO THE SAME.

APRIL 21, 1785

WHILE new-ca'd kye rout at the stake,
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
 To own I'm debtor
To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,
 For his kind letter

Forjesket sair, with weary legs,
 Rattlin' the corn out owre the rigs,
 Or dealing thro' amang the nags
 Their ten-hours' bite,
 My awkward Muse sair pleads and begs
 I would na write

The tapetless, ramfeezi'd hizzie,
 She's saft at best, and something lazy;
 Quo' she, "Ye ken we've been sae busy
 This month an' mair,
 That, trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,
 And something sair"

Her dowff excuses pat me mad
 "Conscience!" says I, "ye thowless jad!
 I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
 This vera night,
 So dinna ye affront your trade,
 But rhyme it right.

"Shall bauld Lapraik, the king o' hearts,
 Tho' mankind were a pack of cartes,
 Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
 In terms sae friendly,
 Yet ye'll neglect to show your parts,
 And thank him kindly!"

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
 And down gaed stumple in the ink;
 Quoth I, "Before I sleep a wink,
 I vow I'll close it,
 An' if you winna mak' it clink,
 By Jove I'll prose it!"

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
 In rhyme or prose, or baith thegither,
 Or some hotch-potch that's rightlly neither,
 Let time mak' proof,
 But I shall scribble down some blether
 Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
 Tho' fortune use you hard an' sharp;
 Come, kittle up your moorland harp
 Wi' glesome touch '
 Ne'er mind how Fortune waft an' warp,
 She's but a b-tch

She's gien me monie a jest an' fleg
 Sin' I could striddle owre a rig,
 But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg
 Wi' layart pow,
 I'll laugh an' sing, an' shake my leg,
 As lang's I dow '

Now comes the sax-an'-twentieth sim ner
 I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
 Still persecuted by the himmer,
 Frae year to year,
 But yet, despite the kittle himmer,
 I, Rob, am here

Do ye envy the city gent,
 Behind s kist to lie and skient,
 Or purse-proud, big wi' cent per cent.,
 And muckle wane,
 In some hit burgh to represent
 A baihe's name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal thane,
 Wi' ruffled sark an' glancing cane,
 Wha thinks himsel' nae sheep-shank me,
 But lordly stalks,
 While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
 As by he walks?

"O Thou, wha gies us each guid gift
 Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,
 Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift
 Thro' Scotland wide;
 Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
 In a' their pride!"

Were this the charter of our state -
 "On pain of hell be rich an' great,
 Damnation then would be our fate,
 Beyond remead,
 But hanks to Heav'n' that's no the gate
 We learn our creed —

For thus the royal mandate ran,
 When first the human race began —
 "The social, friendly, honest man,
 Whate'er he be,
 'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
 An' none but he!"

O, mandate glorious and divine!
 The ragged followers of the Nine,
 Poor thoughtless devils' yet may shine
 In glorious light;
 While sordid sons of Mammon's line
 Are dark as night.

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
 Their worthless nievefu' of a soul
 May in some future carcass howl,
 The forest's fright;
 Or in some day-detesting owl
 May shun the light

Then may Lapraik and Burns arise,
 To reach their native, kindred skies,
 And sing their pleasures, hopes, an' joys
 In some mild sphere,
 Still closer knit in friendship's ties
 Each passing year!



TO W. S*****N.

OCHILTREE, MAY, 1785

I GAU' your letter, winsome Willie;
 Wi' grateful heart, I thank you brawlie,
 Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly,
 An' unco vain,
 Should I beheve, my coaxin' billy,
 Your flatt'rin' strain.

But I'se beheve ye kindly meant it,
 I sud be laith to think ye hinted
 Ironie satire, sidelins sklentied,
 On my poor Muse;
 Tho' in sic phrasin' terms ye've penn'd it,
 I scarce excuse ye

My senses wad be in a creel,
 Should I but dare a hope to speel,
 Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield,
 The braes o' fame;
 Or Fergusson, the writer-chiel,
 A deathless name

(O Fergusson! thy glorious parts
 Ill suited law's dry, musty arts!
 My curse upon your whunstone hearts,
 Ye E'nbuigh gentry!
 The tithe o' what ye waste at cartes
 Wad stow'd his pantry!)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
 Or lasses gie my heart a screed,
 As whyles they're like to be my dead,
 (O, sad disease!)

I kittle up my rustic reed, —
 It gies me ease

Auld Coila now may fidge fu' fain,
 She's gotten poets o' her ain,
 Chiefs wha their chanter's winna hain,
 But tune their lays,
 Till echoes a' resound again
 Her weel-sung praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while
 To set her name in measur'd style;
 She lay like some unkenn'd-of isle
 Beside New Holland,
 Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
 Besouth Magellan.

Ramsay an' famous Fergusson
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon,
Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings;
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon,
Naebody sings

Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line;
But, Wilhe, set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest,
We'll gar our streams and burnies shine
Up wi' the best

We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather-bells,
Her banks and braes, her dens an' dells,
Where glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae Southron billies

At Wallace's name, what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring tide flood?
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace's side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious died

O sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buda,
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
Wi' walfu' cry!

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me,
 When winds rave thro' the naked tree;
 Or frosts on hills of Ochultree
 Are hoary gray;
 Or blinding drifts wild furious flee,
 Dark'ning the day!

O Nature! a' thy shews and forms
 To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
 Whether the summer kindly warms
 Wi' life an' lght,
 Or winter howls in gusty storms,
 The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
 Till by himsel' he learn'd to wander,
 Adown some trotting burn's meander,
 An' no think lang;
 O, sweet to stray an' pensive ponder
 A heart-felt sang!

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
 Hog-shouter, jundie, stretch, an' strive,
 Let me fair Nature's face describe,
 And I, wi' pleasure,
 Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
 Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, "my rhyme-composing brother!"
 We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither:
 Now let us lay our heads thegither,
 In love fraternal.
 May Envy wallop in a tether,
 Black fiend, infernal!

While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes,
While moorlan' herds like gund fat braxies,
While *terra firma* on her axis
 Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
 In ROBERT BURNS.

POSTSCRIPT

My memory's no worth a preen;
I had amaisht forgotten clean,
Ye bade me write you what they mean
 By this New Light,*
'Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
 Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
At grammar, logic, and sic talents,
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
 Or rules to gie,
But spak' their thoughts in plain, braid Lallans,
 Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the moon
Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
Wore by degrees, till her last roon,
 Gaed past their viewin';
An' shortly after she was done,
 They gat a new one.

* New Light, a cant phrase, in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr Taylor, of Norwich, defended so strenuously.

This past for certain, undisputed ;
It ne'er cam' i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chiefs gat up and wad confute it,
An' ca'd it wrang,
An' muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud and lang

Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk ;
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a neuk,
An' out o' sight,
An' backlins-comin', to the leuk,
She grew mair bright

This was denied, it was affirm'd ,
The herds an' hissles were alarm'd ,
The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
That beardless laddies
Should think they better were inform'd
Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks ,
Frae words an' aiths to blours an' nicks ;
And monie a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty crunt ,
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in mome lands,
An' auld-light caddies bure sic hands,
That, fath, the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks,
Till airds forbade, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But new-light herds gat sic a cove,
 Folk thought them ruin'd stick an' stowe,
 Till now amast on ev'ry knowe,
 Ye'll find ane plac'd;
 An' some, their new-light fair avow,
 Just quite bare-fac'd

Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatin';
 Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatin';
 Mysel', I've even seen them greetin',
 Wi' gurnin' spite,
 To hear the moon sae sadly lied on,
 By word an' write.

But shortly they will cove the louns;
 Some auld-light herds in neebor towns
 Are munt't, in things they ca' balloons,
 To tak' a flight,
 An' stay ae month amang the moons,
 An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them,
 An' when the auld moon's gaun to lea'e them,
 The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them
 Just i' their pouch;
 An' when the new-light billes see them,
 I think they'll crouch!

Sae ye observe that a this clatter
 Is naething but a "moonshine matter,"
 But tho' dull prose-folk Latin splatter,
 In logic tulzie,
 I hope we bardies ken some better
 Than munt sic brulzie.

EPISTLE TO J R*****,

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted R*****
 The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin',
 There's monie godly folks are thinkin'
 Your dreams * an' tricks
 Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin'
 Straight to auld Nick's

Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants,
 And in your wicked, drucken rants,
 Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,
 And fill them fou ;
 And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
 Are a' seen thro'

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it !
 That holy robe, O dinna tear it !
 Spar't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
 The lads in black ,
 But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
 Rives't aff their back

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye're skaithing ;
 It's just the blue-gown badge an' clathing

* A certain humorous dream of his was then making a noise in the country-side

O' saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them naething
 To ken them by,
Frae ony unregen'rate heathen,
 Like you or I

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair;
Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
 I will expect
Your sang,* ye'll sen 't wi' cannie care,
 And no neglect.

Tho', faith, sma' heart hae I to sing!
My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing:
I've play'd mysel a bonie spring,
 An' danc'd my fill!
I'd better gaen an' sair'd the king,
 At Bunker's Hill!

'Twas ae night, lately, in my fun,
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
An' brought a pairrick to the gun,
 A bonie hen,
An', as the twilight was begun,
 Thought nane wad ken.

The poor, wee thing was little hurt,
I strakit it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinkin' they wad fash me for't,
 But deil-may-care!
Somebody tells the poacher-court
 The hale affair

* A song he had promised the author

Some auld-us'd hands had taen a note
 That sic a hen had got a shot;
 I was suspected for the plot;
 I scorn'd to lie,
 So gat the whistle o' my groat,
 An' pay't the fee.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
 An' by my pouter an' my hail,
 An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
 I vow an' swear '
 The game shall pay, o'er moor and dale,
 For this, next year.

As soon's the clockin-time is by,
 An' the wee pouts begin to cry,
 L—d, I'se hae sportin' by an' by,
 For my gowd guinea,
 Tho' I should herd the buckskin kye
 For't in Virginia

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame;
 'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
 But twa-three draps about the wame,
 Scarce thro' the feathers;
 An' baith a yellow George to claim,
 An' thole their blethers!

It pits me ay as mad's a hare,
 So I can rhyme nor write nae mair,
 But pennyworths again is fair,
 When time's expedient:
 Meanwhile, I am, respected sir,
 Your most obedient.

TO DR BLACKLOCK.

ELLISLAND, OCTOBER 21, 1789.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie;
And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie?
I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntie
 Wad bring ye to.
Lord send ye ay as weel's I want ye,
 And then ye'll do

The ill-thief blaw the Heron * south!
And never drink be near his drouth!
He tald mysel', by word o' mouth,
 He'd tak my letter;
I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth,
 And bade nae better

But aiblins honest Master Heron
Had at the time some danty fair one,
To ware his theologic care on,
 And holy study,
And tir'd o' sauls to waste his lear on,
 E'en tried the body

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier,
I'm turned a gauger — peace be here!
Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear
 Ye'll now disdain me;

* Mr Heron, author of a History of Scotland, and various other works.

And then my fifty pounds a year
Will little gain me.

Ye glaikit, glesome, daintie damies,
Wha, by Castalia's wimplin streamies,
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty lumbies,
Ye ken, ye ken
That strang necessity supreme is
'Mang sons o' men

I hae a wife an' twa wee laddies,
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies;
Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is,
I need nae vaunt,
But I'll sneed besoms — thraw saugh woodies,
Before they want.

Loid help me thro' this warld o' care!
I'm weary, sick o't late and air!
Not but I hae a richer share
Than monie ithers
But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers?

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!
And let us mind, faunt heart ne'er wan
A lady fair,
Wha does the utmost that he can,
Will whyles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
(I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,)
To make a happy fireside chime
To weans and wife,

That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life

My compliments to sister Beckie,
And eke the same to honest Lucky,
I wat she is a daintie chuckie,
As e'er trod clay!

An' gracefully, my gund auld cockie,
I'm yours for ay

ROBERT BURNS.

TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER.

DUMFRIES, 1796

MY honor'd Colonel, deep I feel
Your int'rest in the Poet's weal;
Ah! how sma' heart hae I to speel
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
And potion glasses.

O, what a cantie world were it,
Would pain, and care, and sickness spare it,
And fortune favor worth and merit,
As they deserve
(And ay a rowth, roast-beef and claret;
Syne wha wad starve?)

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and flipp'ry deck her;
Oh! flick'ring, feeble, and unsicker
I've found her still.

Ay wav'ring like the willow wicker,
 'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,
Watches, like baudrans by a rattan,
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on,
 Wi' felon ire ;
Syne, whip ' his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on,
 He's aff like fire

Ah, Nick ! ah, Nick ! it is na fair,
First showing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonie lasses rare,
 To put us daft ,
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare,
 O' hell's damn'd waft

Poor man, the flie, aft bizzies by,
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damn'd elbow yeuks wi' joy
 And hellish pleasure ,
Already in thy fancy's eye
 Thy sicker treasure.

Soon, heels o'er gowdie ' in he gangs,
And, like a sheep-head on a tangs,
Thy gurning laugh enjoys his pangs
 And murd'ring wrestle,
As, dangling in the wind, he hangs,
 A gibbet's tassel

But, lest you think I am uncivil,
To plague you with this draunting drivel,

Abjuring a' intentions evil,
 I quat my pen
 The Lord preserve us frae the devil.
 Amen! Amen!

LETTER

TO J——S T——T GL—NC—R.

AULD comrade dear, and brither sinner,
 How's a' the folk about Gl—nc—r?
 How do you this blae eastlin wind,
 That's like to blaw a body blind?
 For me, my faculties are frozen,
 My dearest member nearly dozen'd!
 I've sent you here my Johnny Simson,
 Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on,
 Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
 An' Reid to common sense appealing
 Philosophers have fought an' wrangled,
 And meikle Greek an' Latin mangled,
 Till wi' their logic-jargon tin'd,
 An' in the depth of science mir'd,
 To common sense they now appeal,
 What wives and wabsters see an' feel.
 But, hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly,
 Peruse them, an' return them quickly,
 For now I'm grown sae cursed douce,
 I pray an' ponder *butt* the house,
 My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',
 Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston;

Till by an' by, if I haud on,
 I'll grunt a real Gospel groan :
 Already I begin to try it,
 To cast my een up like a pyet,
 When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
 Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore .
 Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
 A burning an' a shining light

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
 The ace an' wale of honest men ;
 When bending down with auld gray hairs,
 Beneath the load of years and cares,
 May He who made him still support him,
 An' views beyond the grave comfort him.
 His worthy fam'ly far and near,
 God bless them a' with grace and gear

My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie,
 The manly tar, my mason Billie,
 An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy ;
 If he's a parent, lass or boy,
 May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
 Just five-an'-forty years thegither !
 An' no forgetting wabster Charlie,
 I'm tauld he offers very fairly
 An', L—d, remember singing Sannock,
 Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock.
 And next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy,
 Since she is fitted to her fancy ,
 An' her kind stars hae airted till her
 A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller
 My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
 To cousin Kate, an' sister Janet ;
 Tell them frae me, wi' chieles be cautious,

For faith, they'll aiblins fin' them fashious ;
 To grant a heart is fairly civil,
 But to grant a maidenhead 's the devil !
 An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel',
 May guardian angels tak a spell,
 An' steer you seven miles south o' hell ;
 But first, before you see heav'n's glory,
 May ye get monie a merry story,
 Monie a laugh and monie a drink,
 An' ay enough o' needfu' clink

Now fare ye weel, an' joy be wi' you ;
 For my sake this I beg it o' you,
 Assist poor Simson a' ye can,
 Ye'll fin' him just an honest man
 Sae I conclude, and quat my chanter,
 Yours, saint or sinner,

ROB THE RANTER.

TO MR. MITCHELL,

COLLECTOR OF EXCISE, DUMFRIES, 1796.

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,
 Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal,
 Alake, alake, the meikle deil
 Wi' a' his witches
 Are at it, skelpin' jig an reel,
 In my poor pouches

I modestly, fu' fain wad hint it,
 That one pound one, I sairly want it :

If wi' the hizzie down ye send it,
 It would be kind ,
 And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,
 I'd bear 't in mind.

So may the auld year gang out moaning,
 To see the new come laden, groaning
 Wi' double plenty, o'er the loaning,
 To thee and thine ,
 Domestic peace and comforts crowning
 The hail design

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
 And by fell death was nearly nicket ,
 Grim loun ' he gat me by the fecket,
 And sair me sheuk ;
 But, by good luck, I lap a wicket,
 And turn'd a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
 And by that life, I'm promis'd mair o't.
 My hale and weel I'll take a care o't,
 A tentier way ,
 Then fareweel, folly, hide an' hair o't,
 For ance and aye.

TO THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSE,

IN ANSWER TO AN EPISTLE WHICH SHE HAD SENT
THE AUTHOR.

I.

Guidwife :

I MIND it weel in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate,
And first could thresh the barn,
Or haud a yokin at the pleugh,
An' tho' for foughthen sair enough,
Yet unco proud to learn
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,
And wi' the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass,
Still shearing, and clearing
The tither stooked raw,
Wi' clavers, an' haivers,
Wearing the day awa'

II

Ev'n then a wish, (I mind its pow'r,)
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least
The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,

I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
 An' spar'd the symbol dear ;
 No nation, no station,
 My envy e'er could raise ;
 A Scot still, but blot still,
 I knew nae higher praise.

III.

But still the elements o' sang,
 In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
 Wild floated in my brain,
 Till on that har'st I said before,
 My partner in the merry core,
 She rous'd the forming strain !
 I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
 That lighted up her jingle,
 Her witching smile, her pauky een,
 That gar't my heart-strings tingle ;
 I fir'd, inspir'd,
 At ev'ry kindling keek,
 But bashing, and dashing,
 I feared ay to speak.

IV.

Hail to the set ! ilk guid chiel says,
 Wi' merry dance in winter days,
 An' we to share in common ;
 The gust o' joy, the balm o' woe,
 The saul o' life, the heav'n below,
 Is rapture-giving woman.
 Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
 Be mindfu' o' your mither ;
 She, honest woman, may think shame
 That ye're connected with her.

Ye re wae men, ye re nae men,
 That slight the lovely dears;
 To shame ye, disclaim ye,
 Ilk honest birkie swears.

v.

For you, na bred to barn or byre,
 Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
 Thanks to you for your line
 The mairled plaid ye kindly spare
 By me should gratefully be ware,
 'Twad please me to the Nine
 I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
 Douse hinging o'er my curple,
 Than onie ern me ever lap,
 Or proud imperial purple.
 Fareweel, then, lang hale then,
 An' plenty be your fa',
 May losses and crosses
 Ne'er at your hallan ca'

March, 1787

R BURNS.

TO J RANKEN,

ON HIS WRITING TO THE AUTHOR THAT A GIRL WAS
 WITH CHILD BY HIM.

I AM a keeper of the law
 In some sma' points, altho' not a';
 Some people tell me gin I fa',
 Ae way or ither,
 The breaking of ae point, tho' sma',
 Breaks a' thegither.

I hae been in for't ance or twice,
And winna say o'er far for thrice,
Yet never met with that surprise
That broke my rest ;
But now a rumor 's like to rise,
A whaup's a' the nest

ADDRESS

TO AN ILLEGITIMATE CHILD

THOU 's welcome, wean, mischanter fa' me,
If aught of thee, or of thy mammy,
Shall ever danton me, or awe me,
My sweet wee lady,
Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
Tit-ta, or daddy

Wee image of my bome Betty,
I fatherly will kiss an' daut thee,
As dear an' near my heart I set thee,
Wi' as guid will,
As a' the priests had seen me get thee
That 's out o' h-ll

What tho' they ca' me fornicator,
An' tease my name in kinty-clatter ,
The mair they tauk I'm kent the better ;
E'en let them clash ;
An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter
To gie ane fash.

Sweet fruit o' monie a merry dint,
 My funny tiel is now a' tint,
 Sin' thou came to the warl asklent,
 Which fools may scoff at;
 In my last plack thy part's be in't—
 The better half o't

An' if thou be what I wad hae thee,
 An' tak the counsel I shall gie thee,
 A lovin' father I'll be to thee,
 If thou be spar'd,
 Thro' a' thy chuldish years I'll e'e thee,
 An' think 't weel war'd

Gude grant that thou may ay inherit
 Thy mither's peison, giace, an' merit,
 An' thy poor, worthless daddy's spuit,
 Without his failins,
 'Twill please me mair to hear an' see 't,
 Than stocket mailins



TO A TAILOR,

IN ANSWER TO AN EPISTLE WHICH HE HAD SENT
 THE AUTHOR

WHAT ails ye now, ye lousie b—h,
 To thresh my back at sic a pitch?
 Losh, man! hae mercy wi' your natch,
 Your bodkin's bauld,
 I did na suffer half sae much
 Frae daddy Auld.

What tho' at times, when I grow crouse,
 I gie their wames a random pouce,
 Is that enough for you to souse
 Your servant sae ?
 Gae mind your seam, ye prick the louse
 An' jag the flae

King David, o' poetic brief,
 Wrought mang the lasses sic mischief
 As fill'd his after life wi' grief
 An' bloody rants,
 An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief
 O' lang syne saunts

And, may be, Tam, for a' my cants,
 My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants;
 I'll gie auld cloven Clooty's haunts
 An unco slip yet,
 An' snugly sit amang the saunts,
 At Davie's hip yet.

But fegs, the session says I maun
 Gae fa' upo' anither plan,
 Than garren lasses cowp the cran,
 Clean heels owre body,
 And sairly thole their mitthers' ban
 Afore the howdy

This leads me on to tell, for sport,
 How I did with the session sort —
 Auld Clinkum at the inner port
 Cried three times "Robin!
 Come hither, lad, an' answer for't,
 Ye're blam'd for jobbin.

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,
An' snoov'd awa' before the session;
I made an open, fair confession,
I scorn'd to lie;
An' syne Mess John, beyond expression,
Fell foul o' me

A fornicator loun he call'd me,
An' said my faut frae bliss expell'd me;
I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me,
"But what the matter?"
Quo' I, "I fear, unless ye geld me,
I'll ne'er be better"

"Geld you!" quo' he, "and whatfore no,
If that your right hand, leg, or toe,
Should ever prove your spir'tual foe,
You should remember
To cut it aff, and whatfore no
Your dearest member"

"Na, na," quo' I, "I'm no for that
Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't.
I'd rather suffer for my faut,
A hearty flewit,
As sair owre hip as ye can draw't!
Tho' I should rue it

"Or gin ye like to end the bother,
To please us a' I've just ae ither;
When next wi' yon lass I forgather,
Whate'er betide it,
I'll frankly gie her't a' thegither,
An' let her guide it."

But, sir, this pleas'd them warst ava,
An' therefore, Tam, when that I saw,
I said "Gud night," and cam awa',
An' left the session,
I saw they were resolved a'
On my oppression.

TO MR WILLIAM TYTLER.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,
Of Stuart, a name once respected,
A name which to love was the mark of a true heart,
But now 'tis despised and neglected.

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal,
A poor, friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Still more if that wand'rer were royal

My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne;
My fathers have fallen to right it,
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join
The Queen, and the rest of the gentry,
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;
Their title's, avow'd by my country.

But why of this epocha make such a fuss,
That gave us the Hanover stem?
If bringing them over was lucky for us,
I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them

But, loyalty, truce! we're on dangerous ground;
Who knows how the fashions may alter?
The doctrine to-day that is loyalty sound,
To-morrow may bring us a halter!

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
A trifle scarce worthy your care;
But accept it, good sir, as a mark of regard,
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer

Now life's chilly evening duns shades on your eye,
And ushers the long dreary night,
But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
Your course to the latest is bright



EPISTLE

TO R. GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRA.

WHEN Nature her great masterpiece design'd,
And fram'd her last, best work, the human mind,
Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
She form'd of various parts the various man.

Then first she calls the useful many forth,
Plain, plodding industry, and sober worth;
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,

And merchandise' whole genus take their birth;
Each prudent cut a warm existence finds,
And all mechanics' many apron'd kinds
Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
The lead and buoy are needful to the net,
The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
Makes a material for mere knights and squires;
The martial phosphorus is taught to flow,
She kneads the lumpish, philosophic dough,
Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,
Law, physics, politics, and deep divines;
Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
The flashing elements of female souls

The order'd system fair before her stood,
Nature, well-pleas'd, pronounc'd it very good;
But ere she gave creating labor o'er,
Half jest, she tried one curious labor more,
Some spumy, fiery, *ignis fatuus* matter,
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;
With arch alacrity and conscious glee,
(Nature may have her whim as well as we,
Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it,)
She forms the thing, and christens it — a poet
Creature, though oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blest to-day, unmindful of to-morrow
A being form'd to amuse his graver friends,
Admir'd and prais'd — and there the homage ends.
A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life,
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk,
 She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work ;
 Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
 She cast about a standard-tree to find ;
 And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
 Attach'd him to the generous truly great,
 A title, and the only one I claim,
 To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.

Pity the tuneful Muses' hapless train,
 Weak, timid landmen on life's stormy main !
 Their hearts no selfish, stern, absorbent stuff,
 That neither gives — though humbly takes enough ;
 The little fate allows, they share as soon,
 Unlike sage, proverb'd Wisdom's hard-wrung boon.
 The world were bless'd did bliss on them depend —
 Ah ! that "the friendly e'er should want a friend !"
 Let Prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
 Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
 Who feel by reason, and who give by rule,
 (Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool !)
 Who make poor *will do* wait upon *I should* —
 We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good
 Ye wise ones, hence ! ye hurt the social eye !
 God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy !
 But come ye who the godlike pleasure know —
 Heaven's attribute distinguish'd — to bestow !
 Whose arms of love would grasp the human race ;
 Come, thou who giv'st with all a courtier's grace,
 Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes !
 Prop of my dearest hope for future times
 Why shrinks my soul, half blushing, half afraid,
 Backward, abashed to ask thy friendly aid ?
 I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
 I crave thy friendship at thy kind command ;

But there are such who court the tuneful Nine, —
Heavens ! should the branded character be mine
Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
Mark, how their lofty, independent spirit
Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit !
Seek not the proofs in private life to find !
Pity the best of words should be but wind !
So to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.
In all the clamorous cry of starving want,
They dun benevolence with shameful front ;
Ounge them, patronize their tinsel lays,
They persecute you all your future days !
Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
My horny fist assume the plough again ,
The piebald jacket let me patch once more ,
On eighteen-pence a week I've lived before
Though, thanks to heaven ! I dare even that last shift !
I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift,
That placed by thee upon the wished-for height,
Where, Man and Nature fairer in her sight,
My Muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.

TO THE SAME.

LATE crippled of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a pass for leave to beg ;
Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected and deprest,
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest,)

Will gen'rous Graham list his Poet's wail?
(It soothes poor Misery heark'ning to her tale.)
And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
And doubly curse the luckless, rhyming trade!

Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain
The lion and the hull thy care have found;
One shakes the forest, and one spurns the ground
Thou gi'est the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
Th' envenomed wasp, victorious, guards his cell.
Thy minions, kings defend, control, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power
Foxes and statesmen, subtle wiles insure,
The cit and polecat stink and are secure
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug;
Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts

But, oh! thou bitter step-mother, and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child — the Bard!
A thing unteachable in the world's skill,
And half an idiot, too, more helpless still
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun,
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun;
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich dulness, comfortable fur,
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side;
Vampire booksellers drain him to the heart,
And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics' appall'd I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame !
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes ;
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless, wanton malice wrung,
By blockheads' daring into madness stung ;
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear ;
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear ;
Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd in th' unequal strife,
The hapless poet flounders on thro' life,
Till fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
And fled each Muse that glorious once inspir'd,
Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead, ev'n resentment, for his injur'd page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage.

So, by some hedge, the gen'rous steed deceas'd,
For half-starv'd, snarling curs a dainty feast ;
By toil and famine worn to skin and bone,
Lies senseless of each tuggin' bitch's son.

O, Dulness' portion of the truly blest ;
Calm, shelter'd haven of eternal rest !
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober, selfish ease they sip it up,
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad, worthless dog
When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,

With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that "fools are Fortune's care."
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the signpost stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle Muses' madcap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain,
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heav'n or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear !
Already one stronghold of hope is lost, —
GLENCAIRN, the truly noble, lies in dust ;
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears ,)
O' hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer !
FINTRA, my other stay, long bless and spare !
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown ;
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down !
May bliss domestic smooth his private path ;
Give energy to life, and soothe his latest breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death.

TO THE SAME,

ON RECEIVING A FAVOR.

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns ;
Friend of my life ! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,

For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gift still dearer, as the giver you.

Thou orb of day ! thou other paler light ;
And all ye many sparkling stars of night ;
If aught that giver from my mind efface ;
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace ;
Then roll to me, along your wand'ring spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years !

TO A GENTLEMAN

WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD OFFENDED.

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way,
The fumes of wine infuriate send ,
(Nor moony madness more astray ,)
Who but deplores that hapless friend ?

Mine was the insensate, frenzied part,
Ah ! why should I such scenes outlive ?
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart !
Thine thine to pity and forgive.

TO A GENTLEMAN

WHO HAD SENT HIM A NEWSPAPER, AND OFFERED TO
CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE

KIND sir, I've read your paper through,
And faith, to me, 'twas really new !
How guess'd ye, sir, what maist I wanted ?
This monie a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
To ken what French mischief was brewin',
Or what the drumblye Dutch were doin',
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
If Venus yet had got his nose off,
Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks ;
Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the Twalt ;
If Denmark, anybody spak o't,
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't ;
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hugin',
How libbet Italy was singin',
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
Were sayin or takin aught amiss,
Or how our merry lads at hame
In Britain's court kept up the game,
How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him,
Was managing St Stephen's quorum ;
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin',
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in,
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin',
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin' ;

How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd,
 Or if bare a—ses yet were tax'd ;
 The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
 Pimps, sharpeners, bawds, and opera-girls ;
 If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
 Was threshing still at hisses' tails,
 Or if he has grown oughthins douser,
 And no a perfect kintra cooser ,
 A' this and mair I never heard of,
 An' but for you I might despair'd of
 So gratefu', back your news I send you,
 And pray a' guid things may attend you.

Edinburgh, 1790

SKETCH,

TO MRS. DUNLOP, ON A NEW YEAR'S DAY

THIS day, Time winds th' exhausted chain
 To run the twelvemonth's length again ;
 I see the auld bauld-pated fellow,
 With ardent eyes, complexion fallow,
 Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
 To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
 In vain assail him with their prayer ;
 Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
 Nor makes the hour one moment less.
 Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
 The happy tenants share his rounds ;
 Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day,
 And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray.)

From housewife's cares a minute borrow —
That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow, —
And join with me a-moralizing,
This day's propitious to be wise in.
First, what did yesternight deliver ?
" Another year is gone for ever " —
And what is this day's strong suggestion ?
" The passing moment's all we rest on " —
Rest on — for what do we hear ?
Or why regard the passing year ?
Will time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more ?
A few days may — a few years must —
Repose us in the silent dust
Then is it wise to dump our bliss ?
Yes — all such reasonings are amiss !
The voice of Nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies,
That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight,
That future life, in worlds unknown,
Must take its hue from this alone
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as misery's woful night —
Since, then, my honor'd first of friends,
On this poor being all depends,
Let us th' important *now* employ,
And live as those that never die
Tho' you, with days and honors crown'd,
Witness that filial circle round,
(A sight hfe's sorrows to repulse,
A sight pale Envy to convulse,)
Others now claim your chief regard ;
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

THE AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR MORNING
SALUTATION TO HIS AULD MARE MAGGIE,

ON GIVING HER THE ACCUSTOMED RIP OF CORN TO
HANSEL IN THE NEW YEAR

A GUID New Year I wish thee, Maggie !
Hae, there's a rip to thy auld baggie ·
Tho' thou's howe-backit now, an' knaggie,
I've seen the day
Thou could hae gaen lke onie staggie,
Out owre the lay

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide's as white's a daisy,
I've seen thee dappl't, sleek, an' glaizie,
A bome gray ,
He should been tight that daur't to raise thee
Ance in a day

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A filly, buirdly, steeve, an' swank,
An' set weel down a shapely shank,
As e'er tread yrd,
An' could hae flown out owre a stank,
Like onie bird.

It's now some nine-an'-twenty year
Sin' thou was my gund father's meere ;
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark ;

Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
Ye then was trottin' wi' your minnie;
Tho' ye was trickie, slee, an' funnie,
Ye n'er was donsie,
But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' canie,
An' unco sonsie

That day ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonie bride;
An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride
Wi' maiden air '
Kyle Stewart I could bragged wide
For sic a pair

Though now ye dow but hoyte an' hobble,
An' wintle like a samount-coble,
That day ye was a junker noble,
For heels an' win'!
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far behin'

When thou an' I were young an' skeigh,
An' stable meals at faus were dieigh,
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skreigh,
An' tak the road '
Town's bodies ran, an' stood abeigh,
An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a swallow;
At Brooses thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed;

But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
Where'er thou gaed

The sma', droop-rumpl't, hunter-cattle
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle;
But sax Scotch miles, thou try't their mettle,
An' gar't them whaizle'
Nae whup nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazel

Thou was a noble fittie-lan',
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn!
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,
On guid March weather,
Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han',
For days thegither.

Thou never brandg't, an' fech't, an' fliakit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Wi' pith and pow'r,
Till spritty knowes wad rair't and riscket,
An' slypet owre

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
Au' threaten'd labor back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee bit heap
Aboon the timmer,
I kenn'd my Maggie wad na sleep
For that, or simmer

In cart or car thou never restit,
The steyst brae thou wad hae fac'd it;
Thou never lap, and sten't, and breastit,
Then stood to blaw;

But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoov't awa.

My pleugh is now thy bairn-time a';
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
Forbye sax mae, I've sell't awa,
That thou hast nurst,
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The vera warst.

Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary warl' fought!
An' monie an anxious day, I thought
We wad be beat,
Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
Wi' something yet.

An' think na, my auld trusty servan',
That now, perhaps, thou's less deservin',
An' thy auld days may end in starvin',
For my last fou,
A heapit stumpart, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;
Wi' tentie care I'll fit thy tether
To some ham'd rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather
Wi' sma' fatigue.

THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR
MAILIE, THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE

As Mailie an' her lambs thegither,
Were a day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch, *knif-*
An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch;
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When Hughoc * he came doytin by.

Wi' glowrin' een, an' lifted han's,
Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's;
He saw her days were near-hand ended,
But, waes my heart ! he could nae mend it.
He gaped wide, but naething spak,
At length poor Mailie silence brak.

"O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my wofu' case!
My dying words attentive hear,
An' bear them to my master dear.

"Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
O, bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair,
But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will,

* A neighbor herd-caller

So may his flock increase, an' grow
To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo'.

"Tell him he was a master kin',
An' ay was guid to me an' mine,
An' now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him

"O, bid him save their harmless lives
Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers' knives,
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to feed themsel';
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
Wi' teats o' hay, an' rips o' corn

"An' may they never learn the gacts
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' pets'
To slink thro' slaps, an' reve, an' steal,
At stacks o' peas, or stocks o' kail
So may they, like their great forbears,
For monie a year come thro' the shears;
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' barns greet for them when they're dead

"My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir,
O, bid him breed him up wi' care!
An', if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast'
An' warn him what I winna name,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame;
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

"An' mest my yowie, silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether-string,

O, may thou ne'er forgather up
 Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop,
 But ay keep mind to moop an' mell
 Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel' !

“ An' now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
 I lea'e my blessin' wi' you baith,
 An' when you think upo' your muther,
 Mind to be kin' to ane anither

“ Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail
 To tell my master a' my tale,
 An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
 An', for thy pains, thou'se get my blether.”

This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
 An' clos'd ber een amang the dead.

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
 Wi' saut tears tricklin' down your nose!
 Our bardie's fate is at a close,
 Past a' remead;
 The last sad cap-stane o' his woes!
 Poor Mailie's dead!

It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
 That could sae bitter draw the tear,
 Or mak our bardie, dowie, wear
 The mourning weed;

He's lost a friend and neebor dear,
In Maillie dead

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him;
A lang half mile she could descry him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed;
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
Than Maillie dead

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
An' could behave hersel' wi' mense,
I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
Thro' thievish greed;
Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
Sin' Maillie's dead

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image in her yowe,
Comes bleating to him o'er the knowe,
For bits o' bread;
An' down the briny pearls rowe,
For Maillie dead

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
Wi' tawted ket an' hairy hips,
For her forbears were brought in ships
Frae yont the Tweed:
A bonier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips
Than Maillie dead

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
That vile, wanchance thing — a rape!
It maks gund fellows girn an' gape,
Wi' chokin' dread;

An' Robin's bonnet wae wi' crape,
For Maillie dead.

O, a' ye bards on bonie Doon!
An' wha on Ayr your chanter's tune,
Come, join the melancholous croon
O' Robin's reed!
His heart will never get aboon
His Maillie dead!

TO CLARINDA

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAIR OF DRINKING-GLASSES

Fair empress of the Poet's soul,
And queen of poetesses;
Clarinda, take this little boon,
This humble pair of glasses

And fill them high with generous juice,
As generous as your mind,
And pledge me in the generous toast —
"The whole of humankind!"

"To those who love us!" — second fill,
But not to those whom we love,
Lest we love those who love not us!
A third — "To thee and me, love!"

Long may we live! long may we love!
And long may we be happy!
And may we never want a glass
Well charged with generous nappy!

TO CLARINDA.

BEFORE I saw Clarinda's face
My heart was blithe and gay,
Free as the wind, or feathered race
That hop from spray to spray

But now dejected I appear,
Clarinda proves unkind,
I, sighing, drop the silent tear,
But no relief can find

In plaintive notes my tale rehearses
When I the fair have found;
On every tree appear my verses
That to her praise resound

But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight,
My faithful love disdains,
My vows and tears her scorn excite —
Another happy reigns

Ah, though my looks betray
I envy your success,
Yet love to friendship shall give way,
I cannot wish it less

TO CLARINDA.

"I BURN, I burn, as when through ripened corn,
By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne!
Now maddening, wild, I curse that fatal night;
Now bless the hour which charmed my guilty sight.
In vain the laws their feeble force oppose;
Chained at his feet they groan, Love's vanquished foes

In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye ,
 I dare not combat — but I turn and fly
 Conscience in vain upbraids the unhallowed fire ;
 Love grasps its scorpions — stifled they expire ,
 Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne,
 Your dear idea reigns, and reigns alone
 Each thought intoxicated homage yields,
 And riots wanton in forbidden fields !

By all on high, adoring mortals know !
 By all the conscious villain fears below !
 By your dear self ! — the last great oath I swear —
 Nor life nor soul was ever half so dear !

TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL, OF GLENRIDDEL.

EXTEMPORE LINES ON RETURNING A NEWSPAPER CONTAINING CRITICISMS ON THE POET'S WORKS

YOUR news and review, sir, I've read through and
 through, sir,
 With little admiring or blaming ,
 The papers are barren of home news or foreign,
 No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends, the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,
 Are judges of mortar and stone, sir,
 But of meet or unmeet, in a fabric complete,
 I boldly pronounce they are none, sir

My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness
 Bestowed on your servaut, the Poet ;
 Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
 And then all the world, sir, should know it !

Ellsland, Monday Evening.

TO JOHN TAYLOR.

WITH Pegasus upon a day,
 Apollo weary flying,
 Through frosty hills the journey lay,
 On foot the way was plying.

Poor shpshod giddy Pegasus
 Was but a sorry walker,
 To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
 To get a frosty caulker *

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
 Threw by his coat and bonnet,
 And did Sol's business in a crack
 Sol paid him with a sonnet.

Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead
 Pity my sad disaster;
 My Pegasus is poorly shod —
 I'll pay you like my master

Damage's, 3 o'clock

ROBERT BURNS

THIRD EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK

SEPTEMBER 13, 1785.

GUID speed an' furdur to you, Johnny,
 Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bonny;
 Now when ye're nucken down fu' canny
 The staff o' bread,
 May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y
 To clear your head

* A nail put into a shoe to prevent the foot from slipping in frosty weather

May Boreas never thresh your rigs,
 Nor kick your rickles aff their legs,
 Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' hagg
 Like drivin' wiack;
 But may the tapmast grain that wags
 Come to the sack

I'm bizzie too, an' skelpin' at it,
 But bitter, daudin' showers ha'e wat it,
 Sae my auld stumple pen I gat it.
 Wi' muckle wark,
 An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it,
 Like ony clark

It's now twa month that I'm your debtor,
 For your braw, nameless, dateless letter,
 Abusin' me for harsh ill-nature
 On holy men,
 While de'il a hair yoursel' ye're better,
 But mair profane

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells,
 Let's sing about our noble sel's,
 We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
 To help or roose us,
 But browster wives an' whisky-stills,
 They are the Muses.

Your friendship, sir, I winna quat it,
 An', if ye mak' objections at it,
 Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it,
 An' witness take,
 An' when wi' usquabae we've wat it,
 It winna break

But if the beast and branks be spared
 Till kye be gaun without the herd,

An' a' the vittel in the yard,
An' theekit right,
I mean your ingle-side to guard
Ae winter night.

Then muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ
Shall make us baith sae blythe an' witty,
Till ye forget ye're auld an' gatty,
An' be as canty
As ye were nine year less than thretty,
Sweet ane an' twenty!

But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast,
An' now the sinn keeks in the west,
Then I maun rin amang the rest
An' quat my chanter ;
Sae I subscribe myself, in haste,
Yours, RAB THE RANTER.

DELIA

AN ODE

"TO THE 'STAR' NEWSPAPER.

"Mr Printer,--If the productions of a simple ploughman can merit a place in the same paper with the other favorites of the Muses who illuminate the *Star* with the lustre of genius, your insertion of the enclosed trifling will be succeeded by future communications from yours, &c.

“ ROBERT BEANS

"Ellisland, near Dumfries, May 18, 1789"

FAIR the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of opening rose;
But fairer still my Delia dawns,
More lovely far her beauty blows.

Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay,
 Sweet the tinkling rill to hear ;
 But, Delia, more delightful still,
 Steal thine accents on mine ear

The flower-enamored busy bee
 The rosy banquet loves to sip ;
 Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
 To the sun-browned Arab's lip

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
 Let me, no vagrant insect, rove !
 O, let me steal one liquid kiss !
 For, O ! my soul is parched with love !

VERSES

TO JOHN MAXWELL, OF TERRAUGHTY, ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

HEALTH to the Maxwells' veteran chief !
 Health, aye unsoured by care or grief.
 Inspired, I turned Fate's sibyl leaf
 This natal morn ;
 I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
 Scarce quite half worn.

This day thou metes threescore eleven,
 And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
 (The second sight, ye ken, is given
 To ilka poet)
 On thee a tack o' seven times seven
 Will yet bestow it

* Mr Maxwell was grandson's grandson to Lord Herries, the faithful and devoted adherent of Mary, Queen of Scots. On his knees Lord Herries entreated the unhappy Queen to prosecute Bothwell for the murder of Darnley. He afterwards fought for her at the battle of Langside.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
 Thy lengthened days on this blest morrow,
 May Desolation's lang-teethed harrow,
 Nine miles an hour,
 Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
 In brunstane stoure !

But for thy friends, and they are mony,
 Baith honest men and lasses bonny,
 May couthie Fortune, kind and canny,
 In social glee,
 Wi' mornings blithe and evenngs funny,
 Bless them and thee !

Fareweel, auld bukie ! Loid be near ye,
 And then the de'il he daurna steer ye
 Your friends aye love, your faes aye fear ye ;
 For me, shame fa' me,
 If neist my heart I dinna wear ye,
 While Burns they ca' me !

EPISTLE TO THE REV JOHN M'MATH,*

ONE OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CLERGY WHO PREACHED
 AGAINST THE "AULD-LIGHT" DOCTRINES.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1785

WHILE at the stook the shearers cower,
 To shun the bitter blaudin' shower,
 Or in gulravage rinnin' scower
 To pass the time,

* Accompanied by a copy of "Holy Willie's Prayer"

To you I dedicate the hour
In idle rhyme

My Musie, tired wi' mony a sonnet
On gown, an' ban', an' douse black bonnet,
Is grown right eerie now she's done it,
Lest they should blame her
An' rouse their holy thunder on it,
And anathem her

I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy,
That I, a simple, country bardie,
Should meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,
Wha, if they ken me,
Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
Lowse hell upon me

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
Their sighin', cantin', grace-proud faces,
Their three-mile prayers, an' hauf-mile graces,
Their raxin' conscience,
Whase greed, revenge, and pride disgraces
Waur nor their nonsense

There's Gawn, misca't waur than a beast,
Wha has mair honor in his breast
Than mony scores as guld's the priest
Wha sae abus't him
An' may a bard no crack his jest
What way they've use't him?

See him, the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word an' deed,
An' shall his fame an' honor bleed
By worthless skellums,
An' not a Muse erect her head
To cove the bellums?

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts,
 To gie the rascals their deserts !
 I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
 An' tell aloud
 Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts
 To cheat the crowd.

God knows I'm no the thing I should be,
 Nor am I even the thing I could be,
 But twenty times, I rather would be
 An atheist clean,
 Than under gospel colors hid be
 Just for a screen

An honest man may like a glass,
 An honest man may like a lass,
 But mean revenge, an' malice fause
 He'll still disdain,
 An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,
 Like some we ken.

They take religion in their mouth ;
 They talk o' mercy, grace, an' truth,
 For what ? — to gie their malice skouth
 On some paur wight,
 An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth,
 To run straight.

All hail, Religion ! maid divine !
 Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,
 Who, in her rough, imperfect line
 Thus daurs to name thee,
 To stigmatize false friends of thine
 Can ne'er defame thee.

Though blotch't an' foul wi' mony a stain,
 An' far unworthy of thy train,

With trembling voice I tune my strain
 To join with those
 Who boldly daur thy cause maintain
 In spite o' foes

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
 In spite o' undermining jobs,
 In spite o' dark banditti stabs
 At worth an' merit,
 By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,
 But hellish spirit

O Ayr! my dear, my native ground,
 Within thy presbyterial bound,
 A candid, liberal band is found
 Of public teachers,
 As men, as Christians too, renowned,
 An' manly preachers.

Sir, in that circle you are named ; *
 Sir, in that circle you are famed ;
 An' some, by whom your doctrine's blamed,
 (Which gies you honor,)
 Even, sir, by them your heart's esteemed,
 An' winning manner.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,
 An' if impertinent I've been,
 Impute it not, good sir, in aye
 Whase heart ne'er wranged ye,
 But to his utmost would befriend
 Aught that belanged t' ye.

* Mr M'Math preached against the severe Calvinistic doctrines called the "Auld Light."

EPISTLE TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.,*

RECOMMENDING A BOY.

Mosgaville, May 3, 1786

I HOLD it, sir, my bounden duty
 To warn you how that Master Tootie,
 Alias, Laird M'Gaun,†
 Was here to hire yon lad away
 'Bout whom ye spak' the tither day.
 And wad ha'e done 't aff han',
 But lest he learn the callan tricks,
 As, faith, I muckle doubt him,
 Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's necks,
 And tellin' lies about them
 As lieve then, I'd have then,
 Your clerkship he should sair,
 If sae be, ye may be
 Not fitted other where

Although I say 't, he's gleg enough,
 And 'bout a house that's rude and rough,
 The boy might learn to swear,
 But then wi' you he'll be sae taught,
 And get sic fair example straught,
 I haena ony fear
 Ye'll catechise him every quirk,
 And shore him weel wi' heil,
 And gar him follow to the kirk
 Aye when ye gang yoursel'

* Mr Hamilton was a solicitor at Mauchline. He was much opposed to the "Auld Light," or high Calvinistic principles of the Scottish Kirk of that day.

† Tootie was a cheating cattle-dealer, who was in the habit of cutting the nicks or markings from the horns of cattle, to disguise their age and obtain a higher price for them.

If ye then, manna be then
 Frae hame this comin' Friday,
 Then please, sir, to lea'e, sir,
 The orders wi' your lady

My word of honor I ha'e gi'en,
 In Paisley John's that night at e'en,
 To meet the world's worm,
 To try to get the twa to 'gree,
 And name the aules and the fee
 In legal mode and form
 I ken he weel a sneck can draw,
 When simple bodies let him,
 And if a devil be at a',
 In faith he's sure to get him
 To phrase you, and praise you,
 Ye ken your laureate seorns
 The prayer stull you share still,
 Of grateful Minstrel BURNS.

POETICAL INVITATION TO MR JOHN
 KENNEDY,

ACCOMPANIED BY A COPY OF "THE COTTER'S SATUR-
 DAY NIGHT"

Now Kennedy, if foot or horse
 E'er bring you in by Mauchline Corse,
 Lord, man, there's lasses there wad force
 A hermit's fancy,
 And down the gate, in faith they're worse,
 And mair unchancey.

But, as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's,
 And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews,

Till some bit callant bring me news
 That you are there !
 And if we dinna haud a bouze
 I'se ne'er drink mair.

It's no I like to sit and swallow,
 Then like a swine to puke and wallow ;
 But gi'e me just a true good fellow,
 Wi' right ingine,
 And spunkie, ance to make us mellow,
 And then we'll shine

Now, if ye're ane o' warld's folk,
 Wha rate the wearer by the cloak,
 And sklent on poverty their joke,
 Wi' bitter sneer,
 Wi' you no friendship will I troke
 Nor cheap nor dear.

But if, as I'm informèd weel,
 Ye hate, as ill's the very de'il,
 The flinty heart that canna feel —
 Come, sir, here's tae you !
 Hae, there's my haum, I wish you weel,
 And gude be wi' you

EPISTLE TO MR M'ADAM, OF CRAIGEN- GILLAN,

ON RECEIVING AN OBLIGING LETTER FROM MR M'ADAM

SIR, o'er a gill I gat your card,
 I trow it made me proud ;
 " See wha tak's notice o' the bard ! "
 I lap and cry fu' loud

Now de'il-ma-care about their jaw,
 The senseless, gawky million,
 I'll cock my nose aboon them a' —
 I'm roosed by Craigengillan !

'Twas noble, sir, 'twas like yoursel',
 To grant your high protection
 A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,
 Is aye a blest infection

Though by his banes wha in a tub
 Matched Macedonian Sandy ! *
 On my ain legs, through dirt and dub,
 I independent stand aye

And when those legs to guid warm kail,
 Wi' welcome canna bear me,
 A lee dike-side, a sybow tail,
 And barley-scone shall cheer me

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
 O' mony flowery simmers !
 And bless your bonny lasses baith —
 I'm tauld they're lo'esome kimmers !

And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,
 The blossom of our gentry !
 And may he wear an auld man's beard,
 A credit to his country !

EPISTLE TO MAJOR LOGAN.

HAIL, thairm inspirin' rattlin' Willie ! †
 Though Fortune's road be rough and billy,
 To every fiddling, rhyming bilboe,
 We never heea,

* Alexander the Great. Sandy is the Scotch abbreviation for Alexander.
 † Major Logan was a first-rate violinist.

But tak' it like the unhacked filly,
Proud o' her speed.

When idly goavan whiles we saunter,
Yirr, Fancy barks, awa' we canter,
Up hill, down brae, till some mischanter,
Some black bog-hole,
Arrests us, then the scaith and banter
We're forced to thole.

Hale be your heart ! hale be your fiddle !
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
To cheer you through the weary widdle *
O' this wild warl',
Until you on a cummock driddle
A gray-haired carl

Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon,
Heaven send your heart-strings aye in tune,
And screw your temper-pins aboon,
A fifth or mair,
The melancholious, lazy croon
O' cankrie care !

May still your life from day to day
Nae *lente largo* in the play,
But *allegretto forte* gay
Harmonious flow .
A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey —
Encore ! Bravo !

A blessing on the cheery gang
Wha dearly like a jug or sang,
And never think o' right and wrang
By square and rule,
But as the clegs o' fceling stang,
Are wise or fool !

* These three lines also occur in the Second Epistle to Davie

My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase,
 The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race,
 Wha count on poortith as disgrace —
 Their tuneless hearts !
 May fireside discords jar a bass
 To a' their parts !

But come, your hand, my careless bither —
 I' the ither warl', if there's anither —
 And that there is I've little swither
 About the matter —
 We cheek for chow shall jog thegither,
 I'se ne'er bid better

We've faults and failings — granted clearly,
 We're frail backsliding mortals merely,
 Eve's bonny squad, priests wyte them sheerly
 For our grand fa',
 But still — but still — I like them dearly —
 God bless them a' !

Ochon ! for poor Castan drinkers,
 When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers,
 The witching, cursed, delicious blinkers
 Ha'e put me hyte,
 And gart me weet my waukrife winkers
 Wi' gurnin' spite

But by yon moon ! — and that's high swearin' -
 And every star within my hearin' !
 And by her een wha was a dear ane
 I'll ne'er forget,
 I hope to gie the jads a clearin'
 In fair play yet

My loss I mourn, but not repent it,
 I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it,

Ance to the Indies I were wonted,
 Some cantrip hour,
 By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted,
 Then, *Vive l'amour!*

Faites mes baises mains respectueuses
 To sentimental sister Susie,
 And honest Lucky, no to roose ye
 Ye may be proud,
 That sic a couple Fate allows ye
 To grace your blood

Nae mair at present can I measure,
 And trouth my rhymin' ware's nae treasure;
 But when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,
 Be't hicht, be't dark,
 Sir Bard will do himsel' the pleasure
 To call at Park

Mossiel, Oct 30, 1786

ROBERT BURNS

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM CREECH *

WRITTEN AT SEIKIRK

AULD chuckie Reekie's sair distrest,
 Down droops her ance weel-burnisht crest,
 Nae joy her bonnie buskit nest
 Can yield ava,
 Her darling bird that she lo'es best,
 Willie's awa'!

O, Willie was a witty wight,
 And had o' things an unco slight;

* The most celebrated publisher in Edinburgh. He published the works of all the best Scottish authors known at the close of the eighteenth century. He was himself a writer. He published "Edinburgh Fugitive Pieces" in 1816.

Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight
 An' trig an' brow :
 But now they'll busk her like a fright,
 Willie's awa' !

The stiffest o' them a' he bowed ;
 The bauldest o' them a' he cowed ,
 They durst nae mair than he allowed,
 That was a law
 We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd, —
 Willie's awa' !

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks, and fools,
 Frae colleges and boarding-schools,
 May sprout like simmer puddock-stools
 In glen or shaw ,
 He wha could brush them down to mools,
 Willie's awa' !

The brethren o' the Commerce-Unanimer *
 May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamor ,
 He was a dictionar' and grammar
 Amang them a' ,
 I fear they'll now mak' mony a stammer,
 Willie's awa' !

Nae mair we see his levée door †
 Philosophers and poets pour,
 And toothy critics by the score,
 In bloody raw !
 The adjutant o' a' the core,
 Willie's awa' !

Now worthy Gregory's Latin face,
 Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace ;
 Mackenzie, Stewart, sic a brace

* At Edinburgh

† Mr Creech gave breakfasts to his authors ; they were called Creech's
 Levees.

As Rome ne'er saw ;
 They a' maun meet some ither place,
 Willie's awa' !

Poor Burns — e'en Scotch drink canna quicken,
 He cheeps like some bewildered chicken,
 Scared frae its minnie and the cleckin'
 By hoodie-craw ;
 Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin', —
 Willie's awa' !

Now every sour-mou'd ginnin' blellum,
 And Calvin's fock, are fit to fell him,
 And self-conceited critic skellum
 His quill may draw ;
 He wha could brawlie ward their bellum,
 Willie's awa' !

Up wimpling, stately Tweed I've sped,
 And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
 And Ettrick banks now roaring red,
 While tempests blaw ;
 But every joy and pleasure's fled, —
 Willie's awa' !

May I be slander's common speech ;
 A text for infamy to preach,
 And lastly, streekit out to blazin'
 In winter snaw,
 When I forget thee, Willie Creech,
 Though far awa' !

May never wicked fortune touzle him !
 May never wicked men bamboozle him !
 Until a pow as auld's Methusalem
 He canty claw !
 Then to the blessed New Jerusalem,
 Fleet wing awa' !

EPISTLE TO HUGH PARKER *

IN this strange land, this uncouth chime,
 A land unknown to prose or rhyme,
 Where words ne'er crost the Muse's heckles,†
 Nor limpit in poetic shackles,
 A land that prose did never view it,
 Except when drunk he stacher't through it.
 Here, ambushed by the chimla cheek,
 Hid in an atmosphere of reek,
 I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,
 I hear it — for in vain I leuk
 The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,
 Enhusked by a fog infernal
 Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,
 I sit and count my sins by chapters,
 For life and spunk like ither Christians,
 I'm dwindled down to mere existence,
 Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies,
 Wi' nae kened face but Jenny Geddes.
 Jenny, my Pegasean pride!
 Dowie she saunters down Nithside,
 And aye a westlin' leuk she throws,
 While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose!
 Was it for this, wi' canny care,
 Thou bure the Band through many a shire?
 At howes or hullocks never stumbled,
 And late or early never grumbled?

* This epistle, dated June, 1788, was addressed to Mr Hugh Parker, merchant, in Kilmarnock, one of the Poet's earliest friends and patrons. Mr Parker subscribed for thirty copies of the Poet's Works, when he first brought them out at the Kilmarnock press.

† Sharp-pointed spikes used for dressing flax.

O, had I power like inclination,
 I'd heeze thee up a constellation,
 To canter with the Sagittæ,
 Or loup the ecliptic like a bar,
 Or turn the pole like any arrow,
 Or, when auld Phœbus bids good-morrow,
 Down the zodiac urge the race,
 And cast dirt on his godship's face,
 For I could lay my bread and kail
 He'd ne'er cast saut upo' my tail —
 Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,
 And sma', sma' prospect of relief,
 And naught but peak-reck i' my head,
 How can I write what ye can read? —
 Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,
 Ye'll find me in a better tune,
 But till we meet and wet our whistle,
 Tak' this excuse for nae epistle.

ROBERT BURNS.

SECOND EPISTLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRY.

ON THE CLOSE OF THE DISPUTED ELECTION BETWEEN
 SIR JAMES JOHNSTON AND CAPTAIN MILLER, FOR
 THE DUMFRIES DISTRICT OF BOROUGH.

FINTRY, my stay in worldly strife,
 Friend o' my Muse, friend o' my life,
 Are ye as idle's I am?
 Come then, wi' uncouth, kintre fleg,
 O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,
 And ye shall see me try him.

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig * bears,
 Wha left the all-important cares
 Of princes and their darlins;
 And, bent on winning borough touns,
 Came shaking hands wi' wabster louns,
 And kissing barefit carlins †

Combustion through our boroughs rode,
 Whistling his roaring pack abroad,
 Of mad, unmuzzled lions,
 As Queensberry "buff and blue" unfurled,
 And Westerha' ‡ and Hopeton hurled
 To every Whig defiance

But cautious Queensberry left the war,
 Th' unmannered dust might soil his star;
 Besides, he hated bleeding.
 But left behind him heroes bright,
 Heroes in Cæsarean fight,
 Or Ciceronian pleading

O! for a throat like huge Mons-meg, §
 To muster o'er each ardent Whig
 Beneath Drumlanrig's banners;
 Heroes and heromes commix,
 All in the field of politics,
 To win immortal honors

M'Murdo || and his lovely spouse,
 (The enamoured laurels kiss her brows')
 Led on the loves and graces.

* The fourth Duke of Queensberry, of infamous memory

† Barefooted old women

‡ Sir James Johnstone, the Tory candidate

§ A large old cannon in Edinburgh

|| The Chamberlain of the Duke of Queensberry at Drumlanrig.

She won each gaping burgess' heart,
While he, all-conquering, played his part
Among their wives and lasses

Craigdarroch * led a light-armed corps,
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
Like Hecla streaming thunder :
Glenriddel, † skilled in rusty coins,
Blew up each Tory's dark designs,
And bared the treason under

In either wing two champions fought,
Redoubted Staig, ‡ who set at naught
The wildest savage Tory
And Welsh, § who ne'er yet flinched his ground,
High-waved his magnum-bonum round
With Cyclopean fury.

Miller brought up th' artillery ranks,
The many-pounders of the Banks,
Resistless devolution '
While Maxwellton, that baron bold,
'Mid Lawson's ¶ port intrenched his hold,
And threatened worse damnation.

To these, what Tory hosts opposed,
With these, what Tory warriors closed,
Surpasses my describing .
Squadrons extended long and large,
With furious speed rushed to the charge,
Like raging devils driving

* Ferguson of Craigdarroch

† Captain Riddel of Glenriddel, a friend of the Poet

‡ Provost Staig of Dumfries

¶ Lawson, a wine merchant in Dumfries.

§ Sheriff Welsh.

What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
 The butcher deeds of bloody fate
 Amid this mighty tulzie †
 Grim Horror grinned — pale Terror roared,
 As Murther at his thrapple * shored,
 And Hell mixed in the brulzie †

As highland crags by thunder cleft,
 When lightnings fire the stormy lift,
 Hurled down wi' crashing rattle
 As flames amang a hundred woods,
 As headlong foam a hundred floods
 Such is the rage of battle †

The stubborn Tones dare to die;
 As soon the rooted oaks would fly
 Before th' approaching fellers
 The Whigs come on like Ocean's roar,
 When all his winty billows pour
 Against the Buchan Bullers †

Lo' from the shades of Death's deep night,
 Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
 And think on former daring
 The muffled murderer ‡ of Charles
 The Magna Charta flag unfurl,
 All deadly gules its bearing

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fime,
 Bold Scumgeout § follows gallant Grahame,
 Auld Covenanters shiver.

* Throat

† A tremendous rocky recess on the Aberdeenshire coast, near Peterhead, having an opening to the sea. The sea, constantly raging in it, gives it the appearance of a pot or boiler

‡ The executioner of Charles I. was masked

§ John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee.

(Forgive, forgive, much-wronged Montrose !
While death and hell engulf thy foes,
Thou liv'st on high forever !)

Still o'er the field the combat burns,
The Tones, Whigs, give way by turns,
But Fate the word has spoken;
For woman's wit and strength o' man,
Alas! can do but what they can —
The Tory ranks are broken !

O that my een were flowing burns !
My voice a lioness that mourns
Her darling cubs' undoing !
That I might greet, that I might cry,
While Tones fall, while Tories fly,
And furious Whigs pursuing !

What Whig but wails the good Sir James ?
Dear to his country by the names
Friend, patron, benefactor !
Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save !
And Hopeton falls, the generous brave !
And Stewart, bold as Hector

Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow ;
And Thurlow growl a curse of woe :
And Melville melt in wailing !
Now Fox and Sheridan rejoice !
And Burke shall sing, " O Prince, arise !
Thy power is all prevailing."

• The great Marquis of Montrose

For your poor friend, the Bard, afar
He hears, and only hears, the war,
A cool spectator purely
So, when the storm the forest rends,
The robin in the hedge descends,
And sober chirps securely

EPISTLE FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA.*

FROM those drear solitudes and frowsy cells,
Where infamy with sad repentance dwells;
Where turnkeys make the jealous mortal fast,
And deal from non hands the spare repast;
Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,
Blush at the curious stranger peeping in,
Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore, no more:
Where tiny thieves, not destined yet to swing,
Beat hemp for others, riper for the string.
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
To tell Maria her Esopus' fate

"Alas! I feel I am no actor here!"
'Tis real hangmen real scourges bear!
Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale;
Will make thy hair, though erst from gipsy polled,
By barber woven, and by barber sold,

* The Esopus of this epistle was Williamson the actor, and the Maria, to whom it was addressed, was Mrs. Riddel, who was a true and generous friend to Burns

Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare
The hero of the mimic scene, no more
I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar,
Or haughty chieftain, 'mid the din of arms,
In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms,
Whilst sans culottes stoop up the mountain high,
And steal from me Maria's prying eye,
Blest Highland bonnet ! once my proudest dress,
Now prouder still, Maria's temples press
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,
And call each cockcomb to the wordy war,
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,
And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze;
The crafty colonel leaves the tartaned lines,
For other wars, where he a hero shines,
The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred,
Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head;
Comes, 'mid a string of cockcombs, to display
That *veni, vidi, vici*, is his way,
The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks,
And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks:
Though there, his heresies in church and state
Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate:
Still she, undaunted, reels and rattles on,
And dares the public like a noontide sun.
(What scandal called Maria's jaunty stagger
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger?
Whose spleen e'en worse than Burns's venom when
He dips in gall unmixed his eager pen, —
And pours his vengeance in the burning line,
Who christened thus Maria's lyre divine,
The idiot strum of vanity bemused,
And even th' abuse of poesy abused!
Who called her verse a parish workhouse, made
For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed?)

A workhouse ' ha, that sound awakes my woes,
And pillows on the thorn my racked repose '
In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep '
That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,
And vermined gipsies littered heretofore.

Why, Lonsdale, thus, thy wrath on vagrants pour,
Must earth no rascal save thyself endure ?
Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,
And make a vast monopoly of hell ?
Thou know'st the virtues cannot hate thee worse,
The vices also, must they club their curse ?
Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Because thy guilt 's supreme enough for all ?

Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares ;
In all of thee sure thy *Esopus* shares
As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls,
Who on my fair one *saturn's* vengeance hurls ?
Who calls thee pert, affected, vain coquette,
A wit in folly, and a fool in wit ?
Who says, that fool alone is not thy due,
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true ?
Our force united, on thy foes we'll turn,
And dare the war with all of woman born
For who can write and speak as thou and I ?
My periods that deciphering defy,
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply

BOOK IV.

LJMBOROUS, SATIRICAL, EPIGRAMMATICAL,
AND MISCELLANEOUS

TAM O'SHANTER

A TALE

Of Brownie and of Boghies full is this buke
GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-d iys are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate,
While we set bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin' fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gath'ring her brows, like gath'ring storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm

This truth fand honest Tam O Shanter,
As he, frae Ayr, ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bome lasses.)

O Tam ' hadst thou but been sae wise,
 As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice '
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
 A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum ;
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou was na sober ;
 That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller ,
 That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on ,
 That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
 She prophesied that, late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon,
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk

Ah, gentle dames ' it gars me greet,
 To think how monie counsels sweet,
 How monie lengthen'd, sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises '

But to our tale — Ae market night,
 Tam had got planted unco right ;
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely,
 And at his elbow, souter Johnny,
 His sncient, trusty, drouther crony ,
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither ;
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.
 The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
 And ay the ale was growing better ,
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
 Wi' favors, secret, sweet, and precious :



Tam had got planted unto right,
Fast by an inght, bleezing finely
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony

The souter tauld his queerest stanes ;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus .
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy,
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure.
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er all the ills o' life victorious

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed !
Or, like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white — then melts for ever ,
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place ;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm '

Nae man can tether time or tide ,
The hour approaches Tam maun ride ,
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ,
And sic a night he takes the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ,
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast ;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd ;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd.
That night, a chuld might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg, —
 A better never lifted leg, —
 Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
 Whyles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
 Whyles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
 Whyles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares,
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
 And past the buks and meikle stane,
 Whare drunken Charlie bialk's neck-bane;
 An' thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Whare Mungo's mither hang'd herself
 Before him, Doon pours all his floods,
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
 Near and more near the thunders roll;
 When, glumming thro' the grooming trees,
 Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a breeze!
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
 And loud resounded muth and dancing!

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn!
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
 Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil,
 Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil!
 The swats sue ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
 Fair play, he car'd na Deils a boddle.

But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light,
And, vow ! Tam saw an unco sight !
Warlocks and witches in a dance, —
Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;
A towzie tye, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge
He screw'd his pipes, and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl

Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses,
And, by some devilish cantrip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note, upon the haly table,
A murderer's bane in gibeet arms,
Tw a span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns,
A thief, new-cutted fine a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape,
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted,
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted,
A garter which a babe had strangled,
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft, —
The gray hairs yet stick to the heft !
Three lawyers' tongues turn'd inside out,
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout,
And priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
Lay, stinking, vile, in ev'ry neuk.

Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glow'r'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious :
The piper loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark !

Now Tam, O Tam ! had they been queans,
A' plump and strapping, in their teens,
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white, seventeen hunder linen !
These brecks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gien them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies !

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping an' flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie ;
There was ae winsome wench and wale,
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore !
For mome a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mome a bonie boat
And shook bath meikle corn and ~~bar,~~
And kept the country-side in fear.)

Her cutty-sark, o raisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was ner best, and she was vauntie
Au' little kenn'd thy rev'rend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches,)
Wad ever grac'd a dance o' witches !

But here my Muse her wing maun cow'r ;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r ;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jad she was and strang,)
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd,
Ev'n Satan glow'r'd, and sidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main ;
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, " Weel-done, Cutty-sark ! "
And in an instant a' was dark !
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plund'ring herds assail their byke ;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop ! she starts before their nose !
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When " Catch the thief ! " resounds aloud,
So Maggie runs, — the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch screech and hollow !

Ah, Tam ! ah, Tam ! thou'll get thy fairin,
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin !

In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin' !
 Kate soon will be a wofu' woman !
 Now, do thy speedy utinost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane * o' the brig ;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss. --
 A running stream they dare nae cross.
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The feint a tale she had to shake !
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle ; --
 Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
 But left behind her ain gray tail !
 The carlin caught her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump !

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son take heed.
 Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
 Remember Tam O'Shanter's mare

* It is a well known fact that witches, or any evil spirits have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller that when he falls in with "ogles" whatever danger may be in going forward, there is much more toward in turning back.

[The following poem will, by many readers, be well enough understood, but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added, to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations, and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honor the author with a perusal, to see the remains of it among the more unenlightened in our own.]

HALLOWEEN •

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud deride,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train,
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art
GOLDSMITH.

I

Upon that night when fairies light,
On Cassilis Downans† dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance,
Or for Colean the rout is taen,
Beneath the moon's pale beams,
There, up the cove,‡ to stray an' rove

• It is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief making beings are all abroad on their burling midnight errands, particularly those aerial people, the fairies are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary.

† Certain little, romantic rocky green hills in the neighborhood of the ancient seat of the earls of Cassilis.

‡ A noted cavern near Coleman house, called the Cove of Colean, which, as well as Cassilis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favorite haunt for fairies.

Amang the rocks an' streams,
To sport that night.

II.

Amang the bonnie, windmg banks,
Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear,
Where Bruce * ance rul'd the martial ranks,
And shook his Carrick spear,
Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
Together did convene,
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
An' haud their Halloween,
Fu' blythe that night.

III.

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they 're fine;
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin'
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, and some wi' gabs,
Gar lasses' hearts gang startin,
Whyles fast that night.

IV

Then first and foremost, thro' the kail
Their stocks† maun a' be sought ance;

* The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were earls of Carrick.

† The first ceremony of Halloween is, pulling each a stock, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with. Its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells — the husband or wife. If any yird, or earth stick to the root, that is toucher.

They steek their een, an' graip an' wale,
 For muckle anes an' straught anes,
 Foor hav rel Will fell aft the drift,
 An' wander'd thro' the bow-kaul,
 An' pow't, for want o' better shift,
 A runt was like a sow-tail,
 Sae bow't that night.

V.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
 They roar an' cry a throu'ther,
 The vera wee things, todlin, rin
 Wi' stocks out owre their shouther;
 An' gif the custock's sweet or sour,
 Wi' joctelegs they taste them,
 Syne coziely, aboon the door,
 Wi' cannie care they 've plac'd them,
 To lie that night.

VI

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',
 To pou their stalks o' corn,*
 But Rab slips out an' junks about,
 Behint the muckle thorn
 He grippet Nelly hard an' fast,

or fortune, and the taste of the custock, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the runts, are placed somewhere above the head of the door and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the runts, the names in question.

* They go to the barn-yard, and pu'l each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the tap pickle, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage bed anything but a maid.

Loud skirled a' the lasses;
 But her tap-pockle maist was lost,
 When knutlin in the fause-house,*
 Wi' him that night.

VII.

The auld guidwife's weel-hoarded nuts †
 Are round an' round divided,
 An' mome lads' an' lasses' fates
 Are there that night decided
 Some kindle, couthe, side by side,
 An' burn thegither timly;
 Some start awa wi' saucy pride,
 An' jump out owre the chimlie,
 Fu' high that night.

VIII.

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e;
 Wha 'twas she wadna tell,
 But this is Jock, and this is me,
She says in to hersel'
 He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,
 As they wad never mair part!
 Till, fuff! he started up the lum,
 An' Jean had e'en a sair heart,
 To see't that night.

* When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green or wet, the stack binder by means of old timber, &c., makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind: this he calls a fause-house.

† Burning the nuts is a famous charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.

IX

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie;
An' Mallie, nae doubt, took the drunt,
To be compar'd to Willie,
Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
An' her ain fit it brunt it,
While Willie lap, and swoor by jing,
'Twas just the way he wanted
To be that night

X

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
She pits hersel' an' Robin,
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in ase they're sobbin
Nell's heart was dancin at the view,
She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't
Rob, stowlins, prie'd her bome mou,
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unseen that night.

XI

But Merran sat behant then backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell,
She lea'es them gashin at their cracks,
An' slips out by hersel';
She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
An' to the kiln she goes then,
An' darklins grapt for the hauks,
And in the blue-clue * throws then,
Right fear't that night.

* Whoever would, with success try this spell, must strictly observe these directions Steal out, all alone, into the kiln, and, darkling, throw

XII.

An ay she wint, an' ay she swat,
 I wat she made nae jaukin;
 Till something held within the pat,
 Guid L—d, but she was quakin!
 But whether 'twas the Deil himsel'
 Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
 Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
 She did nae wait on talkin
 To spier that night

XIII.

Wee Jennie to her graunie says,
 " Will ye go wi' me, graunie?
 I'll eat the apple* at the glass,
 I gat frae uncle Johnnie "
 She fuf't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
 In wrath she was sae vap'rin,
 She notie't na, an aizle brunt
 Her brow new worsit apron
 Out thro' that night.

XIV

" Ye little skelpie limmer's face,
 How daur you try sic sportin,
 As seek the foul thief onie place,
 For him to spae your fortune?

into the pot a clue of blue yarn, wind it in a new clue off the old one, and towards the latter end, something will hold the thread Demand, *Who holds?* *Who holds?* An answer will be returned from the klin-pot, by naming the Christian and surname of your future spouse

* Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass, eat an apple before it, and some traditions say you should comb your hair all the time, the face of your conjugal companion to be, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder

Nae doubt but ye may get a sight:
 Great cause ye have to fear it;
 For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
 An' liv'd an' died deleeret,
 On sic a night.

XV

"Ae haerst afore the Sherra-moor,
 I mind't as weel's yestreen,
 I was a gulpey then, I'm sure,
 I was nae past fyfteen;
 The simmer had been cauld an' wat,
 An' stuff was unco green;
 An' ay a rantin kirk we gat,
 An' just on Halloween
 It fell that night.

XVI.

"Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graem,
 A clever, sturdy fellow,
 He's sin' gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
 That lived in Achmacalla,
 He gat hemp-seed,* I mind it weel,
 An' he made unco light o't,
 But monie a day was by himsel',
 He was sae sairly frightet
 That vera night."

* Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed, harrow it in with anything you can conveniently draw after you Repeat, now and then, "Hemp-seed, I saw thee, hemp-seed, I saw thee and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come after me, and pon thee." Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp Some traditions say, "Come after me, and shaw thee," that is, show thyself, in which case it simply appears Others omit the harrowing, and say, "Come after me, and harrow thee."

XVII.

Then up gat fetchtin' Jamie Fleck,
An' he swoor by his conscience,
That he could saw hemp-seed a peck,
For it was a' but nonsense,
The auld gund man raught down the pock,
An' out a handfu' gied him;
Syne bade him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Some time when na ane see'd him,
An' try't that night

XVIII.

He marches thro' among the stacks,
Tho' he was something sturtin';
The graip he for a harrow tak,
An' haurls at his curpin;
An' ev'ry now an' then he says,
"Hemp-seed, I saw thee,
An' her that is to be my lass,
Come after me, an' draw thee
As fast this night.

XIX

He whistl'd up Lord Lennox' march,
To keep his courage cheery;
Although his hair began to arch,
He was sae fley'd an' eerie;
Till presently he hears a squeak,
An' then a grane an' gruntle.
He by his shoulther gae a keek,
An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle
Out owre that night.

XX.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
 In dreadfu' desperation '
 An' young an' auld came rinnin out,
 To hear the sad narration
 He swoor 'twas hulchin Jean M'Craw,
 Or crouchie Merran Humphrie,
 Till stop ! she trotted thro' them a',
 An' wha was it but Grumphie
 Asteer that night !

XXI

Meg fain wad to the barn hae gaen,
 To win three wechts o' naething ; *
 But for to meet the Deil her lane,
 She pat but little faith in
 She gies the herd a pickle nits,
 An' twa red-checkit apples,
 To watch, while for the barn she sets,
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples
 That vera night.

XXII

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
 And owre the threshold ventures ;

* This charm must likewise be performed unperceived, and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges if possible, for there is danger that the being about to appear may shut the doors and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn which, in our country dialect, we call a wecht, and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life.

But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
 Syne bauldly in she enters;
 A ratton rattled up the wa',
 An' she cried, L—d, preserve her!
 An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
 An' pra'd wi' zeal an' fervor,
 Fu' fast that night.

XXIII.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice;
 Then hecht him some fine braw ane,
 It chanc'd the stack he faddom'd thrice *
 Was timber-propt for thrawin:
 He takes a swirle, auld moss-oak,
 For some black, grousome carlin;
 An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blypes cam haurlin,
 Aff's meves that night.

XXIV

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As canty as a kittlin;
 But och! that night, amang the shaws,
 She got a fearfu' settlin'
 She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
 An' owre the hill gaed screevin,
 Where three lairds' lands met at a burn,†

* Take an opportunity of going unnoticed, to a bear-stack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

† You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-running spring or rivulet, where "three lairds' lands meet," and dip your left shirt-sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake, and, sometime near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
Was bent that night.

XXV.

Whyles o'er a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays;
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel,
Unseen that night.

XXVI

Amang the brackens, on the brae,
Between her an' the moon,
The Deil, or else an outler quey,
Gat up an' gae a croon!
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;
Near lav'rock-height she jumpit,
But mist a ft, an' in the pool,
Out owre the lugs she plumpit,
Wi' a plunge that night.

XXVII

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
The luggies three * are ranged,

* *Talk* Three dishes, put clean water in one, foul water in another leave the third empty. Blindfold a person and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged, he (or she) dips the left hand, if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony; *if in the foul, a widow, if in the empty dish, it foretells, with moral certainty, no marriage at all.* It is repeated three times, and when the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

An' ev'ry time great care is taen,
 To see them duly changed,
 Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joya,
 Sin' Mar's year did desire,
 Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
 He heav'd them on the fire,
 In wrath that night.

XXVIII.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
 I wat they did na weary,
 An' unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
 Their sports were cheap an' cheery,
 Till butter'd so'ns,* wi' fragrant lunt,
 Set a' their gabs a-steerin',
 Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
 They parted aff careerin',
 Fu' blythe that night.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

A CANTATA

RECITATIVO

WHEN lyart leaves bestrow the yird,
 Or war'ring like the Bauckie-bird,†
 Bedim could Boreas' blast,
 When hail-stanes drive wi' bitter skyte,

* Sowins, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the Hallow
 een supper

† The old Scotch name for the Bat.

And in far t frosts begin to bite,
 In hoary cranreuch drest;
 Ae night at e'en a merry core
 O' randie, gangrel bodies,
 In Poesie Nansie's held the splore,
 To drink their orra duddies
 Wi' quaffing and laughing,
 They ranted and they sang;
 Wi' jumping and thumping,
 The vera girdle rang

First nest the fire, in auld red rags,
 Ane sat weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,
 And knapsack a' in order,
 His doxy lay within his arm,
 Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm —
 She blinket on her sodger,
 An' ay he gives the tousie drab,
 The ti her skelpin kiss,
 While she held up her greedy gab
 Just like an a mous dish
 Ilk smack still did crack still
 Just like a cadger's whip,
 Then, stagg'ring and swagg'ring,
 He roared this ditty up —

 AIR

TUNE — “*Soldier's Joy*”

I

I AM a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
 And show my cuts and scars wherever I come,

This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

II.

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd his
last,
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of
Abram,
I serv'd out my trade when the gallant game was
play'd.
And the Moro low was lud at the sound of the drum
Lal de daudle, &c

III.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,
And there I left for witness an arm and a limb,
Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum
Lal de daudle, &c

IV.

And now, though I must beg, with a wooden arm and
leg,
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my
callet,
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum
Lal de daudle, &c.

V.

What tho' with hoary locks, I must stand the winter
shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home

When the t'other bag I sell, and the t'other bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c

RECITATIVO

He ended, and the kebars sheuk
Aboon the chorus roar,
While frighted rattans backward leuk.
And seek the benmost bore;
A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
He skirl'd out encore!
But up arose the martial chuck,
And laid the loud uproar.

AIR

TUNE — "*Soldier Laddie*"

I

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
And still my delight is in proper young men,
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie;
No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

II

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade
His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
Transported I was with my sodger laddie
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

Her dove had been a Highland laddie,
But weary fa' the waefu' woody!
Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began
To wail her braw John Highlandman.

AIR.

TUNE — “ *O, an' ye were dead, guidman.* ”

I

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lalland laws he held in scorn;
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman!
Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman.

II

With his philibeg, an' tartan plaid,
An' guid claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

III.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
An' liv'd like lords an' ladies gay.

Wi' hand on haunch, an' upward e'e,
 He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,
 Then, in an Arioso key,
 The wee Apollo
 Set off wi' Allegretto glee,
 His giga solo.

AIR.

TUNE — "*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*"

I

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
 An' go wi' me to be my dear,
 An' then your ev'ry care an' fear
 May whistle o'er the lave o't.

CHORUS.

I am a fiddler to my trade,
 And a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
 The sweetest still to wife or maid,
 Was whistle o'er the lave o't.

II

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,
 And O' sae nicely's we will fare;
 We'll bowse about till daddie Care
 Sing whistle o'er the lave o't.
 I am, &c.

III.

Sae merrily the banes we'll pyke,
 An' sun oursel's about the dyke,

An' at our leisure, when we like,
 We'll whistle o'er the lave o't.
 I am, &c.

IV.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
 An' while I kittle hair on thairms,
 Hunger, cauld, an' a' sic harms,
 May whistle o'er the lave o't.
 I am, &c.

RECITATIVO

Her charms had struck a sturdy Card,
 As well as poor gut-scraper;
 He tak's the fiddler by the beard,
 And draws a rusty rapier
 He swoor by a' was swearing worth,
 To speet him like a phiver,
 Unless he would, from that time forth,
 Rehnquish her for ever

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor tweedle-dee
 Upon his hunkers bended,
 And pray'd for grace, wi' ruefu' face.
 And sae the quarrel ended
 But though his little heart did grieve,
 When round the tinker press'd ner,
 He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
 When thus the Card address'd her : —

TUNE — "*Clout the Caudron.*"

I

My bonie lass, I work in brass,
 A tinker is my station;
 I've travelled round all Christian ground
 In this, my occupation
 I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd
 In many a noble squadron,
 But vain they search'd, when aff I march'd
 To go and clout the caudron.
 I've ta'en the gold, &c.

II

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
 Wi' a' his noise and cap'rin,
 And tak a share wi' those that bear
 The budget and the apron
 And by that stowp' my faith and houp,
 And by that dear Keilbaigie,*
 If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
 May I ne'er weet my craigie.
 And by that stowp, &c.

RECITATIVO

The Caird prevail'd — th' unblushing fair
 In his embraces sunk;
 Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
 An' partly she was drunk

* A peculiar sort of whiskey, so called, a great favorite with Poole's Manie's clubs

Sir Violino, wi' an air
 That show'd a man of spunk,
 Wish'd unison between the pair,
 An' made the hottle clunk
 To their health that night

But urchin Cupid shot a shaft
 That play'd a dame a shavie,
 The fiddler rak'd her fore and aft,
 Behind the chicken cavie.
 Her lord, a wight o' Homer's * craft,
 Tno' limp'in' wi' the spavie,
 He hirpl'd up, and lap like daft,
 And shor'd them daintie Davie,
 O' boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade,
 As ever Bacchus listid;
 Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
 His heart she ever miss'd it.
 He had nae wish but — to be glad;
 Nor want, but — when he thirsted;
 He hated nought, but — to be sad;
 And thus the Muse suggested
 His sang that night.

AIR.

TUNE — “*For a' that, and a' that.*”

I.

I am a bard of no regard
 Wi' gentle folks, an' a' that;

* Homer is allowed to be the oldest ballad-singer on record.

But Homer-like, the glowran byke,
Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as muckle's a' that;
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
I've wife enough for a' that.

II

I never drank the Muses' stank,
Castalia's burn, and a' that;
But there it streams, and richly reams,
My Helicon I ca' that.
For a' that, &c.

III

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave, and a' that;
But lordly will I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that.
For a' that, &c.

IV

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love, and a' that;
But for how lang the fire may stang,
Let inclination law that.
For a' that, &c.

V.

Their tricks and craft have put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, and a' that;
But clear your decks, and here's the sex,
I like the jads for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as muckle's a' that;
 My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
 They're welcome till't for a' that.

RECITATIVO.

So sung the bard — and Nansie's wa's
 Shook wi' a thunder of applause,
 Re-echo'd from each mouth.
 They toom'd their pocks, an' pawn'd their duds,
 They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
 To quench their lowan drouth.

Then owre again, the jovial thrang
 The poet did request,
 To loose his pack, an' wale a sang,
 A ballad o' the best
 He, rising, rejoicing,
 Between his twa Deborahs,
 Looks round him, and found them
 Impatient for the chorus

AIR.

TUNE — "*Jolly mortals, fill your glasses.*"

I.

See the smoking bowl before us!
 Mark our jovial, ragged ring!
 Round and round take up the chorus,
 And in raptures let us sing.

CHORUS

A fig for those by law protected;
Liberty's a glorious feast !
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest

II

What is title ? what is treasure ?
What is reputation's care ?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where.
A fig, &c

III.

With the ready trick and fable,
Round we wander all the day ;
And at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay
A fig, &c.

IV

Does the train-attended carriage
Thro' the country lighter rove ?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love ?
A fig, &c.

V.

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes ;
Let them cant about decorum,
Who have characters to lose
A fig, &c.

VL

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets !
 Here's to all the wand'ring train !
 Here's our ragged brats and callets !
 One and all cry out, Amen !

A fig for those by law protected !
 Liberty's a glorious feast !
 Courts for cowards were erected,
 Churches built to please the priest.

DEATH AND DR HORNBOOK.

A TRUE STORY.

SOME books are hes frae end to end,
 And some great lies were never penn'd :
 Ev'n ministers, they hae been kenn'd,
 In holy rapture,
 A rousing whid at times to vend,
 And nail't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
 Which lately on a night befell,
 Is just as true's the Deil's in hell
 Or Dublin city,
 That e'er he nearer comes oursel'
 'S a muckle pity

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
 I was nae fou, but just had plenty;

I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
 To free the ditches ;
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes, kenn'd ay
 Frae ghaists an' witches.

The rising moon began to glow'r
The distant Cumnock hills out owre ;
To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
 I set mysel',
But whether she had three or four,
 I could na tell

I was come round about the hill,
An' todlin down on Willie's mill,
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
 To keep me sicker ;
Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
 I took a bicker

I there wi' something did forgather,
That put me in an eerie swither ,
An awfu' scythe, out owre ae shouter,
 Clear dangling hang ;
A three-tae'd leister on the ither
 Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wame it had ava' !
 And then, its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp, an' sma'
 As cheeks o' branks !

"Guid e'en," quo' I; "Friend! hae you been mawin
When ither folk are busy sawin?" *
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',
But naething spak;
At length, says I, "Friend, whare ye gaun?
Will ye go back?"

It spak right howe — "My name is Death!
But be na fley'd" Quo' I, "Guid faith!
Ye're may be come to stap my breath;
But tent me, bilhe;
I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,
See, there's a gully!"

"Guidman," quo' he, "put up your whittle,
I'm no design'd to try its mettle;
But if I did, I wad be kittle
To be mislear'd,
I wad na mind it, no that spittle
Out owre my beard"

"Weel, weel!" says I, "a bargain be't;
Come, gie's your hand, an' sae we're gree't;
We'll ease our shanks, an' tak a seat;
Come, gie's your news;
This whyle † ye hae been monie a gate,
At monie a house."

"Ay, ay!" quo' he, an' shook his head,
"It's e'en a lang, lang time, indeed,
Sin' I began to nick the tread,
An' choke the breath;

* This rencontre happened in seed-time, 1786.

† An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

Folk maun do something for their bread,
An' sae maun Death!

"Sax thousand years are near hand fled
Sin' I was to the butching bred,
An' monie a scheme in vain's been laid
To stap or scar me;
Till ane Hornbook's* taen up the trade,
An' faith, he'll waur me!

'Ye ken Jock Hornbook, i' the Clachan,
Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan!
He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan,†
An' ither chaps,
The weans haud out their fingers laughin,
An' pouk my hips

"See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,
They hae pierc'd monie a gallant heart;
But Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art,
And cursed skill,
Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
D-mn'd haet they'll kill!

"'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
I threw a noble throw at ane,
Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain,
But deil-may-care,
It just play'd dirl on the bane,
But did nae mair

* This gentleman, Dr Hornbook, is, professionally, a brother of the sovereign order of the Ferula, but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an apothecary, surgeon, and physician

† Buchan's Domestic Medicine.

"Hornbook was by, wi' ready art,
And had sae fortified the part,
That when I looked to my dart,
 It was sae blunt,
Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
 Of a kail-run.

"I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
I near haud cowpit wi' my hurry;
But yet the bauld Apothecary
 Withstood the shock;
I might as weel hae tried a quarry
 O' hard whin rock.

"Ev'n them he canna get attended,
Altho' their face he ne'er had kenn'd it,
Just — in a kail-blade, and send it,
 As soon's he smells't,
Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
 At once he tells't.

"And then a' doctor's saws an' whittles,
Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,
A' kind o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
 He's sure to hae;
Their Latin names as fast he rattles
 As A B C

"Calces o' fossils, earth, and trees;
True sal-marinum o' the seas;
The farina of beans and peas,
 He has't in plenty:
Aqua-fortis, what you please,
 He can content ye.

" Forbye, some new, uncommon weapons,
Urinus spiritus o' capons;
Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distill'd *per se*;
Sal alkali o' midge-tail-clippings,
And monie mae "

" Wae's me for Johnny Ged's Hole * now,
Quo' I, "if that the news be true.
His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
Sae white an' bonie,
Nae doubt they 'll rive it wi' the pleugh;
They 'll ruin Johnny ! "

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
And says, "Ye need na yoke the pleugh;
Kirkyards will soon be till'd eneugh,
Tak ye nae fear
They 'll a' be trench'd wi' monie a sheugh,
In twa-three year

" Whare I kill'd sne, a fair strae death,
By loss o' blood, or want o' breath,
This night I'm free to tsk my sith,
That Hornbook's skill
Has clad a score i' their last clauth,
By drap an' pill.

" An honest wabster to his trade,
Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel bred,
Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
When it was sair ;

* The grave-digger

The wife slade cannie to her bed,
But ne'er spak mair.

"A countra laird had taen the batta,
Or some curmurring in his guts;
His only son for Hornbook sets,
An' pays him well
The lad, for twa guid gimmer pets,
Was laird himsel'.

"A bonie lass, ye kenn'd her name,
Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame
She trusts hersel', to hide her shame,
In Hornbook's care
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
To hide it there

"That's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way!
Thus he goes on from day to day,
Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
An's weel paid for't;
Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
Wi' his d-mn'd dirt.

"But hark! I'll tell you of a plot,
Tho' dinna ye be speaking o't,
I'll nail the self-conceited sot
As dead's a herrin;
Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
He gets his fairin!"

But just as he began to tell,
The suld kirk-hammer strak the bell,

Some wee short hour ayont the twai,
 Which rais'd us baith;
 I took the way that pleas'd mysel',
 And sae did Death.

A DREAM.

"Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames with reason,
 But surely dreams were ne'er indicted treason."

[On reading, in the public papers, the Laureat's Ode, with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the author was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the birthday levee, and in his dreaming fancy made the following address.]

I.

GUID morning to your Majesty!
 May heav'n augment your blisses,
 On every new birthday ye see,
 An humble poet wishes '
 My bardship here, at your levee,
 On sic a day as this is,
 Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
 Amang the birthday dresses
 Sae fine this day.

II.

I see ye're complimented thrang
 By monie a lord and lady;
 "God save the king!" 's a cuckoo sang,
 That's unco easy said ay;
 The Poets, too, a venal gang,
 Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd and ready,

Wad gar ye trow ye ne'er do wrang,
But ay unerring steady,
On sic a day

III

For me! before a monarch's face,
Ev'n there I winna flatter;
For neither pension, post, nor place,
Am I your humble debtor;
So, nae reflection on your grace,
Your kingship to bespatter;
There's mome waur been o' the race,
And aiblins ane been better,
Than you this day.

IV

'Tis very true, my sov'reign king,
My skill may weel be doubted;
But facts are chuels that winna ding,
An' downa be disputed
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
And now the third part o' the string,
An' less, will gang about it
Than did ae day.

V.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
To blame your legislation,
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation!
But faith! I muckle doubt, my Sire,
Ye've trusted ministration
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,

Wad better fill'd their station
Than courts yon day.

VI

And now ye've gien auld Britain peace,
Her broken shins to plaster;
Your sair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tester
For me, thank God ! my life's a lease,
Nae bargain wearing faster,
Or, faith ! I fear, that wi' the geese
I shortly boost to pasture,
I' the craft some day

VII

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
When taxes he enlarges,
(An' Will's a true guid fallow's get,
A name not envy sparges,)
That he intends to pay your debt,
An' lessen a' your charges ,
But, G-d's sake ! let nae saving-fit
Abridge your bonie barges
An' boats this day

VIII

Adieu, my Liege ! may freedom geck
Beneath your high protection ,
An' may ye rax corruption's neck,
And gie her for dissection !
But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your Queen, with due respect,
My fealty an' subjection,
Thus great birthday.

IX.

Hail, Majesty most excellent!
 While nobles strive to please ye,
 Will ye accept a compliment
 A simple Poet gies ye?
 Thae bonie bairn-time, Heav'n has lent,
 Still higher may they heeze ye
 In bliss, till fate some day is sent
 For ever to release ye
 Frae care that day.

X

For you, young potentate o' Wales,
 I tell your Highness fairly,
 Down pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
 I'm tauld ye're diving rarely,
 But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
 An' curse your folly sairly,
 That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
 Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie,
 By night or day

XI

Yet aft a ragged cowte's been known
 To mak a noble aiver,
 So ye may doucely fill a throne,
 For a' their clish-ma-claver:
 There him* at Agincourt wha shone,
 Few better were or braver;
 And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John,†
 He was an unco shaver,
 For monie a day

* King Henry V

† Sir John Falstaff Vide Shakspeare.

XII

For you, right rev'rend Osnabugh,
 Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
 Altho' a ribbon at your lug
 Wad been a dress completer;
 As ye disown yon paughty dog
 That bears the keys of Peter,
 Then, swith' an' get a wife to hug,
 Or, trouth' ye'll stain the mitre
 Some luckless day.

XIII.

Young, royal Tarry Breeks, I learn,
 Ye've lately come athwart her;
 A glorious galley,* stem an' stern,
 Weel rigged for Venus' barter;
 But first hang out, that she'll discern
 Your hymeneal charter,
 Then heave aboard your grapple *urn*,
 An' large upo' her quarter,
 Come full that day

XIV.

Ye, lastly, bonie blossoms a',
 Ye royal lasses dainty,
 Heav'n mak you gund as weel as braw,
 An' gie you lads a plenty;
 But sneer nae British boys awa',
 For kings are unco scant ay,
 An' German gentles are but sma',
 They're better just than want ay,
 On ous day.

* Alluding to the newspaper account of a certain royal sailor's amour

XV

God bless you a'! consider now
 Ye're unco muckle dautet;
 But ere the course o' life be thro'
 It may be bitter sautet.
 An' I hae seen their *coggie fou*,
 That yet hae tarro'w'd at it,
 But or the day was done, I trow,
 The laggen they hae clautet,
 Fu' clean that day.

SCOTCH DRINK.

Gie him strong drink until he wink,
 That's sinking in despair,
An liquor guid to fire his bluid,
 That's prest wi' grief an' care,
 There let him bouse, an' deep carouse,
 Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
 Till he forgets his loves or debts,
 And mends his griefs no more
 SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, XXXI. 6, 7

LET other poets raise a fracas
 'Bout vines, an' wines, an' diunken Bacchus
 An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
 An' grate our lug,
 I sing the juice Scots bear can mak us,
 In glass or jug

O thou, my Muse! guid auld Scotch Drink,
 Whether thro' wimpling worms thou jick,

Or, richly brown, ream o'er the brink,
 In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I hup and wink,
 To sing thy name.

Let hucky Wheat the haughs adorn,
And Aits set up their awnie horn,
An' Pease and Beans at e'en or morn
 Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
 Thou king o' grain !

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wail o' food ;
Or tumblin' in the boiling flood,
 Wi' kail an' beef ;
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
 There thou shines chief

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us hvin',
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin',
When heavy dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin' ;
 But oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin'
 Wi' rattlin' glee

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear ;
Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care ;
Thou strings the nerves of Labor sair,
 At's weary toil,
Thou even brightens dark Despair
 Wi' gloomy smile

Aft, clad in massy silver weed,
Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head ;

Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
 The poor man's wine,
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
 'Thou kitchens fine

Thou art the life o' public haunts ;
But thee, what were our fairs and rants ?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,
 By thee inspir'd,
When gaping they besiege the tents,
 Are doubly fir'd

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly then thou reams the horn in !
Or reekin' on a New-Year mornin'
 In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
 An' gusty sucker !

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare ! to see the fizz an' freath
 I' the lugget caup '
Then Burnewin comes on like death
 At ev'ry chaup

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel ,
The brawnie, baine, ploughman chiel,
Brings hard owrehip, with sturdy wheel,
 The strong forehammer,
Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
 Wi' dinsome clamor.

When skirlin weanies see the light,
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,

How fumlin' cuifs their dearies slight;
Wae worth the name!
Nae howdie gets a social night,
Or plack frae them

When neebors anger at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the barley bree
Cement the quarrel;
It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee,
To taste the barrel

Alake! that e'er my Muse had reason
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason;
But monie daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice,
An' hardly, in a winter's season,
E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that brandy, burning trash,
Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash!
Twins monie a poor, doylt, drunken hash,
O' half his days,
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her waist faes

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland weil!
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor plackless devils like mysel'!
It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthifu' wines to mell,
Or foreign gill

May gravels round his blather wrench,
An' gouts torment him inch by inch,

Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain,
Out owre a glass o' whiskey-punch
Wi' honest men

O Whiskey ! soul o' plays an' pranks !
Accept a bardie's humble thanks !
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor verses !
Thou comes — they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's a——s !

Thee, Ferintosh ! O sadly lost !
Scotland, lament frae coast to coast !
Now colic grips, and barkin hoast,
May kill us a',
For loyal Forbes' chartered boast
Is ta'en awa' !

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak the whiskey stells their prize !
Haud up thy han', Deil ! ance, twice, thrice,
There ! seize the blinkers !
An' bake them up in brunstane pies
For poor d—n'd drinkers.

Fortune ! if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, an' whiskey gill,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak a' the rest,
An deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER,*
TO THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE HOUSE OF
COMMONS

Dearest of distillation! last and best —
How art thou lost! PARODY ON MILTON.

YE Irish Lords, ye Knights an' Squires,
Wha represent our burghs an' shires,
An' doucely manage our affairs
In parliament,
To you a simple Poet's prayers
Are humbly sent.

Alas! my roupet Muse is hearse!
Your Honors' hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sittin' on her a—e,
Low i' the dust,
An' screechin' out prosaic verse,
An' like to brust!

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On Aquavitæ;
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

* This was written before the act anent the Scotch distilleries, of session 1786, for which Scotland and the author return their most grateful thanks.

Stand forth, an' tell yon Premier Youth,
 The honest, open, naked truth,
 Tell him o' mine and Scotland's drouth,
 His servants humble:
 The muckle Deil blaw ye south,
 If ye dissemble'

Does onie great man glunch an' gloom;
 Speak out, an' never fash your thumb'
 Let posts an' pensions sink or soom
 Wi' them wha grant 'em.
 If honestly they canna come,
 Far better want 'em.

In gath'ring votes you were na slack;
 Now stand as tightly by your tack;
 Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
 An' hum an' haw,
 But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
 Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thrissle;
 Her muchkin stoup as toom's a whussle;
 An' d-mn'd excisemen in a bussle,
 Seizin a stell,
 Triumphant crushin't like a mussel
 Or lampit shell

Then on the tither hand present her,
 A blackguard smuggler right behind her,
 An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie vintner,
 Colleaguin join
 Picking her pouch as bare as winter,
 Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,
 But feels his heart a bluid rising hot,
 To see his poor auld mither's pot
 Thus dung in staves,
 An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
 By gallows knaves?

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
 Trode i' the mire, an' out o' sight,
 But could I like Montgomerie's fight,
 Or gab like Boswell,
 There's some sark necks I wad draw tight,
 An' tie some hose well.

God bless your Honors, can ye see't,
 The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,
 An' no get warmly to your feet,
 An' gar them hear it,
 An' tell them wi' a patriot heat,
 Ye winna bear it!

Some o' you incely ken the laws,
 To round the period an' pause,
 An' wi' rhetoric clause on clause
 To mak harangues;
 Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
 Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster, a true-blue Scot I'se warran';
 Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran; *
 An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
 The Laird o' Graham; †

* Sir Adam Ferguson.

† The present Duke of Montrose — [1800].

An' ane, a chap that's dam'd auldfarran ;
 Dundas his name

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie ,
 True Campbells, Frederick an' Ilay ;
 An' Livingstone, the bauld Sir Willie ,
 An' mome ithers,
 Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
 Might own for brithers

Arouse, my boys ! exert your mettle,
 To get auld Scotland back her kettle ;
 Or faith ! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
 Ye'll see't or lang,
 She'll teach you, wi' a reekin' whittle,
 Anther sang

Thus while she's been in cancr'ous mood,
 Her lost Militia fir'd her blund ;
 (Deil na they never mair do guid,
 Play'd her that pliskie ')
 An' now she's like to rin red-wud
 About her Whiskey.

An' L—d, if ance they pit her till't,
 Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
 An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
 She'll take the streets,
 An' rin her whittle to the hilt,
 I' the first she meets !

For G—d sake, Sirs ! then speak her fair
 An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
 An' to the muckle house repair,
 Wi' instant speed,

An' strive wi' a' your wit an' lear
To get remead

Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, Charlie Fox,
May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks,
But gie him't het, my hearty cocks !
E'en cove the caddie,
An' send him to his dicing-box
An' sportin' lady

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Bockonnock a,
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks,
An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnocks,*
Ninc times a week,
If he some scheme, like tea and winnocks,
Wad kindly seek

Could he some commutation broach,
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
He need na fear their foul reproach,
Nor erudition ,
Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
The Coalition.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue ;
She's just a devil wi' a rung ,
An' if she promise auld or young
To tak their part,
Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
She'll no desert.

* A worthy old hostess of the author's, in Manchline, where he sometimes studied politics over a glass of guld auld Scotch drink.

An' now, ye chosen Five-and-Forty,
 May still your Mither's heart support ye;
 Then, tho' a minister grow dorty,
 An' kick your place,
 Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
 Before his face

God bless your Honors a' your days,
 Wi' soups o' kail, an' brats o' claise,
 In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
 That haunt Saint Jame's!
 Your humble Poet sings an' prays
 While Rab his name is.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Let half-starved slaves, in warmer skies,
 See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise;
 Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
 But blythe and frisky,
 She eyes her freeborn, martial boys,
 Tak aff their whiskey

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
 While fragrance blooms, and beauty charms!
 When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
 The scented groves,
 Or hounded forth, dishonor arms,
 In hungry droves?

Their gun's a burden on their shoulder;
 They downa bide the stunk o' pouter;
 Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither
 To stan' or rin,

Till skelpt — a shot ; — they're aff, a' trowther,
To save their skin

But bring a Scotsman frae his hill
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say such is royal George's will,
An' there's the foe !
He has na thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow !

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him ;
Death comes, wi fearless eye he sees him ;
Wi' bloody hand a welcome gies him .
An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him
In faint huzzas !

Sages their solemn een may steek,
An' raise a philosophic reek,
An' physically causes seek,
In clime an' season ;
But tell me Whiskey's name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason !

Scotland, my auld respected Mither !
Tho' whyles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam ;
(Freedom an' Whiskey gang thegither !)
Tak aff your dram !

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

O Prince! O Chief of many-throned Pow'rs,
That led th' embattled Seraphim to war

MILTON

O THOU' whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a deil,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel!

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;
Far kenn'd and noted is thy name;
An' tho' yon lowin' heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far,
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur

Whyles, ranging like a roarin' lion,
For prey, a' holes and corners tryin';
Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin',
Tirling the kurks;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin',
Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend Graunie say,
In lanely glens you like to stray ;
Or where auld ruin'd castles gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'ers way,
Wi' eldritch croon

When twilight did my Graunie summon,
To say her prayers, douce honest woman !
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin',
Wi' eerie drone ,
Or, rustlin', thro' the boortries comin',
Wi' heavy groan

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentim' light,
Wi' you. mysel', I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough ,
Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight,
Wi' waving sough

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch stour, quaick — quaick
Amang the springs,
Awa ye squatter'd, like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grim, an' wither'd hags
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs and dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed ;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
Owre howkit dead.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
 May plunge an' plunge the kirk in vain;
 For, oh! the yellow treasure's taen
 By witching skill
 An' dawtit, twal-pint Hawkie's gaen
 As yell's the Bill

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse,
 On young guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse
 When the best wark-lume i' the house,
 By cantrip wit,
 Is instant made no worth a louse,
 Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
 And float the jungling icy-boord,
 Then water-kelpies haunt the foord,
 By your direction;
 An' 'nighted trav'lers are allur'd
 To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traversing spunkies
 Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
 The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkees
 Delude his eyes,
 Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
 Ne'er mair to rise.

When Mason's mystic word an' grip,
 In storms an' tempests raise you up,
 Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
 Or, strange to tell!
 The youngest brother ye wad whip
 Aff straught to h-ll.

Lang syne, in Eden's bonie yard
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
An' a' the saul of love they shar'd,
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaud,
In shady bow'r

Then you, ye auld, snick-drawing dog,
Ye came to Paradise *incog*,
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue
(Black be your fa'!)
An' gied the infant world a shog,
'Maist ruin'd a'

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz
'Mang better folk,
An' sklentend on the man of Uz
Your spitefu' joke?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' house an' hall,
While scabs an' blotches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,
An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl,
Was warst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
Sin that day Michael * did you pierce,
Down to this time,

* Vide Milton, Book VI.

Wad ding a Lalland tongue, or Erse,
In prose or rhyme

An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin
A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
Some luckless hour will send him linkin
To your black pit
But, faith ! he 'll turn a corner jinkin,
An' cheat you yet !

But, fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben !
O, wad ye tak a thought, an' men' !
Ye aiblins might — I dinna ken —
Still hae a' stake —
I'm wae to think upo' your den,
Ev'n for your sake !



ON THE LATE CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRI- NATIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND,

COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

HEAR ! land o' cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirke to Johnny Groat's,
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it :
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodge wight,

O' stature short, but genius bright,
That's he — mark weel;
And wow! he has an unco slight
O cauk and keel

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin,*
Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, L—d save's! colleaguin,
At some black art

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or cham'er,
Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamour,
And you, deep-read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches!
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight bitches!

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
But now he's quat the spurtle blade,
And dog-skin wallet,
And taen the — antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' all nick-nackets!
Rusty aurn caps and jinglin jackets,†
Wad had the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont gund,
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Before the flood.

* Vide his *Antiquities of Scotland*

† Vide his *Treatise on Ancient Armor and Weapons*.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder ;
Auld Tubal Cain's fire-shool and fender ;
That which distinguished the gender
 O' Balaam's ass ,
A broomstick o' the witch of Endor,
 Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye he'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,
The cut of Adam's philibeg ,
The knife that nicked Abel's craig
 He'll prove you fully :
It was a faulding jocteleg,
 Or lang-kail gulhe.

But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,
Then set him down, and twa or three
 Guid fellows wi' him
And Port, O Port ! shine thou a wee,
 And then ye'll see him !

Now, by the pow'rs o' verse and prose,
Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose !
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
 They sair misca' thee ;
I'd tak the rascal by the nose,
 Wad say, Shame fa' thee !

LINES

WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER, ENCLOSING A LETTER TO
CAPTAIN GROSE, TO BE LEFT WITH MR. CARDON-
NEL, ANTIQUARIAN.

TUNE — “*Sir John Malcolm*”

KEN ye aught o' Captain Grose?
Igo, and ago,
If he's amang his friends or foes?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he south, or is he north?
Igo, and ago,
Or drowned in the river Forth?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highland bodies?
Igo, and ago,
And eaten like a wether-haggis?
Iram, coram, dago

Is he to Abram's bosom gane?
Igo, and ago,
Or hauden Sarah by the wame?
Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him,
Igo, and ago,
As for the Deil, he daur na steer him!
Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit the enclosed letter,
Igo, and ago,
Which will oblige your humble debtor,
Iram, coram, dago

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,
Igo, and ago,
The very stanes that Adam bore,
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,
Igo, and ago,
The coins o' Satan's coronation !
Iram, coram, dago.



EPIGRAM ON CAPTAIN GROSE.

THE Deil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
So, whip' at the summons, old Satan came flying;
But when he approach'd where poor Francis lay moan-
ing,
And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,
Astonish'd ' confounded ' cried Satan, "By G—d,
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d——ble load." *

* Mr Grose was exceedingly corpulent, and used to rally himself, with the greatest good humor, on the singular rotundity of his figure. This epigram, written by Burns in a moment of festivity, was so much relished by the antiquarian, that he made it serve as an excuse for prolonging the convivial occasion that gave it birth, to a very late hour

LINES

ON AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD DAER.

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,
 I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
 October twenty-third,
 A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day,
 Sae far I spreckled up the brae,
 I dinner'd wi' a Lord !

I've been at drucken writers' feasts,
 Nay, been bitch fou 'mang godly priests,
 Wi' rev'rence be it spoken
 I've even join'd the honor'd jorum,
 When mighty squire-ships of the quorum
 Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a Lord — stand out, my shin !
 A Lord, a Peer, an Earl's son !
 Up higher yet, my bonnet !
 And sic a Lord — lang Scotch ells twa !
 Our peerage he o'erlooks them a',
 As I look o'er my sonnet.

But oh, for Hogarth's magic power !
 To show Sir Bardy's willyart glow'r,
 And how he star'd and stammer'd !
 When goavan, as if led wi' branks,
 An' stumpin on his ploughman shanks,
 He in the parlor hammer'd.

.

I, sliding, shelter'd in a nook,
 An' at his Lordship steal't a look
 Like some portentous omen;
 Except good sense and social glee,
 An' (what surpris'd me) modesty,
 I marked nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the great,
 The gentle pride, the lordly state,
 The arrogant assuming;
 The fient a pride, nae pride had he,
 Nor sauce, nor state, that I could see,
 Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his Lordship I shall learn,
 Henceforth to meet with unconcern
 One rank as weel's another:
 Nae honest, worthy man need care,
 To meet with noble, youthful Daer,
 For he but meets a brother.



THE INVENTORY.

IN ANSWER TO A MANDATE BY THE SURVEYOR OF THE
 TAXES

SIR, as your mandate did request,
 I send you here a faithfu' list
 O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith,
 To which I'm clear to gie my aith.

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,
 I hae four brutes o' gallant mettle,
 As ever drew afore a pettle
 My Lan'-afore's * a guid auld *has-been*,
 An' wight un' wilfu' a' his days been,
 My Lan'-ahin's † a weel gaun fillie,
 That aft has borne me hame frae Kilhe, ‡
 An' your auld burro' mome a time,
 In days when riding was nae crime;
 But ance, when in my wooing pride,
 I, like a blockhead, boost to ride,
 The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,
 (L—d pardon a' my sins, an' that too!)
 I play'd my fillie sic a shavie,
 She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie
 My Furr-ahin's § a wordy beast
 As e'er in tag or tow was trac'd
 The fourth's a Highland Donald hastie,
 A d—n'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie;
 Forbye a Cowt o' Cowt's the wale,
 As ever ran afore a tail.
 If he be spar'd to be a beast,
 He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least.

Wheel-carriages I hae but few,—
 Three carts, an' twa are feckly new;
 Ane auld wheel-barrow, mair for token,
 Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken;
 I made a poker o' the spin'le,
 An' my auld mither brunt the trin'le.

* The fore-horse on the left hand, in the plough.

† The hindmost on the left hand, in the plough.

‡ Kilmarnock.

§ The hindmost horse on the right hand, in the plough.

For men, I've three mischievous boys,
 Run-deils for rantin and for noise ;
 A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other,
 Wee Davoc hauds the nowt in fother
 I rule them as I ought, discreetly,
 An' aften labor them completely,
 An' ay on Sundays, duly, nightly,
 I on the Questions targe them tightly ;
 Till, faith ! wee Davoc's turn'd sae gleg,
 Tho' scarcely langer than your leg,
 He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling,
 As fast as onie in the dwelling
 I've nane in female servan' station,
 (L—d, keep me ay frae a' temptation
 I hae na wife, and that my bliss is,
 An' ye hae laid na tax on misses,
 An' then, if kirk-folk dunna clutch me,
 I ken the devils dare na touch me

Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented,
 Heav'n sent me ane mair than I wanted
 My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,
 She stares the daddie in her face,
 Enough of aught ye like but grace ;
 But her, my bonie, sweet, wee lady
 I've paid enough for her already,
 An' gin ye tax her, or her mither,
 B' the L—d, ye'se get them a' thegither.

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,
 Nae kind of license out I'm takin',
 Frae this time forth, I do declare,
 I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair ;
 Thro' dirt an' dub for life I'll paddle,
 Ere I see dear pay for a saddle!

My travel a on foot I'll shank it,
I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit.

The kirk an' you may tak you that,
It puts but little in your pat
Sae dinna put me in your buke,
Nor for my ten white shillings luke

This list, wi' my ain hand I wrote it,
Day and date as under notit,
Then, know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huc, ROBERT BURNS.

Mossiel, Feb 22, 1786.

TO A LOUSE,

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET, AT CHURCH.

HA ! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferhe ?
Your impudence protects you sairly,
I canna say but ye strunt rarely
Owre gauze an' lace ;
Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd by saunt and sinner,
How dare ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a lady ?
Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner
On some poor body !

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle.
 There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle,
 Wi' ither kindred jumpin cattle,
 In shoals and nations
 Whare horn nor bane ne'er dare unsettle
 Your thick plantations

Now haud ye there, ye're out o' sight,
 Below the fatt'rils, snug an' tight.
 Na, faith, ye yet ' ye'll no be right
 Till ye've got on it,
 The vera tapmost, tow'ring height,
 O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth ' right bauld ye set your nose out,
 As plump and gray as onie grozet;
 O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
 Or fell red smeddum,
 I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,
 Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
 You on an auld wife's flainen toy;
 Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
 On's wylhecoat;
 But Miss's fine Lunardie! fie,
 How dare you do't?

O, Jenny, dinna toss your head,
 An' set your beauties a' abroad!
 Ye little ken what cursed speed
 The blastie's makin'!
 Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,
 Are notice takin'!

O, wad some pow'r the gifte gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us '
It wad frae mome a blunder free us,
And foolish notion ,
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion !

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH-ACHE.

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums along ,
An' thro' my lugs gies mome a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance !
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines !

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or colic squeezes,
Our neighbor's sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan ,
But thee, thou hell o' a' diseases,
Ay mocks our groan !

A down my beard the slavers trickle '
I throw the wee stools o'er the nuckle,
As round the fire the gidgets keckle
To see me loup ,
While, raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup !

O' a' the num'rous human dools,
Ill har'ats, daft bargains, outty-stools,

Or worthy friends rack'd i' the mools,
 Sad sight to see !
 The tricks of knaves, or fash o' fools,
 Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
 Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
 And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
 In dreadfu' raw,
 Thou, Toothache, surely bear'st the bell
 Among them a' !

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
 That gars the notes of discord squeel,
 Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
 In gore a shoe-thick ;
 Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
 A towmond's Toothache !

TO A HAGGIS.

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
 Great chieftain o' the puddin' race !
 Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
 Paunch, tripe, or thaurm ;
 Weel are ye wordy of a grace
 As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there you fill,
 Your hurdies like a distant hill,

Your pin wad help to mend a mull
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead

His knife see rustic labor dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like onie ditch,
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reeking, rich !

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive ;
Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums,
Then auld guidman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums

Is there that o'er his French *ragout*,
Or olio that wad staw a sow,
Or *fricasee* wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner ?

Poor Devil ! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle-shank, a guid whiplash,
His nieve a nit ;
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit !

But mark the rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread ;

Clap in his wale nieve a blade,
 He'll mak it whistle ;
 An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
 Like taps o' thistle.

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
 And dish them out their bill o' fare,
 Auld Scotland wants na skinking ware,
 That jaups in luggies ;
 But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
 Gie her a Haggis !

THE HOLY FAIR.*

A robe of seeming truth and trust
 Hid crafty Observation,
 And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
 The dirk of Defamation
 A mask that like the gorget show'd,
 Dye-varying on the pigeon,
 And for a mantle large and broad,
 He wrapt him in Religion
 HYPOCRIST A LA MODE.

I.

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
 When Nature's face is fair,
 I walked forth to view the corn,
 An' snuff the caller air

* Holy Fair is a common phrase in the west of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.

The rising sun owie Galston muirs
Wi' glorious hght was glintin',
The hares were huplin' down the furs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin'
Fu' sweet that day.

II

As lightsomely I glow'r'd abroad,
To see a scene sae gay,
Three Hizzies, early at the road,
Cam skelpin' up the way,
Twa had manteeles o' dolesfu' black,
But ane wi' hart luning,
The third, that gaed a-wee aback,
Was i' the fashion shining
Fu' gay that day.

III

The twa appear'd like sisters twin,
In feature, form, an' claes;
Their visage wither'd, lang, an' thin,
An' sour as onie slaes
The third cam up, hap-step-an'-loup,
As hght as onie lambie,
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
As soon as e'er she saw me,
Fu' kind that day.

IV

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
I think ye seem to ken me;
I'm sure I've seen that bonie face,
But yet I canna name ye"
Quo' she, an' laughin' as she spak,
An' tak's me by the hands,

'Ye, for my sake, hae gien the fect
 Of a' the ten commands
 A treed some day.

V.

"My name is Fun — your cronie dear,
 The nearest friend ye hae;
 An' this is Superstition here,
 An' that's Hypocrisy
 I'm gaun to Mauchline Holy Fair,
 To spend an hour in daffin';
 Gin ye'll go thare, yon runkl'd pair,
 We will get famous laughin'
 At them this day."

VI

Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't.
 I'll get my Sunday sark on,
 An' meet you on the holy spot
 Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin'!"
 Then I gaed hame at crowdie time,
 An' soon I made me ready,
 For roads were clad, frae side to side,
 Wi' monie a weary body,
 In droves that day.

VII.

Here farmers gash, in ridin' graith,
 Gaed hoddin' by their cotters;
 There, swankies, young, in braw braid-cloth
 Are springin' o'er the gutters;
 The lasses, skelpin' barefit, thrang,
 In silks an' scarlets glitter;

Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in mome a whang,
An' farls bak'd wi' butter,
Fu' crump that day.

VIII

When by the plate we set our nose,
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
A greedy glow'r Black Bonnet throws,
An' we maun draw our tippence
Then in we go to see the show —
On ev'ry side they're gath'rin',
Some carrying dales, some chairs an' stools,
And some are busy blethrin'
Right loud that day.

IX

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
And screen our countra gentry,
There racer Jess, an' twa-three wh-res
Are blinkin' at the entry;
Here sits a raw of tittlin' jades,
Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,
An' there a batch of wabster lads,
Blackguarding frae Kulmarnock,
For fun this day

X.

Here some are thinking on their sins,
An' some upo' their claes;
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
Anither sighs an' prays.
On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces,

On that a set o' chaps at watch,
 Thrang winkin' on the lasses
 To chairs that day

XI

O happy is the man an' blest !
 Nae wonder that it pride him !
 Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best
 Comes clinkin' down beside him !
 Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back,
 He sweetly does compose him !
 Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
 An's loof upon her bosom,
 Unkenn'd that day.

XII

Now a' the congregation o'er
 Is silent expectation ,
 For Moodie speels the holy door,
 Wi' tidings o' damnation
 Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
 'Mang sons o' G—d present him,
 The very sight o' Moodie's face,
 To's ain het hame had sent him,
 Wi' fright that day

XIII.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith
 Wi' rattlin' an' wi' thumpin' !
 Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
 He's stampin' an' he's jumpin' !
 His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
 His eldritch squeel and gestures,

O, how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantharidian plasters,
On sic a day.

XIV.

But hark ! the tent has chang'd its voice
There's peace an' rest na langer ,
For a' the real judges rise,
They canna sit for anger
Smith opens out his cold harangues,
On practice and on morals ,
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
To gie the jars an' barrels
A lift that day

XV

What signifies his barren shine,
Of moral pow'rs and reason ?
His English style, an' gesture fine,
Are a' clean out o' season
Like Socrates or Antonine,
Or some auld pagan Heathen,
The moral man he does decline,
But ne'er a word o' faith in,
That's right that day.

XVI

In guid time comes an antidote
Against the poison'd nostrum ;
For Peebles, frae the water-fit,
Ascends the holy rostrum ,
Sae, up he's got the Word o' G—d,
An' meek an' mum has view'd it,

While Common Sense has taen the road,
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate,*
Fast, fast that day.

XVII

Wee Miller, niest, the guard relieves,
An' Orthodoxy raibles,
Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
An' thinks it auld wives' faibles;
But, faith! the birkie wants a manse,
So, cannily he hums them,
Altho' his carnal wit an' sense
Luke haffluns-ways o'ercomes him,
At times that day

XVIII

Now butt an' ben, the Change-house fills
Wi' yill-caup Commentators,
Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
And there the pint-stowp clatters;
While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
Wi' Logic an' wi' Scripture,
They raise a din that, in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

XIX

Leeze me on drink! it gies us mair
Than either school or college;
It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
It pangs us fou o' knowledge:

* A street so called.

Be't whiskey gill, or penny wheep,
 Or onie stronger potion,
 It never fails, on drinking deep,
 To kittle up our notion
 By night or day.

XX

The lads and lasses, blithely bent
 To mind baith saul an' body,
 Sit round the table, weel content,
 An' steer about the toddy.
 On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
 They're making observations;
 While some are cozie i' the neuk,
 An' formin' assignations
 To meet some day.

XXI

But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts,
 Till a' the hills are rairin',
 An' echoes back return the shouts;
 Black Russell is na spairin'
 His piercing words, like Highland swords,
 Divide the joints and marrow;
 His talk o' Hell, where devils dwell,
 Our vera sauls does harrow*
 Wi' fright that day.

XXII.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
 Fill'd fou o' lowin' brunstane,

* Shakspeare's Hamlet.

Wha's ragin flame an' scorchin heat
 Wad melt the hardest whunstone!
 The half-asleep start up wi' fear,
 An' think they hear it roarin',
 When presently it does appear
 'Twas but some neebor snorin',
 Asleep that day.

XXIII.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell,
 How monie stories past,
 An' how they crowded to the yill,
 When they were a' dismist;
 How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
 Among the furms an' benches;
 An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
 Was dealt about in lunches
 An' dawds that day.

XXIV.

In comes a gaucie, gash guidwife,
 An' sits down by the fire,
 Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife,
 The lasses they are shyer
 The auld guidmen, about the grace,
 Frae side to side they bother,
 Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
 An' gies them't like a tether
 Fu' lang that day

XXV

Waesucks! for him that gets no lass,
 Or lasses that hae naething!

Sma need has he to say a grace,
O meivie his braw claething !
O wives, be mindfu' ance yoursel'
How bonie lads ye wanted !
An' dinna, for a kebbuck heel,
Let lasses be afronted,
On sic a day !

XXVI.

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlin' tow,
Begins to jow an' croon ,
Some swagger hame the best they dow,
Some wait the afternoon
At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon ,
Wi' fath an' hope, an' love an' drink,
They're a' in famous tune
For crack that day.

XXVII

How monie hearts this day converts,
O' sinners and o' lasses !
Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane,
As saft as onie flesh is
There 's some are fou o' love divine,
There's some are fou o' brandy,
An' monie jobs that day begun
May end in Houghmagandie,
Some ither day.

THE ORDINATION.

" For sense they little owe to frugal Heav'n —
To please the mob they hide the little giv'n "

I.

KILMARNOCK wabsters fidge an' claw,
An' pour your creeshie nations ;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations ,
Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a',
An' there tak up your stations ;
Then aff to Begbie's in a raw,
An' pour divine libations
For joy this day

II.

Curst Common Sense, that imp o' hell,
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder , *
But Oliphant aft made her yell,
An' Russell sair misca'd her ,
This day, M'Kinlay takes the flail,
An' he's the boy will blaud her !
He'll clap a shangan on her tail,
An' set the bairns to daud her
Wi' dirt this day.

* Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the exclusion of the late reverend and worthy Mr L. to the Laigh Kirk.

III.

Mak haste an' turn King David owre,
An' hilt wi' holy clangor,
O' double verse come gie us four,
An' skirl up the Bangor;
This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
For heresy is in her power,
And gloriously she'll whang her
Wi' pith this day.

IV.

Come, let a proper text be read,
An' touch it aff wi' vigor,
How graceless Ham * leugh at his Dad,
Which made Canaan a nigger,
Or Phineas † drove the murdering blade,
Wi' whore-abhorring rigor;
Or Zipporah, ‡ the scaulding jade,
Was like a bloody tiger
I' the inn that day.

V

There, try his mettle on the creed,
And bind him down wi' caution,
That Stipend is a carnal weed
He tak's but for the fashio;
And gie him o'er the flock, to feed,
And punish each transgression;

* Genesis, ix 22

† Numbers, xxv 8.

‡ Exodus, iv 25

Especial, rams that cross the breed,
 Gie them sufficient threshin',
 Spare them nae day.

VI.

Now auld Kilmarnock, cock tny tail,
 And toss thy horns fu' canty;
 Nae mair thou'lt rowle out-owre the dale,
 Because thy pasture's scanty;
 For lapsfu' large o' gospel kail
 Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
 An' runts o' grace the pick and wale,
 No gien by way o' danty,
 But ilka day

VII

Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep
 To think upon our Zion;
 And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
 Like baby-clouts a-dryin'
 Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
 And o'er the thairms be tryin';
 Oh, rare! to see our elbucks wheep,
 An' a' like lamb-tails flyin'
 Fu' fast this day!

VIII

Lang patronage, wi' rod o' aurn,
 Has shor'd the kirk's undoin',
 As lately Fenwick, sair forfarn,
 Has proven to its ruin.
 Our Patron, honest man! Glencarn,
 He saw mischief was brewin',

And, like a godly elect bairn,
 He's wal'd us out a true ane,
 And sound, this day.

IX.

Now, Robinson, harangue nae mair,
 But steek your gib for ever,
 Or try the wicked town of Ayr,
 For there they'll think you clever;
 Or, nae reflection on your lear,
 Ye may commence a shaver!
 Or to the Netherton repair,
 An' turn a carpet-weaver
 Aff-hand this day

X

Mutrie and you were just a match,
 We never had sic twa drones;
 Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch,
 Just like a winkin' baudrons
 An' aye he catch'd the tither wretch,
 To fry them in his cauldrons,
 But now his honor maun detach,
 Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
 Fast, fast this day.

XI

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes,
 She's swingem' through the city;
 Hark how the nine-tail'd cat she plays!
 I vow it's unco pretty
 There Learning, wi' his Greekish face,
 Grunts out some Latin ditty;

An' Common Sense is gaun, she says,
To mak to Jamie Beattie
Her plant this day.

XII.

But there's Morality himsel',
Embracing a' opinions;
Hear how he gies the tither yell,
Between his twa companions;
See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
As ane were peelin' onions!
Now there—they're packed aff to hall,
An' banished our dominions,
Henceforth this day.

XIII.

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
Come bouse about the porter!
Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair find quarter:
M'Kinlay, Russell, are the boys,
That heresy can torture;
They'll gie her on a rape a boyse,
An' cove her measure shorter
By th' head some day.

XIV.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
An' here's for a conclusion
To every new-light mother's son,
From this time forth, Confusion;

If mair they deave us with their din,
 Or Patronage intrusion,
 We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
 We'll rin them aff in fusion,
 Like oil, some day.

ADDRESS

TO THE UNCO GUID, OR RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

My son, these maxims make a rule,
 And lump them ay thegither
 The rigid righteous is a fool,
 The rigid wise anither
 The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
 May hae some pyles o' caff in,
 So ne'er a fellow-creatur's slight
 For random fits o' daffin
 SOLOMON — Eccles vii 16.

I.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel',
 Sae pious and sae holy,
 Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
 Your neebors' faults and folly!
 Whase life is like a weel-gaun mull,
 Supplied wi' store o' water,
 The heapit happer's ebbing still,
 And still the clap plays clatter.

II

Hear me, ye venerable core,
 As counsel for poor mortals.

That frequent pass doun Wisdom's door
 For glauket Folly's portals :
 I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
 Would here propone defences,
 Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
 Their failings and mischances

III.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd,
 And shudder at the niffer,
 But cast a moment's fair regard,
 What makes the mighty differ
 Discount what scant occasion gave,
 That punity ye pride in,
 And (what's aft mair than a' the lave),
 Your better art o' hiding

IV

Think, when your castigated pulse
 Gies now and then a wallop,
 What ragings must his veins convulse,
 That still eternal gallop
 Wi' wind and tide fair r' your tail,
 Right on ye scud your sea-way ;
 But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
 It makes an unco leeway.

V

See social life and glee sit down,
 All joyous and unthinking,
 Till, quite transmogrify'd, they're grown
 Debauchery and drinking,
 O would they stay to calculate
 Th' eternal consequences ;

Or, your more dreaded hell to state,
Damnation of expenses !

VI

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases -
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination ;
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

VII

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman ;
Tho' they may gang a kenning wrang,
To step aside is human .
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it ;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it.

VIII.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each string, its various bias :
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it ,
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

THE TWA HERDS.*

OH, a' ye pious, godly flocks,
Weel fed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes,
Or wha will tent the waifs and crooks
About the dykes?

The twa best herds in a' the wast,
That e'er gaed gospel horn a blast,
These five-and-twenty simmers past,
Oh, dool to tell,
Hae had a bitter, black out-cast
Atween themsel'

O Moodie, man, and wordy Russell,
How could you raise so vile a bustle,
Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle,
And think it fine;
The L—d's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle
Sin' I hae min'.

O sirs' whae'er wad hae expeckit,
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit,
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit
To wear the plaid,

* This piece was among the first of our author's productions which he submitted to the public, and was occasioned by a dispute between two clergymen, near Kilmarnock.

But by the brutes themselves eleckit
To be their guide.

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could rank ?
Sae hale and hearty ev'ry shank,
Nae poison'd, sour Arminian stank
He let them taste ;
Frae Calvin's well, ay clear, they drank,—
O sic a feast !

The thummart wil'-cat, brock, and tod,
Weel kenn'd his voice thro' a' the wood,
He smelt their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in,
And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid,
And sell their skin.

What herd like Russell tell'd his tale ?
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale,
He kenn'd the Lord's sheep, ilka tail,
O'er a' the height,
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Or nobly fling the gospel club,
And new-light herds could nicely drub,
Or pay their skin ;
Could shake them o'er the burning dub,
Or heave them in

Sic twa ! — O do I live to see't !
Sic famous twa should disagree't,
An' names, like villain, hypocrite,
Ilk ither gien,

While new-light herds, wi' laughin' spite,
Say neither 's lyin'!

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
There's Duncan deep, and Peebles ahaul;
But chiefly thou, apostle Auld,
We trust in thee,
That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld,
Till they agree.

Consider, sirs, how we're beset;
There's scarce a new herd that we get,
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set
I winna name,
I hope frae heav'n to see them yet
In fiery flame

Dalrymple has been lang our fae,
M'Gill has wrought us meikle wae,
And that curs'd rascal ca'd M'Quhae,
And baith the Shaws,
That aft hae made us black and blae,
Wi' vengefu' paws

Auld Wodrow lang has hatch'd mischief,
We thought ay death wad bring relief,
But he has gotten, to our grief,
Ane to succeed him,
A chiel wha'll soundly buff our beef;
I meikle dread him.

And monie a ane that I could tell,
Wha fain would openly rebel,
Forbye turn-coats amang oursel';
There Smith for ane;

I doubt he's but a gray-nick quill,
An' that ye'll fin'

O! a' ye flocks, o'er a' the hills,
By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,
Come join your counsels and your skills
To cowe the lairds,
And get the brutes the pow'r themsel's
To choose their herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
And Learning in a woody dance,
And that fell cur, ca'd Common Sense,
That bites sae sair,
Be banish'd o'er the sea to France;
Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and D'rymple's eloquence,
M'Gill's close nervous excellence,
M'Quhae's pathetic, manly sense,
And gude M'Math,
Wi' Smuth, wha thro' the heart can glance,
May a' pack aff.

THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR. STEVEN, ON HIS TEXT, MALACHI,
CH. IV., v 2, — "AND THEY SHALL GO FORTH, AND
GROW UP, LIKE CALVES OF THE STALL."

RIGHT, sir ! your text I'll prove it true,
Tho' heretics may laugh ;
For instance, there's yoursel' just now,
God knows, an unco calf !

And should some patron be so kind,
As bless you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, sir, but then we'll find
Ye're still as great a stirk !

But, if the lover's raptur'd hour
Should ever be your lot,
Forbid it ev'ry heav'nly power,
You e'er should be a stot !

Tho' when some kind, connubial dear,
Your but-and-ben adorns,
The like has been that you may wear
A noble head of horns !

And in your lug, most rev'rend James,
To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank amang the nowts.

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock,
Wi' justice they may mark your head —
“Here lies a famous Bullock !”

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

O THOU, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best thyself,
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory,
And no for ony guid or ill
They've done afore thee !

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
When thousands thou hast left in night,
That I am here afore thy sight,
For gifts an' grace,
A burnin' an' a shinin' light,
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get such exaltation ?
I, wha deserve sic just damnation,
For broken laws,
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
Thro' Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might hae plung'd me into hell,

To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
 In burnin' lake,
 Whare damned devils roar and yell,
 Chain'd to a stake.

Yet I am here, a chosen sample,
 To show thy grace is great an' ample;
 I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
 Strong as a rock,
 A guide, a buckler, an example
 To a' thy flock.

O Lord, thou kens what zeal I bear,
 When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,
 And singin' here, and dancin' there,
 Wi' great an' sma':
 For I am keptit by thy fear,
 Free frae them a'.

But yet, O Lord ! confess I must,
 At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust;
 An' sometimes, too, wi' worldly trust,
 Vile self gets in !
 But thou remembers we are dust,
 Defil'd in sin.

.

Besides, I farther maun avow,
 Wi' Lizzie's lass, three times I trow;
 But, Lord, that Friday I was fou,
 When I came near her,
 Or else, thou kens, thy servant true
 Wad ne'er hae steer'd her.

Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn
Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
 'Cause he's sae gifted;
If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne,
 Until thou lift it.

Lord, bless thy chosen in this place,
For here thou hast a chosen race;
But God confound their stubborn face,
 And blast their name,
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace,
 An' public shame

Lord, mind Gavin Hamilton's deserts!
He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cards,
Yet has sae monie takin' arts,
 Wi' great an' sma',
Frae God's ain priest the people's hearts
 He steals awa'.

An' whan he chasten'd him therefor,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
An' set the warld in a roar
 O' laughin' at us,
Curse thou his basket and his store,
 Kail an' potatoes

Lord, hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,
Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr;
Thy strong right hand, Lord, make it bare
 Upo' their heads!
Lord, weigh it down, an' dinna spare,
 For their misdeeds.

O Lord, my God, that glib-tongued Aiken,
 My very heart an' saul are quakin',
 To think how we stood sweatin', shakin'
 An' d——d wi' dread,
 While he, wi' hingin' lips and snakin',
 Held up his head.

Lord, in the day of vengeance try him;
 Lord, visit them wha did employ him,
 An' pass not in thy mercy by 'em,
 Nor hear their pray'r;
 But for thy people's sake, destroy 'em,
 And dinna spare.

But, Lord, remember me and mine
 Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
 That I for gear and grace may shine,
 Excell'd by nane;
 And a' the glory shall be thine.
 Amen, Amen

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

HERE Holy Willie's sair-worn clay
 Takes up its last abode;
 His saul has taen some other way,
 I fear the left-hand road.

Stop! there he is as sure's a gun,
 Poor, ailly body, see him;

Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,
Observe wha's standing wi' him.

Your brunstane devilship, I see,
Has got him there before ye ;
But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,
Till ance you've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,
For pity ye hae nane ,
Justice, alas ! has gien him o'er,
And mercy's day is gaen.

But hear me, Sir Deil as ye are,
Look something to your credit ;
A coof like him wad stain your name,
If it were kent ye did it.

THE KIRK'S ALARM *

A SATIRE.

ORTHODOX, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience ;
There's a heretic blast has been blawn in the wast
That what is no sense must be nonsense

* This poem was written a short time after the publication of Dr
M'GILL'S Essay

Dr. Mac,* Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a rack,
 To strike evil-doers wi' terror;
 To join faith and sense upon onie pretence,
 Is heretic, damnable error

Town of Ayr, Town of Ayr, it was mad, I declare,
 To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing,
 Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief.
 And orator Bob † is its ruin.

D'rymple mild, ‡ D'rymple mild, tho' your heart's like
 a child,
 And your life like the new-driv'n snaw,
 Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must hae ye,
 For preaching that three's ane and twa.

Rumble John, § Rumble John, count the steps wi' a
 groan,
 Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd,
 Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like adle,
 And roar every note of the damn'd

Simper James, || Simper James, leave the fair Killic
 dames,
 There's a hoier chase in your view,
 I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,
 For puppas like you there's but few.

Singet Sawney, ¶ Singet Sawney, are ye herding the
 penny,
 Unconscious what evils await^p

* Dr M Gill

† Mr Dalrymple

‡ Mr M Cunliffe

† Rev John Russell

§ Mr Russell

¶ Mr Moodie

Wi' a jump, yell, an' howl, alarm every soul,
For the foul thief is just at your gate.

Daddy Auld,* Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the Clerk;
Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death,
An' if ye canna bite, ye may bark.

Davie Bluster,† Davie Bluster, if for a saint ye do
muster,
The corps is no nice of recruits;
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes

Jamy Goose,‡ Jamy Goose, ye hae made but toom roost,
In hunting the wicked lieutenant,
But the Doctor's your mark, for the Lord's haly ark,
He has cooper'd, and caw'd a wrang pin in't.

Poet Wilhe,§ Poet Wilhe, gie the Doctor a volley,
Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit,
O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid astride,
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he sh-t.

Andro Gouk,|| Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book,
And the book nane the waur, let me tell ye!
Ye are rich, and look big, but hy by hat and wig,
And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value

* The Rev Mr Auld, of Mauchline † Mr Grant, of Ogiltree.

‡ Mr Yeoman of Camnock § Mr Peebles, of Ayr

|| Dr A. Mitchell.

Barr Steenie,* Barr Steenie, what mean ye, what
mean ye?

If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may hae some pretence to havins and sense,
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

Irvine Side,† Irvine Side, wi' your turkey-cock pride,
Of manhood hut sma' is your share,
Ye've the figure, 'tis true, ev'n your faes will allow,
And your friends they dare grant ye nae mair

Muriland Jock,‡ Muriland Jock, when the Lord makes
a rock,
To crush Common Sense for her sins,
If ill manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit
To confound the poor Doctor at ance

Holy Will,§ Holy Will, there was wit i' your skull,
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
The timmer is scant, when ye're taen for a saint,
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'itual guns,
Ammunition you never can need,
Your hearts are the stuff, will be powther enough,
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead

Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns,
Why desert ye your auld native shire?
Your Muse is a gipsie, e'en tho' she were tipsie,
She could ca' us nae waur than we are.

* Stephen Young, of Barr
‡ Mr Shepherd.

† Mr Smith of Galston.
§ An elder in Manchain.

LETTER TO JOHN GOUDIE, KILMARNOCK

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS.

O GOUDIE' terror o' the Whigs,
Dread o' black-coats and rev'rend wigs,
Soor Bigotry, on her last legs,
 Girnin, looks back,
Wishing the ten Egyptian plagues
 Wad seize you quick

Poor gapin', glowrin' Superstition,
Waes me! she's in a sad condition
Fly, bring Black Jock, her state physician,
 To see her water,
Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion
 She'll ne'er get better.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
But now she's got an unco ripple;
Haste! gie her name up i' the chapel,
 Nigh unto death,
See how she fetches at the thrapple,
 An' gasps for breath!

Enthusiasm's past redemption,
Gaen in a galloping consumption;
Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,
 Will ever mend her;
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption
 Death soon will end her.

'Tis you and Taylor * are the chief,
Wha are to blame for this mischief;
But gin the Lord's an focks gat leave,
A toom tar-barrel,
An' twa red peats wad send relief,
An' end the quarrel.

A DEDICATION TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

EXPECT na, sir, in this narration,
A fleechin', fletherin' dedication,
To rouse you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,
Because ye're surnam'd like His Grace,
Perhaps related to the race;
Then, when I'm tir'd — and sae are ye,
Wi' monie a fulsome, sinfu' he,
Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt

This may do — maun do, sir, wi' them wha
Maun please the great folk for a wamefou;
For me, sae laigh I needna bow,
For, Lord be thankit! I can plough;
And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thankit! I can beg;
Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin',
It's just sic Poet, an' sic Patron

* Dr. Taylor, of Norwich.

The Poet, some gund angel nelp him,
Or else, I fear some ill ane skelp him,
He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
But only he's no just begun yet

The Patron, (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me,)
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
He's just — nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want ;
What's no his ain he winna tak it,
What ance he says he winna break it ;
Aught he can lend he'll no refus't,
Till aft his goodness is abus'd
And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
Ev'n that, he does not mind it lang
As master, landlord, husband, father,
He does nae fail his part in either

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that,
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that ;
It's naething but a milder feature
Of our poor sinfu' corrupt nature :
Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentoos and pagan Turks,
Or hunters wild on Ponotax,
Wha' never heard of orthodoxy.
That he's the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word and deed,
It's nae thro' terror o' damnation,
It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality ! thou deadly bane,
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain !
 Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
 In *moral* mercy, truth, and justice !

No — stretch a point to catch a plack ;
 Abuse a brother to his back ,
 Steal thro' a winnock frae a wh-re,
 But point to the rake that takes the door ;
 Be to the poor like ome whunstone,
 And haud their noses to the grunstone ;
 Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving
 No matter, stick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile prayers, and half-mile graces,
 Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang wry faces,
 Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
 And damn a' parties but your own .
 I'll warrant, then, ye're nae deceiver,
 A steady, sturdy, staunch believer

O ye wha leave the springs of Calvin,
 For gumlie duds of your ain delvin !
 Ye sons of heresy and error,
 Ye'll some day squeel in quakin' terror !
 When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
 And in the fire throws the sheath ;
 When Ruin, with his sweeping besom,
 Just fiets till heav'n commission gies him .
 While o'er the harp pale mis'ry moans,
 And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
 Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans !

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
 I maist forgot my Dedication !

But when Divinity comes cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, ye see 'twas nae daft vapor,
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, Sir, to you ;
Because (ye need na tak it ill)
I thought them something like yoursel'.

Then patronize them wi' your favor,
And your petitioner shall ever —
I had amaist said, *ever pray*,
But that's a word I need na say,
For prayin' I hae little skill o't,
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't;
But I'll repeat each poor man's pray'r,
That kens or hears about you, Sir —

“ May ne'er misfortune's growling bark
Howl thro' the dwelling o' the Clerk !
May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
For that same gen'rous spirit smart !
May Kennedy's far-honor'd name
Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
Till Hamiltons, at least a dozen,
Are frae their nuptial labors risen ;
Five bonie lasses round their table,
And seven braw fellows, stout an' able,
To serve their king and country weel,
By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
May health and peace, with mutual rays,
Shine on the evening o' his days,
Till his wee curlie John's ier-oe,

When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
The last, sad mournful rites bestow !”

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
Wi' complimentary effusion ;
But whilst your wishes and endeavors
Are blest wi' fortune's smiles and favours,
I am, dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Powers above prevent')
That iron-hearted carl, Want,
Attended in his grim advances,
By sad mistakes and black mischances,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your humble servant then no more,
For who would humbly serve the poor ?
But, by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n !
While recollection's pow'r is given,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
I, thro' the tender, gushing tear,
Should recognize my master dear,
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, Sir, your hand — my friend and brother !

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MR JOHN RANKEN.

AE day, as Death, that grousome carl,
Was drivin' to the tither warl'
A mixtie-maxtie motley squad,
And monie a guilt-bespott'd lad;
Black gowns of each denomination,
And thieves of every rank and station,
From him that wears the star and garter,
To him that wuntles in a halter,
Asham'd himself to see the wretches,
He mutters, glow'ring at the bitches,
"By G— ' I'll not be seen behint them,
Nor 'mang the sp'ritual corps present them,
Without, at least, ae honest man
To grace this damn'd infernal clan "
By Adamlull a glance he threw,
"L—d G—d!" quoth he, "I have it now;
There's just the man I want, in faith!"
And quickly stoppit Ranken's breath.

LINES

WRITTEN BY BURNS, WHILE ON HIS DEATH-BED, TO
THE SAME.

HE who of Ranken sang, lies stiff and dead,
And a green grassy hillock hides his head;
Alas! alas! a devilish change indeed!

EXTEMPORE.

[At a meeting of the Dumfriesshire Volunteers, held to commemorate the anniversary of Rodney's victory, April 12th, 1782, Burns was called upon for a song, instead of which he delivered the following lines extempore.]

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast.
Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we
lost, —
That we lost, did I say? — nay, by Heaven! that we
found,
For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
The next in succession, I'll give you the King,
Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing.
And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,
As built on the base of the great revolution
And, longer with politics not to be cramm'd,
Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd.
And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
May his son be a hangman, and he the first trial.

EXTEMPORE,

ON THE LATE MR. WILLIAM SMELLIE.

To Crochallan came *

The old cock'd hat, the gray surtout, the same,
His bristling beard just rising in its might.
'Twas four long nights and days to shaving-night ;
His uncomb'd grizzly locks, wild staring, thatch'd
A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd
Yet, tho' his caustic wit was biting, rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

TO MR SYME,

ON REFUSING TO DINE WITH HIM, AFTER HAVING BEEN
PROMISED THE FIRST OF COMPANY, AND THE FIRST
COOKERY

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cook'ry the first in the nation ;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

December 17, 1795

* Mr Smellie and Burns were both members of a club in Edinburgh called the Crochallan Fencibles

TO MR. SYME,

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

O, HAD the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavor of thy wit,
'Twere drink for first of humankind,
A gift that e'en for Syme were fit.

Jerusalem Tavern, Dumfries

EXTEMPORE,

WRITTEN IN ANSWER TO A CARD FROM AN INTIMATE
OF BURNS, INVITING HIM TO SPEND AN HOUR
AT A TAVERN.

THE king's most humble servant
Can scarcely spare a minute;
But I'll be wi' ye by-an'-by,
Or else the Deil's in it.

EXTEMPORE,

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

GRANT me, indulgent Heav'n! that I may live
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till slave and despot be but things which were.

LINES

ON MISS J. SCOTT, OF Ayr.

OH! had each Scot of ancient times
Been Jeany Scott, as thou art,
The bravest heart on English ground
Had yielded like a coward.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF THE CELEBRATED
MISS BURNS.

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railing,
Lovely Burns has charms — confess!
True it is, she had one failing
Had a woman ever less?

LINES

ON BEING ASKED WHY GOD HAD MADE MISS DAVIS
SO LITTLE, AND MISS — SO LARGE; — WRITTEN
ON A PANE OF GLASS, IN THE INN AT MOFFAT.

ASK why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite !
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it.



LINES

WRITTEN AND PRESENTED TO MRS. KEMBLE, ON SEND-
ING HER IN THE CHARACTER OF YARICO.

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod ;
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief,
The rock with tears had flow'd !

Dumfries Theatre, 1794.

LINES

WRITTEN ON WINDOWS OF THE GLOBE TAVERN,
DUMFRIES.

THE graybeard, old Wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
Give me with gay Folly to live,
I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
But folly has raptures to give.

I MURDER hate by field or flood,
Tho' glory's name may screen us;
In wars at home I'll spend my blood —
Life-giving war of Venus.

The deities that I adore,
Are social Peace and Plenty:
I'm better pleas'd to make one more
Than be the death of twenty.

MY bottle is my holy pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And Pleasure is a wanton trout, —
An' ye drink it dry, ye'll find him out.

IN politics if thou would'st mix,
And mean thy fortunes be;
Bear this in mind — be deaf and blind;
Let great folks hear and see

LINES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW, AT THE KING'S ARMED
TAVERN, DUMFRIES

YE men of wit and wealth, wi' a' this sneering
'Gainst poor Excisemen Give the cause a hearing.
What are your landlord's rent-rolls? — taxing ledgers;
What premiers, what? even monarch's mighty gaugers.
Nay, what are priests? those seeming godly wise men!
What are they, pray? but spiritual Excisemen.

A VERSE

PRESENTED BY THE AUTHOR TO THE MASTER OF A
HOUSE, AT A PLACE IN THE HIGHLANDS, WHERE
HE HAD BEEN HOSPITABLY ENTERTAINED

WHEN Death's dark stream I ferry o'er, —
A time that surely shall come, —
In heaven itself I'll ask no more
Than just a Highland welcome.

EPIGRAM

[Burns, accompanied by a friend, having gone to Inverary at a time when some company were there on a visit to the Duke of Argyll, finding himself and his companion entirely neglected by the innkeeper, whose whole attention seemed to be occupied with the visitors of his Grace, expressed his disapprobation of the incivility with which they were treated, in the following lines]

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,
 I pity much his case,
 Unless he comes to wait upon
 The lord their god, his Grace.
 There's naething here but Highland pride,
 And Highland scab and hunger;
 If Providence has sent me here,
 'Twas surely in an anger.

EPIGRAM

ON · ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATION OF MARTIAL'S
 EPIGRAMS

O THOU whom Poetry abhors !
 Whom Prose has turned out of doors,
 Heard'st thou that groan ? — proceed no further —
 'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring " Murder ! "

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE INN AT CARROW.

WE cam na here to view your warks,
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise

But whan we tirl'd at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us ;
Say may, should we to hell's yetta come,
Your billy Satan sair us !



EPITAPH

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE Souter Hood in death does sleep ;
To hell, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep !
He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes ;
O Death ! it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin' b-tch
Into thy dark dominion !

ON WEE JOHNNY.

Hic jacet wee Johnny

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know
That Death has murder'd Johnny !
An' here his body lies fu' low —
For saul, he ne'er had ony.

FOR G H, ESQ.,

THE poor man weeps — here Gavin sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blam'd :
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be sav'd or damn'd !

ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE.

LAMENT him, Mauchline husbands a',
He aften did assist ye
For had ye staid whole weeks awa',
Your wives, they ne'er had miss'd ye.

Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass
To school in bands thegither,
O tread ye lightly on the grass,—
Perhaps he was your father!

ON JOHN DOVE,

INN-KEEPER, MAUCHLINE.

HERE lies Johnny Pidgeon;
What was his religion?
Whae'er desires to ken,
To some other warl'
Maun follow the carl,
For here Johnny Pidgeon had nae.

Strong ale was ablution,
Small beer persecution,
A dram was *memento mori*;
But a full flowing bowl
Was the saving his soul,
And Port was celestial glory.

ON WAT.

SIC a reptile was Wat,
Sic a miscreant slave,
That the worms even d—d him,
When laid in his grave

“In his flesh there’s a famine,”
A starv’d reptile cries,
“And his heart is rank poison,”
Another replies

ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

As father Adam first was fool’d,
A case that’s still too common,
Here lies a man a woman rul’d —
The Devil rul’d the woman !

EPIGRAM ON SAID OCCASION.

O DEATH ! hadst thou but spar’d his life,
Whom we this day lament !
We freely wad exchang’d the wife,
And a’ been weel content.

Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff,
The swap we yet will do't;
Tak thou the carlin's carcass aff, —
Thou'se get the saul to boot!

ANOTHER.

ONE Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
When depriv'd of her husband she loved so well,
In respect for the love and affection he'd shown her,
She reduc'd him to dust, and she drank up the powder,

But Queen Netherplace, of a different complexion,
When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,
Would have ate her dead lord, on a slender pretence, —
Not to show her respect, but — to save the expense!

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG NAMED
ECHO

IN wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore,
Now half extinct your pow'rs of song,
Sweet Echo is no more!

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys;
Now half your din of tuneless sound
With Echo silent lies.

IMPROMPTU ON MRS RIDDEL'S BIRTHDAY,

4TH NOVEMBER, 1793.

OLD Winter, with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferr'd:
What have I done, of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless sons no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags dreary, slow;
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English, hanging, drowning

Now, Jove, for once, be mighty civil.
To counterbalance all this evil,
Give me, and I've no more to say,—
Give me Maria's natal day!
That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
Spring, Summer, Autumn, cannot match me.
'Tis done! says Jove, — so ends my story,
And Winter once rejoic'd in glory.

MONODY,

ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

How cold is that bosom which Folly once fir'd !
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately ghast-
ten'd !
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tir'd !
How dull is that ear which to flatt'ry so listen'd !

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection remov'd ;
How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate,
Thou diest unwept, as thou liv'd'st unlov'd

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you ;
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear ;
But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
And flow'rs let us cull for Eliza's cold bier

We'll search thro' the garden for each silly flower,
We'll roam thro' the forest for each idle weed ;
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
For none e'er approach'd her but rud the rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay,
Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre ,
There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam;
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS OSWALD, OF
AUCHINCRAIVE

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation's mark
Who in widow-weeds appears,
Laden with unhonor'd years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse!

STROPHE

VIEW the wither'd beldam's face;
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of humanity's sweet, melting grace?
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood there never rose.

See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Hands that took — but never gave
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo ! there she goes, unpitied and unblest !
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest

ANTISTROPHE

PLUND'ER of armies, lift thine eyes,
(Awhile forbear, ye tott'ring fiends !)
Seest thou whose step unwilling hither bends ?
No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies,
'Tis thy trusty quondam mate ;
Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hellward phea.

EPODE.

AND are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glitt'ring pounds a year ?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here ?
O bitter mock'ry of the pompous bier,
While down the wretched vital part is driven !
The cave-lodg'd beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to heav'n.

THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAND

CURS'D be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,
Who has no will but by her high permission,
Who has not sixpence but in her possession,
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell,
Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell.
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart,
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h.

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

FOR lords or kings I dinna mourn,
E'en let them die — for that they're born.
But, oh ! prodigious to reflect,
A Towmont, sirs, is gane to wreck !
O Eighty-eight ! in thy sma' space
What dire events hae taken place !
Of what enjoyment thou hast reft us !
In what a pickle thou hast left us !

The Spanish empire's tint a head,
An' my auld toothless Bawtie's dead ;

The toolzie's tough 'tween Pitt and Fox,
 An' our guidwife's wee birdy-cocks;
 The aye is game, a bluidy devil,
 But to the hen-birds unco civil;
 The tither's dour, has nae sic breedin',
 But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden!

Ye ministers, come, mount the pulpit!
 An' cry till ye be hoarse an' rupit;
 For Eighty-eight, he wish'd you weel,
 An' gied you a' baith gear an' meal:
 E'en monie a plack, an' monie a peck,
 Ye ken yoursel's, for little feck!

Ye bonie lasses, dight your een,
 For some o' you hae tint a frien';
 In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was taen
 What ye'll ne'er hae to gie again!

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
 How dowff an' dowie now they creep;
 Nay, ev'n the yirth itsel' does cry,
 For Embro' wells are grutten dry.

O Eighty-nine! thou's but a bairn
 An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn!
 Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,
 Thou now has got thy daddy's chair,
 Nae hand-cuff'd, muzzl'd, half-shackl'd regent,
 But, like himself, a full, free agent.
 Be sure ye follow out the plan
 Nae waur than he did, honest man!
 As muckle better as you can.

January 1, 1789

TAM SAMSON'S • ELEGY.

An honest man 's the noblest work of God
POPE.

HAS auld Kilmarnock seen the Deil?
Or great Mackinlay † thrawn his heel?
Or Robinson ‡ again grown weel,
To preach an' read?
"Na, waur than a'!" cries ilka chiel,
"Tam Samson's dead!"

Kilmarnock lang may grunt an' grane,
An' sigh, an' sab, an' greet her lane,
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
In mourning weed,
To death she's dearly paid the kane:
Tam Samson's dead!

The brethren of the mystic level
May hing their head in wofu' bevel,
While by the nose the tears will revel,
Like onie bead,
Death's gien the lodge an unco deval:
Tam Samson's dead!

* When this worthy old sportsman went out last mair-fowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, "the last of his fields," and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the mair. On this hint, the author composed his Elegy and Epitaph.

† A certain preacher, a great favorite with the million. Vide The Ordination, stanza 11.

‡ Another preacher, an equal favorite with the few, who was at that time ailing. For him, see also The Ordination, stanza ix.

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire up like a rock;
When to the loughs the curlers flock,
 Wi' gleesome speed,
Wha will they station at the cock?
 Tam Samson's dead!

He was the king o' a' the core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore;
Or up the rink like Jehu roar,
 In time of need;
But now he lags on Death's hog-score —
 Tam Samson's dead!

Now safe the stately salmon sail,
And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
And eels well kenn'd for souple tail,
 And geds for greed,
Since dark in Death's fish-creel we wail
 Tam Samson dead!

Rejoice, ye birring patricks a';
Ye cootle muircocks, crouselly craw;
Ye maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
 Withouten dread,
Your mortal fae is now awa' -
 Tam Samson's dead!

That wofu' morn be ever mourn'd,
Saw him in shootin' graith adorn'd,
While pointers round impatient burn'd,
 Frae couples freed;
But, och! he gaed, and ne'er return'd -
 Tam Samson's dead!

In vain auld age his body batters ;
In vain the gout his ankles fetters ;
In vain the burns come down like waters,
 An acre braid !
Now every auld wife, greetin', clatters,
 Tam Samson 's dead !

Owre many a weary hag he hmpit,
An' ay the tither shot he thumpit,
Till coward Death behind him jumpit,
 Wi' deadly feide ;
Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
 Tam Samson 's dead !

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
But yet he drew the mortal tigger
 Wi' weel-aim'd deed ;
"L—d, fire !" he cried, an' owre did stagger :
 Tam Samson 's dead !

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a bither ;
Ilk sportsman youth bemoan'd a father ;
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
 Marks out his head,
Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether
 Tam Samson 's dead !

There now he lies, in lasting rest ;
Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest,
 To hatch an' breed.
Alas ! nae mair he'd them molest !
 Tam Samson 's dead !

When August winds the heather wave,
 And sportsmen wander by yon grave,
 Three volleys let his mem'ry crave
 O' pouter an' lead,
 Till Echo answer frae her cave,
 Tam Samson's dead!

Heav'n rest his saul, where'er he be!
 Is the wish o' mome mae than me:
 He had twa faults, or maybe three,
 Yet what remead?
 As social honest man want we:
 Tam Samson's dead!

.

THE EPITAPH

TAM SAMSON'S weel-worn clay here lies;
 Ye canting zealots spare him!
 If honest worth in heaven rise,
 Ye'll mend or ye won near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, and canter like a filly
 Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Kilhe; *
 Tell ev'ry social, honest bilie
 To cease his grievin',
 For yet, unskanth'd by Death's gleg gullie,
 Tam Samson 's livin'.

ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON,

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONORS
 IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD.

But now his radiant course is run,
 For Matthew's course was bright,
 His soul was like the glorious sun,
 A matchless, heavenly light!

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
 The muckle devil wi' a woodie
 Haur! thee hame to his black smiddie,
 O'er hurcheon hides,
 And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
 Wi' thy auld sides!

* Kilmarnock.

He's gane, he's gane ! he's frae us torn,
 The ae best fellow e'er was born !
 Thee, Matthew, Nature's self shall mourn
 By wood and wild,
 Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
 Frae man exil'd.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
 That proudly cock your cresting cairns !
 Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,
 Where Echo slumbers !
 Come, join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
 My wailing numbers !

Mourn ilka grove the cushat kens !
 Ye haz'lly shaws and briery dens !
 Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,
 Wi' toddlin' din,
 Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
 Frae lin to lin

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea ;
 Ye stately foxgloves fair to see ,
 Ye woodbines hanging bonnie,
 In scented bow'rs ;
 Ye roses on your thorny tree,
 The first o' flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry glassy blade
 Droops with a diamond at his head,
 At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed
 I' the rustling gale,
 Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade,
 Come, join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood ;
 Ye grouse that crap the heather bud ;
 Ye curlews calling thro' a clud ;
 Ye whistling plover ;
 And mourn, ye whirling partick brood ;
 He's gane for ever !

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals ;
 Ye fisher herons, watching eels ,
 Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels,
 Cuddling the lake ;
 Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
 Rair for his sake !

Mourn, clam'ring crabs, at close o' day ;
 Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay ,
 And when ye wing your annual way
 Frae our cauld shore,
 Tell thae far warlds, wha hes in clay,
 Wham we deplore

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
 In some auld tree, or eldritch tow'r,
 What time the moon, wi' silent glow'r,
 Sets up her horn,
 Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour,
 Till waukife morn !

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains !
 Oft have ye heard my canty strains :
 But now, what else for me remains
 But tales of woe ?
 And frae my een the dapp'ling rains
 Maun ever flow

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year,
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear ;
Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
 Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
 For him that's dead !

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy fallow mantle tear !
Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air
 The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
 The worth we've lost

Mourn him, thou Sun, great source of light,
Mourn, Empress of the silent night !
And you, ye twinkling starries bright,
 My Matthew mourn !
For thro' your orbs he's taen his flight,
 Ne'er to return

O Henderson ! the man ! the brother !
And art thou gone, and gone for ever ?
And hast thou cross'd that unknown river,
 Life's dreary bound ?
Like thee, where shall I find another,
 The world around ?

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state !
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
 Thou man of worth !
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
 E'er lay in earth

THE EPITAPH

STOP, passenger, my story's brief,
And truth I shall relate, man ;
I tell na common tale o' grief,
For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, man,
A look of pity hither cast,
For Matthew was a poor man

If thou a nobler sodger art,
That passest by this grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart,
For Matthew was a brave man

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man ,
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship's sacred ca'
Wad life itself resign, man ,
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa',
For Matthew was a kind man

If thou art staunch, without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man !
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
An ne'er guid wine did fear, **man**;
This was thy billie, dam, and sire,
For Matthew was a queer man.

If onie whiggish, whingin sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, **man**,
May dool and sorrow be his lot,
For Matthew was a rare man.

ON A SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by soups o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live, and never think,
Come mourn wi' me !
Our billie's gien us a' the junk,
An' owre the sea.

Lament him, a' ye rantin' core,
Wha dearly like a random splore,
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar
In social key ;
For now he's taen anither shore,
An' owre the sea

The bonie lasses weel may wiss him,
And in their dear petitions place him ;

The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
Wi' tearfu' e'e ,
For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
That's owre the sea.

O Fortune ! they hae room to grumble !
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bumble,
Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
'Twad been nae plea ,
But he was gleg as onie wumble,
That's owre the sea.

Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear ;
'Twill mak her poor auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee ;
He was her laureate monie a year,
That's owre the sea

He saw misfortune's cauld nor-west
Lang must'ning up a bitter blast ;
A jiliet brak his heart at last,
Ill may she be !
So, took a berth afore the mast,
An' owre the sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On scarce a belly-fu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
Could ill agree ,
So, row't his hurdles in a hammock,
An' owre the sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in ;

Wi' him it ne'er was under hiding,
 He dealt it free.
 The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
 That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
 An' hap him in a cozie biel;
 Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
 An' fou o' glee;
 He wad na wrang'd the vera Deil,
 That's owre the sea

Farewell, my rhyme-composing bilbie!
 Your native soil was right ill-willie;
 But may ye flourish like a lily,
 Now bonnie!
 I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
 Tho' o'er the sea.

ON PASTORAL POETRY

HAIL, Poesie! thou nymph reserv'd!
 In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerv'd
 Frae common sense, or sunk enerv'd
 'Mang heaps o' clavers,
 And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd,
 'Mid a' thy favors!

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,
 While loud the trump's heroic clang,

And sock or buskin skelp alang
 To death or marriage ;
 Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang,
 But wi' miscarriage ?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives,
 Eschylus' pen Will Shakspeare drives ;
 Wee Pope, the knurlin, till him rives
 Horatian fame,
 In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
 Ev'n Sappho's flame

But thee, Theocritus ! wha matches ?
 They're no herd's ballads, Maro's catches ;
 Squire Pope but busks his skinlin patches
 O' heathen tatters ,
 I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
 That aye their betters

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
 Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
 Blaw sweetly in its native air,
 And rural grace ,
 And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian, share
 A rival place ?

Yes ! there is ane, a Scottish callan !
 There's ane come forrit, honest Allan !
 Thou need na jouk behind the hallan,
 A chiel sae clever ,
 The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tamtallan,
 But thou's for ever.

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines,
 In thy sweet Caledonian lines ,

Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
 Where Philomel,
 While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
 Her griefs will tell'

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
 Where bonie lasses bleach their claes;
 Or trots by haz'lly shaws and braes,
 Wi' hawthorns gray,
 Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
 At close o' day

Thy rural loves are Nature's sel',
 Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;
 Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
 O' witchin' love,
 That charm that can the strongest quell,
 The sternest move

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, ELLISLAND, ON NEW-YEAR'S
 DAY EVENING

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city,
 That queens it o'er our taste — the more's the pity;
 Tho', by the by, abroad why will you roam?
 Good sense and taste are natives here at home.
 But not for panegyric I appear,
 I come to wish you all a good new-year.

Old Father Time deutes me here before ye,
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story :
The sage, grave Ancient cough'd, and bade me say,
" You're one year older this important day ;"
If wiser, too — he hinted some suggestion,
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question ;
And, with a would-be roguish leer and wink,
He bade me on you press this one word — "*think*."

Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit,
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To you the Dotard has a deal to say,
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way !
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle
That, tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch him,
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him
That, whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering

Last, tho' not least, in love, ye youthful fair,
Angelic forms, high Heav'n's peculiar care !
To you auld Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
And humbly begs you'll mind the important -- *now*.
To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
And offers bliss to give and to receive !

For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavors,
With grateful pride we own you many favors,
And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR WOODS, ON HIS BENEFIT NIGHT,
MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1787.

WHEN, by a gen'rous public's kind acclaim,
That dearest meed is granted — honest fame;
When here your favor is the actor's lot,
Nor ev'n the man in private life forgot,
What breast so dead to heav'nly virtue's glow,
But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe?

Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng,
It needs no Siddon's powers in Southron's song;
For here an ancient nation, fam'd afar
For genius, learning high, as great in war —
Hail, Caledonia ' name for ever dear!
Before whose sons I'm honor'd to appear!
Where ev'ry science, ev'ry nobler art,
That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,
Is known, as grateful nations oft have found,
Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound
Philosophy, no idle pedant dream,
Here holds her search by heav'n-taught Reason's beam;
Here History paints, with elegance and force,
The tide of empires' fluctuating course,
Here Douglas forms wild Shakspeare into plan,
And Harley * rouses all the god in man,

* The Man of Feeling, written by Mr M'Kenzie.

When well-form'd taste and sparkling wit unite
With manly lore, or female beauty bright,
(Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace
Can only charm us in the second place,)
Witness, my heart, how oft with panting fear,
As on this night, I've met these judges here !
But still the hope Experience taught to live,
Equal to judge — you're candid to forgive.
No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,
With decency and law beneath his feet ,
Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name ;
Like Caledonians, you applaud or blame

O Thou dread Power ! whose empire-giving hand
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honor'd land,
Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire ;
May ev'ry son be worthy of his sire ,
Firm may she rise, with generous disdain,
At Tyranny's or direr Pleasure's chain ;
Still self-dependent in her native shore,
Bold may she brave gum Danger's loudest roar,
Till Fate the curtain drop on worlds to be no more.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN,

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS, SPOKEN BY MISS FONTE-
NELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT

WHILE Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The fate of empires, and the fall of kings,
While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
And even children hsp the Rights of Man;
Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermix'd connection,
One sacred right of Woman is *protection*
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless must fall before the blast of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defac'd, its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second Right — but needless here is caution;
To keep that right inviolate 's the fashion,
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He'd die before he'd wrong it, — 'tis *decorum*
There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
A time when rough, rude man had naughty ways;
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet!
Now, thank our stars! those Gothic times are fled;
Now, well-bred men — and you are all well-bred —
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
 That right to flut'ring female hearts the nearest,
 Which ev'n the Rights of Kings, in low prostration,
 Most humbly own, — 'tis dear, dear *admiration*!
 In that blest sphere alone we live and move,
 There taste that life of life — immortal love!
 Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
 'Gainst such a host what flinty savage dares?
 When awful beauty joins with all her charms,
 Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
 With bloody armaments and revolutions,
 Let Majesty your first attention summon,
 Ah' *ça ira* ' the Majesty of Woman!

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE, ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT,
 DECEMBER 4, 1795, AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES.

STILL anxious to secure your partial favor,
 And not less anxious, sure, this night than ever,
 A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
 'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;
 So, sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,
 Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;
 Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;
 And last my Prologue business shily hinted.
 "Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes,
 "I know your bent, — these are no laughing times!"

Can you — but, Miss, I own I have my fears,
Dissolve in pause — and sentimental tears —
With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance?
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,
Waving on high the desolating brand,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?"

I could no more, — askance the creature eying,
"D'ye think," said I, "this face was made for crying?
I'll laugh, that's poz, nay more, the world shall know it,
And so, your servant, gloomy master Poet!"

Firm as my creed, sir, 'tis my fix'd belief,
That Misery 'c another word for Grief;
I also think — so may I be a bride! —
That so much laughter's so much life enjoy'd

Thou man of crazy care, and ceaseless sigh,
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye,
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive —
To make three guineas do the work of five;
Laugh in Misfortune's face — the beldam witch!
Say, you'll be merry, tho' you can't be rich

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;
Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
Measur'st, in desp'rate thought, a rope — thy neck;
Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Peerest to meditate the healing leap,
Wouldst thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf?
Laugh at her follies, — laugh e'en at thyself;

Learn to despise those frowns, now so terrific,
And love a kinder — that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise;
And as we're merry, may we still be wise.

FRAGMENT,

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. C J FOX.

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite,
How virtue and vice blend their black and their white,
How Genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction —
I sing If these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
I care not, not I'll let the critics go whistle.

But now for a patron, whose name and whose glory
At once may illustrate and honor my story.

Thou, first of our orators, first of our wits,
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky
hits;
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong;
With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right
A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses,
For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good L—d, what is man? for simple as he looks,
Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks,
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his
evil,
All in all he's a problem must puzzle the devil.

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labors,
That, like th' old Hebrew walking-stick, eats up its
neighbors,
Mankind are his show-box — a friend, would you know
him?
Pull the string — ruling passion the picture will show
him
What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular, truth, should have miss'd him!
For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
Mankind is a science defies definitions!

Some sort all our qualities, each to its tribe,
And think human nature they truly describe
Have you found this or t'other? there's more in the
wind,
As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
In the make of that wonderful creature, call'd Man,
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
Nor even two different shades of the same,
Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
Possessing the one shall imply you've the other

INSCRIPTION

FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE, AT KERROUGHTRY
THE SEAT OF MR HERON, WRITTEN IN SUMMER,
1795

THOU of an independent mind,
With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd ;
Prepar'd Pow'r's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave ,
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear, —
Approach this shrine, and worship here

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

I

EDINA ! Scotia's darling seat !
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once, beneath a monarch's feet,
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs'
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honor'd shade

II.

Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy trade his labor plies ;
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendor rise ,
Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod ;
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

III.

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail !
Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
Above the narrow rural vale ,
Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,
Or modest Merit's silent claim ,
And never may their sources fail !
And never Envy blot their name.

IV

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy !
Far Burnet strikes the adoring eye !
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine,
I see the Sire of love on high,
And own his work indeed divine !

V.

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar ;

Like some bold vet'ran, gray in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar;
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd the invader's shock.

VI

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where Scotia's kings, of other years,
Fam'd heroes ' had their royal home:
Alas! how chang'd the times to come;
Their royal name low in the dust!
Their hapless race wild wandering roam!
Tho' rigid law cries out, 'Twas just.

VII

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Thro' hostile ranks, and ruin'd gups,
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore
Ev'n I, who sing in rustic lore,
Haply my sires have left their shed,
And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar,
Bold following where your fathers led.

VIII

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'ral

From marking wildly scatter'd flow'rs,
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
 I shelter in thy honor'd shade

LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK-NOTE

WAE worth thy power, thou curs'd leaf!
 Fell source o' a' my woe and grief!
 For lack o' thee I've lost my lass!
 For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass!
 I see the children of affliction
 Unaided, through thy curs'd restriction.
 I've seen th' oppressor's cruel smile,
 Amid his hapless victim's spoil,
 And, for thy potency vainly wish'd
 To crush the villain in the dust
 For lack o' thee, I leave this much-loved shore,
 Never, perhaps, to greet auld Scotland more!

TO THE OWL.

SAD bird of night, what sorrows call thee forth,
 To vent thy plaints thus in the midnight hour?
 Is it some blast that gathers in the north,
 Threatening to nip the verdure of thy bower?

Is it, sad Owl, that Autumn strips the shade,
 And leaves thee here, unsbeltered and forlorn?
 Or fear that Winter will thy nest invade?
 Or friendless melancholy bids thee mourn?

* The bank-note on the back of which these characteristic lines were written, is of the Bank of Scotland, and dated as far back as March 1, 1790.

Shut out, lone bird, from all the feathered train,
To tell thy sorrows to the unheeding gloom ;
No friend to pity when thou dost complain,
Grief all thy thought, and solitude thy home.

Sing on, sad mourner ! I will bless thy strain,
And pleased in sorrow listen to thy song
Sing on, sad mourner ! to the night complain,
While the lone echo wafts thy notes along.

Is beauty less, when down the glowing cheek
Sad, piteous tears, in native sorrows fall ?
Less kind the heart when anguish bids it break ?
Less happy he who lists to pity's call ?

Ah, no, sad Owl ! nor is thy voice less sweet,
That sadness tunes it, and that grief is there .
That Spring's gay notes, unskilled, thou canst repeat ;
That sorrow bids thee to the gloom repair

Nor that the treble songsters of the day
Are quite estranged, sad bird of night ! from thee
Nor that the thrush deserts the evening spray,
When darkness calls thee from thy reverie.

From some old tower, thy melancholy dome,
While the gray walls, and desert solitudes,
Return each note, responsive to the gloom
Of ivied coverts and surrounding woods.

There hooting, I will list more pleased to thee
Than ever lover to the nightingale ,
Or drooping wretch, oppressed with misery,
Lending his ear to some condoling tale.

PROLOGUE,*

FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT NIGHT, DUMFRIES.

WHAT needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
 How this new play and that new sang is comm' ?
 Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted ?
 Does nonsense mend, like whiskey, when imported ?
 Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
 Will try to gi'e us sangs and plays at hame ?
 For comedy abroad he needna toil,
 A fool and knave are plants of every soil,
 Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece
 To gather matter for a serious piece,
 There's themes enow in Caledonian story,
 Would show the tragic muse in a' her glory

Is there no daring bard will rise and tell
 How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell ?
 Where are the Muses fled that could produce
 A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce ?
 How here, even here, he first unsheathed the sword
 'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord,
 And after mony a bloody, deathless doing,
 Wrenched his dear country from the jaws of ruin ?

* This prologue was accompanied with the following letter to Mr. Sutherland, the manager of the Dumfries Theatre —

" *Monday Morning*

"I was much disappointed in wanting your most agreeable company yesterday. However, I heartily pray for good weather next Sunday, and whatever aerial being has the guidance of the elements, he may take any other half-dozen of Sundays he pleases, and clothe them with —

"Vapors, and clouds, and storms,
 Until he terrify himself
 At combustion of his own raising

I shall see you on Wednesday forenoon In the greatest hurry, — R. B."

O, for a Shakespeare or an Otway scene
 To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish queen '
 Vain all the omnipotence of female charms
 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms

She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
 To glut the vengeance of a rival woman
 A woman — though the phrase may seem uncivil —
 As able and as cruel as the devil '
 One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
 But Douglasses were heroes every age
 And though your fathers, prodigal of life,
 A Douglas followed to the martial strife,
 Perhaps, if bowls row right, and Right succeeds,
 Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads '

As ye hae generous done, if a' the land
 Would take the Muses' servants by the hand,
 Not only hear but patronize, befriend them,
 And where ye justly can commend commend them;
 And aiblins when they wumt stand the test,
 Wink hard, and say the folks hae done then best '
 Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caution
 Ye'll soon hae poets of the Scottish nation,
 Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack,
 And warsle 'tune, and lay him on his back '
 For us and for our stage should only spier,
 "Wha's aught thae clinks mak's a' this bustle here?"
 My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow,
 We hae the honor to belong to you '
 We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
 But, like good mithers, shore before ye strike.
 And gratefu' still I hope ye'll ever find us,
 For a' the patronage and meikle kindness
 We've got frae a' professions, sets, and ranks,
 God help us ' we're but poor — ye'se get but thanks

BURNS'S POEMS.

VERSES

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WOODS NEAR
DRUMLANRIG

As on the banks o' wandering Nith
Ae smiling summer morn I strayed,
And traced its bonny howes and haughs
Where linties sang and lambkins played,
I sat me down upon a craig,
And drank my fill o' fancy's dream,
When, from the eddying deep below,
Uprose the genius of the stream

Dark, like the frowning rock, his brow,
And troubled like his wintry wave,
And deep as sighs the boding wind
Amang his eaves, the sigh he gave —
"And came ye here, my son," he cried,
"To wander in my birken shade?
To muse some favorite Scottish theme,
Or sing some favorite Scottish maid?

"There was a time, it's nae lang syne,
Ye might ha'e seen me in my pride,
When a' my banks sae bravely saw
Their woody pictures in my tide,
When hanging beech and spreading elm
Shaded my stream sae clear and cool;
And stately oaks their twisted arms
Threw broad and dark across the pool;

"When glinting through the trees appeared
The wee white cot aboon the mill,

* I e Duke of Queensberry cut down these woods to enrich his daughter,
the Countess of Yarmouth, by their sale

And peacefu' rose its ingle reek,
 That slowly curled up the hill
 But now the cot is bare and cauld,
 Its branchy shelter 's lost and gane,
 And scarce a stunted birk is left
 To shiver in the blast its lane "

" Alas ! " said I, " what ruefu' chance
 Has twined ye o' your stately trees ?
 Has laid your rocky bosom bare ?
 Has stripped the cleeding o' your braes ?
 Was it the bitter eastern blast,
 That scatters blight in early spring ?
 Or was 't the wil'-fire scorched their boughs,
 Or canker-worm wi' secret sting ? "

" Nae eastlin' blast," the sprite replied ;
 " It blew na here sae fierce and fell ,
 And on my dry and halesome banks
 Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell
 Man ' cruel Man ! " the genius sighed,
 As through the cliffs he sank him down —
 " The worm that gnawed my bonny trees,
 That reptile wears a ducal crown ! "

VERSES TO MY BED

THOU Bed, in which I first began
 To be that various creature — Man !
 And when again the fates decree,
 The place where I must cease to be ,
 When sickness comes, to whom I fly,
 To soothe my pain, or close mine eye,
 When cares surround me where I weep,
 Or lose them all in balmy sleep ,

When sore with labor, whom I court,
 And to thy downy breast resort;
 Where, too, ecstatic joys I find,
 When deigns my Delia to be kind —
 And full of love, in all her charms,
 Thou giv'st the fair one to my arms.
 The centre thou, where grief and pain,
 Disease and rest, alternate reign
 O, since within thy little space
 So many various scenes take place;
 Lessons as useful shalt thou teach,
 As sages dictate — churchmen preach;
 And man, convinced by thee alone,
 This great important truth shall own —
 That thin partitions do divide
 The bounds where good and ill reside;
 That naught is perfect here below,
 But bliss still bordering upon woe

VERSES

ON AN EVENING VIEW OF THE RUINS OF LINCLUDEN ABBEY *

YE holy walls, that, still sublime,
 Resist the crumbling touch of time,
 How strongly still your form displays
 The piety of ancient days!
 As through your ruins, hoar and gray —
 Ruins yet beauteous in decay —
 The silvery moonbeams trembling fly
 The forms of ages long gone by

* These beautiful ruins are on the banks of the river Cluden, near Dumfries. The abbey was founded in the time of Malcolm IV, king of Scotland, by one of the Lords of Galloway

Crowd thick on Fancy's wondering eye,
And wake the soul to musings high.
Even now, as lost in thought profound,
I view the solemn scene around,
And, pensive, gaze with wistful eyes,
The past returns, the present flies,
Again the dome, in pristine pride,
Lifts high its roof and arches wide,
That, knit with curious tracery,
Each Gothic ornament display
The high-arched windows, painted fair,
Show many a saint and martyr there
As on their slender forms I gaze,
Methinks they brighten to a blaze!
With noiseless step and taper bright,
What are yon forms that meet my sight?
Slowly they move, while every eye
Is heavenward raised in ecstasy
'Tis the fan, spotless, vestal train,
That seek in prayer the midnight fane
And, hark! what more than mortal sound
Of music breathes the pile around?
'Tis the soft-chant'd choral song,
Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong,
Till, thence returned, they softly stay
O'er Cluden's wave, with fond delay,
Now on the rising gale swell high,
And now in fainting murmurs die,
The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream,
That glistens in the pale moonbeam,
Suspend their dashing oars to hear
The holy anthem, loud and clear,
Each worldly thought a while forbear,
And mutter forth a half-formed prayer
But, as I gaze, the vision fails,
Like frost-work touched by southern gales;

The altar sinks, the tapers fade,
 And all the splendid scene's decayed.
 In window fan the painted pane
 No longer glows with holy stain,
 But through the broken glass the gale
 Blows chilly from the misty vale,
 The bird of eve flits sullen by,
 Her home these aisles and arches high!
 The choral hymn, that erst so clear
 Broke softly sweet on Fancy's ear,
 Is drowned amid the mournful scream
 That breaks the magic of my dream!
 Roused by the sound, I start and see
 The ruined sad reality!

VERSES

INTENDED TO BE WRITTEN BELOW A NOBLE EARL'S
 PICTURE *

WHOSE is that noble, dauntless brow?
 And whose that eye of fire?
 And whose that generous, princely mien
 E'en rooted foes admire?

Stranger, to justly show that brow,
 And mark that eye of fire,
 Would take His hand, whose vernal tints
 His other works admire

Bright as a cloudless summer sun,
 With stately port he moves,

* "The enclosed stanzas," said the Poet, in a letter to his patron, the Earl of Glencairn, 'I intended to write below a picture or profile of your lordship, could I have been so happy as to procure one with anything of a likeness.'

His guardian seraph eyes with awe
The noble ward he loves.

Among the illustrious Scottish sons
That chief thou may'st discern,
Mark Scotia's fond returning eye —
It dwells upon Glencairn !

THE VOWELS

A TALE.

'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are plied,
The noisy domicile of pedant pride,
Where Ignorance her darkening vapor throws,
And Cruelty directs the thickening blows,
Upon a time, Sir Abece the great,
In all his pedagogic powers clate,
His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
And call the trembling Vowels to account

First entered A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,
But, ah ! deformed, dishonest to the sight !
His twisted head looked backward on his way,
And flagrant from the scourge, he grunted A !

Reluctant E stalked in, with piteous race
The jostling tears ran down his honest face !
That name, that well-worn name, and all his own,
Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne,
The Pedant stifles keen the Roman sound
Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound ;
And next, the title following close behind,
He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assigned.

The cobwebbed Gothic dome resounded, Y !
In sullen vengeance, I disdained reply

The Pedant swung his felon cudgel round,
And knocked the groaning vowel to the ground!

In rueful apprehension entered O,
The wailing minstrel of despairing woe,
Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert,
Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art,
So grim, deformed with horrors, entering U,
His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew!

As trembling U stood staring all aghast,
The Pedant in his left hand clutched him fast,
In helpless infants' tears he dipped his right,
Baptized him Eu, and kicked him from his sight.

THE HERMIT *

WRITTEN ON A MARBLE SIDINGBOARD IN THE HERMITAGE
BELONGING TO THE DUKE OF ATHOLIE, IN THE WOOD
OF ABERFELDY

WHOE'ER thou art these lines now reading,
Think not, though from the world receding,
I joy my lonely days to lead in
 This desert drear,
That fell remorse, a conscience bleeding,
 Hath led me here

No thought of guilt my bosom sours,
Free-willed I fled from courtly bowers;
For well I saw in halls and towers
 That lust and pride,
The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,
 In state preside

* First published in Hogg and Motherwell's edition, but considered doubtful.

I saw mankind with vice incrustèd,
I saw that Honor's sword was rusted;
That few for aught but folly lusted,
That he was still deceived who trusted
 To love or friend,
And hither came, with men disgusted,
 My life to end

In this lone cave, in garments lowly,
Alike a foe to noisy folly
And brow-bent gloomy melancholy,
 I wear away
My life, and in my office holy
 Consume the day

This rock my shield, when storms are blowing;
The limpid streamlet yonder flowing
Supplying drink, the earth bestowing
 My simple food,
But few enjoy the calm I know in
 This desert wood

Content and comfort bless me more in
This grot than e'er I felt before in
A palace — and with thoughts still soaring
 To God on high,
Each night and morn, with voice imploring,
 This wish I sigh, —

“ Let me, O Lord ! from life retire,
Unknown each guilty worldly fire,
Remorse's throb, or loose desire,
 And when I die,
Let me in this belief expire —
 To God I fly ”

Stranger, if full of youth and not,
And yet no grief has marred thy quiet,

Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at
 The hermit's prayer,
 But if thou hast good cause to sigh at
 Thy fault or care,

If thou hast known false love's vexation,
 Or hast been exiled from thy nation,
 Or guilt affrights thy contemplation,
 And makes thee pine,
 O! how must thou lament thy station,
 And envy mine !

ELEGY ON PEG NICHOLSON,

A BAY MARE OF MR W. NICOL'S

PEG NICHOLSON was a good bay mare
 As ever trode on airn;
 But now she's floating down the Nith,
 And past the mouth o' Cairn

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
 And rode through thick and thin;
 But now she's floating down the Nith,
 And wanting e'en the skin

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
 And ance she bore a priest,
 But now she's floating down the Nith,
 For Solway fish a feast

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
 And the priest he rode her sair;
 And much oppressed and bruised she was
 As priest-rid cattle are.

TO A KISS

HUMID seal of soft affections,
Tenderest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connections,
Love's first snowdrop, virgin kiss !

Speaking silence, dumb confession,
Passion's birth, and infant's play,
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
Glowing dawn of brighter day !

Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,
When lingering lips no more must join,
What words can ever speak affection
So thrilling and sincere as thine !

ON SEEING MISS FONTENEILLE IN A
FAVORITE CHARACTER

SWEET naïveté of feature,
Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
Thou art acting but thy self

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning nature, torturing art ;
Loves and graces all rejected,
Then indeed thou'dst act a part.

TRAGIC FRAGMENT *

ALL devil as I am, a damned wretch,
A hardened, stubborn, unrepenting villain
Still my heart melts at human wretchedness ;
And with sincere, though unavailing sighs,
I view the helpless children of distress
With tears indignant I behold the oppressor
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction,
Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime
Even you, ye helpless crew, I pity you,
Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity,
Ye poor, despised, abandoned vagabonds,
Whom vice, as usual, has turned o'er to ruin
O, but for kind, though ill-requited friends,
I had been driven forth like you, forlorn,
The most detested, worthless wretch among you !
O injured God ! Thy goodness has endowed me
With talents passing most of my compeers,
Which I in just proportion have abused,
As far surpassing other common villains
As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more

* This fragment is one of the first poems written by Burns. He says of it himself, in one of his MSS. "In my early years nothing less would serve me than courting the tragic Muse. I was, I think, about eighteen or nineteen when I sketched the outlines of a tragedy, forsooth, but the bursting of a cloud of family misfortunes, which had for some time threatened us, prevented my further progress. In those days I never wrote down anything, so, except a speech or two, the whole has escaped my memory. The above, which I most distinctly remember, was an exclamation from a great character — great in occasional instances of generosity, and daring at times in villainies. He is supposed to meet with a child of misery, and exclaims to himself, as in the words of the fragment."

THE TARBOLTON LASSES *

If ye gae up to yon hill-tap,
Ye'll see there bonny Peggy,
She kens her father is a laird,
And she forsooth's a leddy

There Soply tight, a lassie bright,
Besides a handsome fortune,
Wha canna win her in a night,
Has little art in courting

Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale,
And tak' a look o' Mysie ,
She's dour and din, a de'il within,
But aiblins she may please ye

If she be shy, her sister try,
Ye'll maybe fancy Jenny,
If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense --
She kens hersel' she's bonny

As ye gie up by yon hill-side,
Speer in for bonny Bessy ,
She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye licht,
And handsomely address ye

There's few sae bonnie, nane sae guid
In a' King George' dominion ,
If ye should doubt the truth o' this --
It's Bessy's ain opinion

* This is one of the Poet's juvenile poems, the young maidens immortalized in it were near neighbors of the Burns family

THE RONALDS

In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,
And proper young lasses and a', man,
But ken ye the Ronalds, that live in the Bennals?²
They carry the gree frae them a', man

Their father's a laird, and weel he can spare't,
Braid money to tocher them a', man,
To proper young men, he'll clink in the han'
Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man

There's ane they ca' Jean, I'll warrant ye've seen
As bonny a lass or as braw, man,
But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best,
And a conduct that beautifies a', man

The charms o' the min', the langer they shine,
The man admiration they draw, man,
While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies,
They fade and they wither awa', man

If ye be for Miss Jean, tak' this frae a frien',
A hint o' a rival or twa, man,
The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire,
If that wad entice her awa', man

The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed,
For mair than a towmond or twa, man;
The Land o' the Ford will straught on a board,
If he canna get her at a', man

Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin,
The boast of our bachelors a', man;

Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete,
She steals our affections awa', man

If I should detail the pick and the wale
O' lasses that live here awa', man,
The fault wad be mine, if they didna shine
The sweetest and best of them a', man.

I lo'e her mysel', but darena weel tell,
My poverty keeps me in awe, man,
For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
Does little or naething at a', man

Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse,
Nor hae't in her power to say nay, man,
For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure,
My stomach's as proud as them a', man

Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride
And flee o'er the hills like a crow, man,
I can haud up my head with the best o' the breed,
Though fluttering ever so braw, man

My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best,
O' pairs o' guid breeks I ha'e twa, man,
And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps,
And ne'er a wrang steek in them a', man.

My sarks they are few, but five o' them new,
Twa' hundred, as white as the snaw, man,
A ten-shilling hat, a Holland cravat;
There are no mony poets sae braw, man.

I never had frien's weel stockit in means,
To leave me a hundred or twa, man;
Nae weel-tochered aunts, to wait on their drants,
And wish them in hell for it a', man.

I never was cannie for hoarding o' money,
 Or claughtin 't together at a', man ;
 I've little to spend, and naething to lend,
 But deevil a shilling I awe, man

THOUGH FICKLE FORTUNE HAS DE- CEIVED ME *

THOUGH fickle Fortune has deceived me,
 She promised fair and performed but ill,
 Of mistress, friends, and wealth beceived me,
 Yet I bear a heart shall support me still

I'll act with prudence as far's I'm able,
 But, if success I must never find,
 Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome,
 I'll meet thee with an undaunted mind

THE AMERICAN WAR

A FRAGMENT

TUNE — "*Gullicrankie*"

WHEN Guilford good our pilot stood,
 And did our hellim thraw, man,
 Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
 Within America, man

* This poem was written extempore, under the pressure of a heavy train of misfortunes, which, indeed, threatened to undo me altogether. It was just at the close of that dreadful period mentioned already (in *Commonplace Book*, March, 1784), and, though the weather has brightened up a little with me since, yet there has always been a tempest brewing round me in the grim sky of futurity, which I pretty plainly see will, some time or other, perhaps ere long, overwhelm me, and drive me into some doleful dell, to pine in solitary, squalid wretchedness — BURNS

Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
 And in the sea did jaw,* man;
 An' did nae less, in full congress,
 Than quite refuse our law, man

Then through the lakes Montgomery takes,
 I wat he was na slaw, man,
 Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,
 And Carleton did ca', man,
 But yet, what reck, he, at Quebec,
 Montgomery-like did fa', man,
 Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
 Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage
 Was kept at Boston ha', man;
 Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
 For Philadelphia, man,
 Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
 Guid Christian blood to draw, man,
 But at New York, wi' knife an' foik,
 Sir-loin he hackèd 'ma', man

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
 Till Fraser brave did fa', man,
 Then lost his way, ae misty day,
 In Saratoga shaw, man
 Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
 An' did the buckskins claw, man,
 But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save,
 He hung it to the wa', man.

* Jerk or throw It is well known that the imposition by the English Commons of an excise duty on the tea imported to North America, caused the outbreak of the American war. The colonists went on board the Indiamen which brought tea to their shores, and threw their cargoes into the sea.

Then Montague, an' Guilford too,
 Began to fear a fa', man,
 And Sackville doure, wha stood the stoure,
 The German chief to thraw, man;
 For Paddy Burke, like onie Turk,
 Nae meicy had at a', man,
 An' Charlie Fox thiew by the box,
 An' lowsed his tinkler jaw, man.

Then Rockingham took up the game,
 Till death did on him ca', man,
 When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
 Conform to gospel law, man
 Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
 They did his measures thraw, man,
 For North an' Fox united stocks,
 An' bore him to the wa', man

Then cluhs an' hearts were Charlie's cartes,
 He swept the stakes awa', man,
 Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
 Led him a sair *faux pas*, man
 The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
 On Chatham's boy did ca', man;
 An' Scotland drew her pipe, an' blew
 "Up, Willie, waur them a', man!"

Behind the throne then Grenville's gone,
 A secret word or twa, man,
 While sleet Dundas aroused the class
 Be-north the Roman wa', man
 An' Chatham's wrath, in heavenly graith,
 (Inspired bardies saw, man,)
 Wi' kindling eyes cried, "Willie, rise!
 Would I ha'e feared them a', man?"

But word an' blow, North, Fox, and Co.
 Gowffed Willie like a ba', man,
 Till Suthron rase, and coost their claise
 Behind him in a raw, man,
 An' Caledon threw by the drone,
 An' did her whittle draw, man;
 An' swoor fu' rude, through dunt and blood
 To make it guid in law, man.

THE LADDIES ON THE BANKS OF NITH*

TUNE — "*Up and waur them a'*"

THE laddies by the banks o' Nith
 Wad trust his grace † wi' a', Jamie,
 But he'll sair them as he saired the king,
 Turn tail and rin awa', Jamie †
 Up and waur them a', Jamie,
 Up and waur them a',
 The Johnstons ha'e the guidin' o't,
 Ye turncoat Whigs, awa'.

The day he stood his country's friend,
 Or gaed her faes a claw, Jamie,
 Or frae puir man a blessin' wan,
 That day the duke ne'er saw, Jamie

* This ballad commemorates an election contest for the representation of the Dumfries Burghs, which occurred in September, 1789, between the old Tory member, Sir James Johnstone, of Westerhall, and the Whig candidate, Captain Miller, of Dalswinton, Burns's landlord.

† The Duke of Queensberry

‡ The Duke deserted the cause of George III, in whose household he had a place, and voted for the right of the Prince of Wales to assume the Regency without the consent of Parliament.

But wha is he, the country's boast,
 Like him there is na twa, Jamie,
 There's no a callant tents the kye,
 But kens o' Westerha', Jamie

To end the wark here's Whistlebuck,*
 Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie,
 And Maxwell true o' sterling blue,
 And we'll be Johnstons a', Jamie
 Up and waur them a', Jamie,
 Up and waur them a',
 The Johnstons ha'e the gurdin' o't,
 Ye turncoat Whigs, awa'.

THE FIVE CARLINS†

AN ELECTION BALLAD.

TUNE — "*Chery-Chace*"

THERE were five carlins in the south,
 They fell upon a scheme,
 To send a lad to Lon'on town,
 To bring them tidings hame

Not only bring them tidings hame,
 But do their errands there,
 And aiblins gowd and honor baith
 Might be that laddie's share

* Alexander Birtwhistle, merchant, of Kirkcudbright, provost of the town

† The "Five Carlins," 4 *c.*, old women, represent the towns of Dumfries, Annan, Kirkcudbright, Sanquhar, Loch-maben. It was written at the same election which the last ballad commemorates

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith,*
 A dame wi' pride enough,
 And Marjory o' the mony lochs,†
 A carlin auld and teugh

And blinkin' Bess of Annandale,‡
 That dwelt near Solway-side,
 And whiskey Jean, that took her gill
 In Galloway sae wide §

And black Joan, frae Crichton-peel,||
 O' gipsy kith an' kin, —
 Five weightier carlins were na foun'
 The south countrie within

To send a lad to Lon'on town,¶
 They met upon a day,
 And mony a knight, and mony a laird,
 Their errand fain wad gae

O mony a knight, and mony a laird,
 This errand fain wad gae,
 But nae ane could their fancy please,
 O ne'er a ane but twae

The first he was a balted knight,**
 Bred o' a border-clan,
 And he wad gae to Lon'on town,
 Might nae man him withstan',

And he wad do their errands weel,
 And meikle he wad say,
 And ilka ane at Lon'on Court
 Wad bid to him guid-day

* Dumfries

† Loch-maben

‡ The small borough of Annan

§ The borough of Kirkcudbright.

|| Sanquhar

¶ To send a member to Parliament

** Sir J. Johnston

Then neist cam in a sodger youth,*
And spak' wi' modest grace,
And he wad gae to Lon'on town,
If sae their pleasure was

He wadna hecht them courtly gifts,
Nor meikle speech pretend;
But he wad hecht an honest heart,
Wad ne'er desert his friend

Now, wham to chuse, and wham refuse,
At strife thir carlins fell,
For some had gentlefolks to please,
And some wad please themsel'

Then out spak' mimi-mou d Meg o' Nith,
And she spak' up wi' pride,
And she wad send the sodger youth,
Whatever might betide

For the auld guidman † o' Lon'on Court
She dinna care a pin,
But she wad send a sodger youth
To greet his eldest son ‡

Then slow rase Marjory o' the Lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow,
Her ancient weed was russet gray,
Her auld Scots bluid was true

"The Lon'on Court set light by me —
I set as light by them,
And I will send the sodger lad
To shaw that Court the same."

* Captain Miller

† George III.

‡ The Prince of Wales.

Then up sprang Bess of Annandale,
And swore a deadly aith,
Says, "I will send the border-knight,
Spite o' you carlins baith

"For far-aff fowls ha'e feathers fair,
And fools o' change are fain,
But I ha'e tried this border-knight,
An' I'll try him yet again"

Then whiskey Jean spak' owre her drink,
"Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
The auld guidman o' Lon'on Court,
His back 's been at the wa',

"And mony a friend that kissed his caup,
Is now a fremit * wight,
But it's ne'er been said o' whiskey Jean, —
I'll send the border-knight"

Says black Joan fiae Crichton-peel,
A carlin stoor and grim, —
"The auld guidman, an' the young guidman,
For me may sink or swim.

"For fools will prate o' right and wrang,
While knaves laugh in their sleeve;
But wha blows best the horn shall win,
I'll speir nae courtier's leave"

Sae how this weighty plea may end
Nae mortal wight can tell
God grant the king, and ilka man,
May look weel to himsel'!

THE DEAN OF FACULTY *

A NEW BALLAD

TUNE — “ *The Dragon of Wantley* ”

DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw,
 That Scot to Scot did carry,
 And dire the discord Langside saw,
 For beauteous, hapless Mary
 But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
 Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
 Than 'twixt Hal † and Bob ‡ for the famous job
 Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
 Among the first was numbered,
 But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
 Commandment tenth remembered —
 Yet simple Bob the victory got,
 And won his heart's desire,
 Which shows that heaven can boil the pot,
 Though the devil — in the fire

Squire Hal besides had, in this case,
 Pretensions rather brassy,
 For talents to deserve a place
 Are qualifications saucy,
 So, their worships of the Faculty,
 Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
 Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
 To their gratis grace and goodness.

* This ballad commemorates a contest for election to the Deanship of the Faculty of Advocates, between the Hon Henry Erskine and Robert Dundas Esq., of Arncliffe, January 12, 1796. Mr Dundas was elected.

† The Hon Henry Erskine.

‡ Robert Dundas, Esq., Arncliffe.

As once on Pisgah purged was the sight
Of a son of Circumcision,
So may be, on this Pisgah height,
Bob's pu'blind, mental vision
Nay, Bobby's mouth may be opened yet,
Till for eloquence you hail him,
And swear he has the Angel met
That met the Ass of Balaam

In your heretic sins may ye live, and die,
Ye heretic eight-and-thirty !
But accept, ye sublime Majority,
My congratulations hearty
With your honors and a certain king,
In your servants this is stinking —
The more incapacity they bring,
The more they're to your liking

THE HERON ELECTION BALLADS.*

BALLAD I

WHOM will you send to London town,
To Parliament, and a' that ?
Or wha in a' the country round
The best deserves to fa' that ?
For a' that, and a' that,
Through Galloway and a' that ,
Where is the laird or belted knight
That best deserves to fa' that ?

* The Heron Ballads were written by Burns to help the canvassing of Patrick Heron, of Kerroughtree, in two elections. They were disseminated over the country as broadsheets, and were considered mere election squibs.

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett,
 And wha is't never saw that?
 Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree met,
 And has a doubt of a' that?
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 The independent patriot,
 The honest man, and a' that

Though wit and worth in either sex,
 St. Mary's Isle can shaw that;
 Wi' dukes and lords let Selkirk mix,
 And weel does Selkirk fa' that
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 The independent commoner
 Shall be the man for a' that

But why should we to nobles jouk?
 And it's against the law that,
 For why, a lord may be a gouk
 Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 A lord may be a lousy loun
 Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that.

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills
 Wi' uncle's purse and a' that,
 But we'll ha'e ane frae 'mang oursel's,
 A man we ken and a' that
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 For we're not to be bought and sold
 Like naigs, and nowt, and a' that.

Then let us drink the Stewartry,
 Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that,
 Our representative to be,
 For weel he's worthy a' that,
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that †
 A House of Commons such as he,
 They would be blest that saw that.

BALLAD II — THE ELECTION

TUNE — "*Fy, let us a' to the Bridal*"

FY, let us a' to Kinkcudbright,
 For there will be bickering there,
 For Murray's light-horse me to muster,
 An' oh, how the heroes will swear †
 An' there will be Murray commander,
 An' Gordon the battle to win,
 Like brothers they'll stand by each other,
 Sae knit in alliance and kin

An' there will be black-nebbit Johnnie,*
 The tongue o' the trump to them a';
 An' he get na hell for his haddin'
 The de'il gets na justice ava',
 An' there will be Kempleton's birkie,
 A boy na sae black at the bane,
 But, as for his fine nabob fortune,
 We'll e'en let the subject alane †

An' there will be Wigton's new sheriff,
 Dame Justice fu' brawlie has sped,

* John Busby, of Tinwald Downs

† He was suspected, of having made it, previous to his residence in India, by transactions at the Ayr Bank

She's gotten the heart of a Busby,
 But, Lord, what's become o' the head?
 An' there will be Cardoness,* Esquire,
 Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes,
 A wight that will weather damnation —
 The devil the prey will despise

An' there will be Douglasses† doughty,
 New christening towns far and near;
 Abjuring then democrat doings,
 By kissing the — o' a peer,
 An' there will be Kenmuir sae generous!
 Whose honor is proof to the storm;
 To save them from stak reprobation,
 He lent them his name to the firm

But we winna mention Redcastle,
 The body, e'en let him escape!
 He'd venture the gallows for siller,
 An' 'twere na the cost o' the rape
 An' where is our King's lord lieutenant,
 Sae famed for his gratefu' return?
 The billie is gettin' his questions,
 To say in St Stephen's the morn

An' there will be lads o' the gospel,
 Munhead ‡ wha's as gude as he's true;
 An' there will be Buttle's apostle,§
 Wha's mair o' the black than the blue;
 An' there will be folk frae St Mary's,
 A house o' great ment and note,
 The de'il ane but honors them highly, —
 The de'il ane will gie them his vote!

* Maxwell, of Cardoness

† Douglas, of Corlingwark had given the name of Castle Douglas to a village which rose in his neighborhood

‡ Minister of Urr

§ Rev G Maxwell

An' there will be wealthy young Richard,*
 Dame Fortune should hing by the neck;
 For prodigal, thrifless bestowing,
 His merit had won him respect
 An' there will be rich brother nabobs,
 Though nabobs, yet men of the first;
 An' there will be Collieston's whiskers,
 An' Quentin, o' lads not the warst.

An' there will be stamp-office Johnnie,†
 Tak' tent how ye purchase a dram;
 An' there will be gay Cassenearie,
 An' there will be gleg Colonel Tam, ‡
 An' there will be trusty Kerroughtree,
 Whase honor was ever his law,
 If the virtues were packed in a parcel,
 His worth might be sample for a'.

An' can we forget the auld Major,§
 Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys,
 Our fluttery we'll keep for some ither,
 Him only it's justice to praise
 An' there will be maiden Kilkieran,||
 And also Baskinming's guid knight,¶
 An' there will be roamin' Butwhistle,
 Wha, luckily roars in the night

An' there, frae the Niddesdale border,
 Will mingle the Maxwells in droves,
 Tough Johnnie, staunch Geordie, an' Wale
 That gleans for the fishes an' loaves,
 An' there will be Logan Mac Douall,
 Sculdud'dry an' he will be there,
 An' also the wild Scot o' Galloway,
 Sodgerin', gunpowder Blun

* R Oswald, of Auchincruive
 † John Syme

‡ Colonel Goldie
 § Major Heron

|| Sir Adam Fergusson
 ¶ Sir William Miller

Then hey the chaste int'rest o' Broughton,
 An' hey for the blessings 'twill bring¹
 It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
 In Sodom 'twould make him a king,
 An' hev for the sanctified Murry,
 Our land wha wi' chapels has stored,
 He foundered his horse amang hailots,
 But gr'ed the auld naig to the Lord

BALLAD III — AN FACELLENT NEW SONG.

TUNE — ‘ *Buy broom Besoms* ’

Wha will buy my troggin² *
 Fine election ware,
 Broken trade o' Broughton,
 A' in high repair
 Buy braw troggin,
 Frae the banks o' Dee,
 Wha wants troggin
 Let him come to me

There's a noble Earl's
 Fame and high renown,[†]
 For an auld sang —
 It's thought the gudes were stown.
 Buy braw troggin, &c

Here's the worth o' Broughton ‡
 In a needle's ee,
 Here's a reputation
 Tint by Balmaghie §
 Buy braw troggin, &c

* Pedlar's wares

† The Earl of Galloway

‡ Mr Murray

§ Gordon of Balmaghie.

Here's an honest conscience
Might a prince adorn,
Frae the downs o' Tynwald —
Sae was never born
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the stuff and lining
O' Cardones's head,
Fine for a sodger
A' the wale o' lead *
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's a little wadset,
Buittle's scrap o' truth,
Pawned in a gin-shop,
Quenching holy drouth
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's armorial bearings
Frae the manse o' Uir,
The crest, and auld crab-apple †
Rotten at the core
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Satan's picture,
Like a bizzard gled,
Pouncing poor Redcastle,
Sprawlin' like a taed
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth and wisdom
Collieston can boast,
By a thievish midge
They had been nearly lost.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

* The choicest lead

† Rev Dr Muirhead minister of Urr, in Galloway

Here is Murray's fragments
 O' the ten commands;
 Gifted by black Jock
 To get them aff his hands.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin?
 If to buy ye're slack,
 Hornie's * turnin' chapman
 He'll buy a' the pack
 Buy braw troggin,
 Frae the banks o' Dee;
 Wha wants troggin
 Let him come to me.

BALLAD IV. — JOHN BUSBY'S † LAMENTATION.

TUNE — "*The Babes in the Wood*"

'Twas in the seventeen hundred year
 O' Christ, and ninety-five,
 That year I was the waest man
 O' ony man alive

In March, the three-and-twentieth day,
 The sun rase clear and bright,
 But O, I was a waefu' man
 Ere toofa' o' the night

Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land
 Wi' equal right and fame,
 And thereto was his kinsman joined,
 The Murray's noble name '

* Satan.

† John Busby, Esq., of Tynwald Downs

Yerl Galloway lang did rule the land,
Made me the judge o' strife,
But now Yerl Galloway's sceptie's broke,
And eke my hangman's knife

'Twas by the banks o' bonny Dee,
Beside Kirkcudbright towers,
The Stewart and the Muriay there
Did muster a' their powers

The Murray on the auld gray yaud,
Wi' winged spurs did ride,
That auld gray yaud, yea, Nid'sdale rade,
He staw upon Nidside.

An' there had been the yerl himsel',
O, there had been nae play;
But Garlies was to London gane,
And sae the kye might stray

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,
In the front rank he wad slune,
But Balmaghie had better been
Drinking Maderra wine

Frae the Glenken came to our aid
A chief o' doughty d'ed,
In case that worth should wanted be,
O' Kenmore we had need

And there sae grave Squire Cardoness
Looked on till a was done
Sae, in the tower o' Cardoness,
A howlet sits at noon

And there led I the Bushys a';
My gamesome Billy Will,

And my son Matland, wise as brave,
My footsteps followed still.

The Douglas and the Herons' name
We set naught to their score
The Douglas and the Herons' name
Had felt our weight before

But Douglasses o' weight had we,
A pair o' trusty lairds,
For building cot-houses sae famed,
And christening kail-yards

And by our banners marched Muirhead,
And Buntle was na slack,
Whose haly priesthood nane can stain,
For wha can dye the black?

ADDRESS OF BEELZEBUB *

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

LONG life, my lord, and health be yours,
Unscathed by hungered Highland boors!
Lord, grant nae duddie, desperate beggar,
Wi dirk, claymore, or rusty trigger,
May twa auld Scotland o' a life
She likes — as lambkins like a knife

* The ' Address of Beelzebub ' made its first appearance in the *Scots Magazine* for February 1818, printed from the manuscript of Burns, and headed thus — " To the Right Honourable the Earl of Breadalbane, President of the Right Honourable the Highland Society, which met on the 23rd of May last at the Shakespeare, Covent Garden, to concert ways and means to frustrate the designs of five hundred Highlanders, who, as the society were informed by Mr M—, of A—, were so audacious as to attempt an escape from their lawful lords and masters, whose property they were, by emigration from the Funds of Mr McDonald, of Glengarry to the wilds of Canada in search of that fantastic thing, LIBERTY "

Faith, you and A——s were right
 To keep the Highland hounds in sight
 I doubt na, they wad bid nae better ;
 Then let them ance out owre the water ;
 Then up amang thae lakes and seas
 They'll mak' what rules and laws they please ;
 Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,
 May set their Highland bluid a-ranklin' ;
 Some Washington again may head them,
 Or some Montgomery fearless lead them,
 Till God knows what may be effected
 When by such heads and hearts directed
 Poor dunghill sons of dirt and mire
 May to patrician rights aspire !
 Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville,
 To watch and premier o'er the pack vile ;
 And whare will ye get Howes and Clintons
 To bring them to a right repentance,
 To cove the rebel generation,
 And save the honor o' the nation ?
 They and he —— ! what right ha'e they
 To meat or sleep, or light o' day ?
 Far less to riches, power, or freedom,
 But what your lordship likes to gie them ?
 But hear, my lord ! Glengury, hear !
 Your hand 's owre light on them, I fear
 Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,
 I canna say but they do gaylies , *
 They lay aside a' tender mercies,
 And tirl the hallions to the birses , †
 Yet while they 're only poud't and herriet, ‡
 They'll keep their stubborn Highland spirit ;
 But smash them — crash them a' to spails !
 And rot the dyvors i' the jails !

* Pretty well

† Sold out and despoiled

‡ And strip the clowns to the skin

The young dogs, swinge them to the labor;
 Let wark and hunger mak' them sober !
 The lizzies, if they 'ie aughtins fawsont,*
 Let them in Drury Lane be lessoned !
 And if the wives and dirty biats
 E'en thigger at your doors and vetts,
 Flaflan wi' duds and gray wi' beas',
 Frightin' awa' your denks and geese,
 Get out a horsewhip or a jowler,
 The langest thong, the fiercest growler,
 And gar the tattered gipsies pack
 Wi' a' their bastards on their back !
 Go on, my lord ! I lang to meet you,
 And in my house at hame to greet you !
 Wi' common lords ye shanna mingle, —
 The benmost neuk beside the ingle,
 At my right han', assigned your seat,
 'Tween Herod's hip and Polycrate, —
 Or if you on your station tarrow,
 Between Almagro and Pizarro,
 A seat, I'm sure ye 'ie well deservin't
 And till ye come — Your humble servant,
BEELZEBUB.

June 1, Anno Mundi 5790 [A. D. 1786]

STANZAS ON THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY

How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace --
 Discarded remnant of a race
 Once great in martial story ?
 His forbears' virtues all contrasted --
 The very name of Douglas blasted --
 His that inverted glory.

* The girls, if they be at all handsome.

Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore ;
But he has superadded more,
And sunk them in contempt ;
Follies and crimes have stained the name ;
But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
From aught that's good exempt

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want !
We bless Thee, God of Nature wide,
For all Thy goodness lent

And, if it please Thee, Heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent ,
But whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content !

Amen.

ON TAM THE CHAPMAN *

As Tam the Chapman on a day
Wi' Death forgathered by the way,
Weel pleased, he greets a wight sae famous,
And Death was nae less pleased wi' Thomas,
Wha cheerfully lays down the pack,
And there blows up a hearty crack ,
His social, friendly, honest heart
Sae tickled Death, they could na part
Sae, after viewing knives and garters,
Death takes him hame to gi'e him quarters.

* Mr. Kennedy, an agent to a mercantile house in the neighborhood of Ayr. The lines were composed impromptu by Burns on meeting his friend after his recovery from a severe illness.

SKETCH OF A CHARACTER *

A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
 And still his precious self his dear delight,
 Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets
 Better than e'er the fairest she he meets
 A man of fashion, too, he made his tour,
 Learned *Vive la bagatelle* ! et *Vive l'amour* !
 So travelled monkeys their grimace improve,
 Polish their grin — nay, sigh for ladies' love.
 Much specious lore, but little understood,
 Veneering oit outshines the solid wood
 His solid sense by inches you must tell,
 But mete his cunning by the old Scot's ell,
 His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
 Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

 VERSES

ADDRESSED TO THE LANDLADY OF THE INN AT ROSSLYN

My blessings on you, souse wife !
 I ne'er was here before,
 You've gi'en as walth for horn and knife,
 Nae heart could wish for more
 Heaven keep you free frae care and strife,
 Til far ayont fourscore,
 And, while I toddle on through life,
 I'll ne'er gang by your door

* "This fragment, says Burns to Dugald Stewart, "I have not shown to man living till I now send it to you. It forms the postulata, the axioms, the definition of a character which, if it appear at all, shall be placed in a variety of lights. This particular part I send you merely as a sample of my hand at portrait-sketching."

ON BURNS'S HORSE BEING IMPOUNDED BY
THE MAYOR OF CARLISLE.

WAS e'er puir poet sae befitted ?
The maister drunk, — the horse committed
Puir harmless beast ' tak' thee nae care,
Thou'lt be a horse when he 's nae mair (mayor).

ON A NOTED COXCOMB.

LIGHT lay the earth on Billy's breast,
His chicken heart so tender,
But build a castle on his head,
His skull will prop it under

EPIGRAM ON BACON *

AT Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer,
And plenty of Bacon, each day in the year,
We've all things that's neat, and mostly in season
But why always Bacon ? — come, give me a reason ?

ON MR W CRUIKSHANKS

HONEST Will 's to heaven gane,
And mony shall lament him,
His faults they a' in Latin lay,
In English nane e'er kent them.

* Bacon was the name of the landlord of an inn at Brownhill, who had intruded himself on the Poet and a fellow-guest.

ON A SCHOOLMASTER.*

HERE lie Willie Michie's banes,
 O Satan ' when ye tak' him,
 Gi'e him the schoolin' o' your weans,
 For clever de'ils he'll mak' 'em !

ON THE KIRK OF LAMINGTON,†

IN CLYDESDALE

As could a wind as ever blew,
 A caulder kirk, and in 't but few,
 As could a Minister's e'er spak',—
 Ye'se a' be het ere I come back.

A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER INFANT.

MY blessin's upon thy sweet wee hippie !
 My blessin's upon thy bonnie e'e brie !
 Thy smiles are sae like my blithe codger laddie,
 Thou 's aye the dearer and dearer to me !

THE CREED OF POVERTY.

IN politics if thou wouldst mix,
 And mean thy fortunes be,
 Bear this in mind, — "Be deaf and blind ;
 Let great folks hear and see "

* Willie Michie was schoolmaster of Cleish parish, in Fifeshire

† Burns left this epigram in his pew at Lamington Kirk one Sunday

ON ANDREW TURNER.

IN se'enteen hunder an' forty-nine
 Satan took stuff to mak' a swine,
 And cuist it in a corner,
 But wily he changed his plan,
 And shaped it something like a man,
 And ca'd it Andrew Turner.

LINES SPOKEN EXTEMPORE.

ON BEING APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE
 SEARCHING auld wives' barrels,
 Och, hon' the day !
 That clarty harm should stain my laurels ;
 But — what 'll ye say ?
 These movin' things ca'd wives and weans
 Wad move the very hearts o' stanes !

INSCRIPTION ON A GOBLET

THERE'S death in the cup — sae beware !
 Nay, more — there is danger in touching ;
 But wha can avoid the fell snare ?
 The man and his wine's sae bewitching ! *

* One day, after dinner at Rivedale, Burns wrote these lines on a goblet with his diamond. Syne would seem to have been less affected with the compliment than with defacing his crystal service, for he threw the goblet behind the fire. We are not told what the Poet thought, but it is said that Brown, the clerk of "Stamp-office Johnny," snatched the goblet out of the fire uninjured, and kept it as a relic till his death. — CUNNINGHAM

POETICAL REPLY TO AN INVITATION.

SIR .

Yours this moment I unseal,
 And, faith, I'm gay and hearty !
 To tell the truth an' shame the de'il,
 I am as fou' as Bartie . *

But fooraday, sir, my promise leal,
 Expect me o' your party,
 If on a beastie I can speel,
 Or hurl in a cartie. R. B.

Mossiel, 1786.

ON A SUICIDE

EARTHED up here lies an imp o' hell,
 Planted by Satan's dibble .
 Poor silly wretch ! he 's damned himself
 To save the Lord the trouble.

THE PARSON'S LOOKS.

THAT there is falsehood in his looks
 I must and will deny ,
 They say their master is a knave —
 And sure they do not lie.

* A Kyle proverbial saying

IMPROMPTU,

ON MRS. RIDDEL'S BIRTHDAY, NOVEMBER 4 1793.

OLD Winter with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferred :
What have I done, of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe ?
My cheerless suns no pleasure know ;
Night's horrid car drags dreary, slow ;
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.

Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil,
To counterbalance all this evil ,
Give me, — and I've no more to say, —
Give me Maria's natal day !
That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
Spring, Summer, Autumn cannot match me.
'Tis done ! says Jove So ends my story,
And winter once rejoiced in glory

WAR.

I MURDER hate, by field or flood,
Though glory's name may screen us ;
In wars at home I'll spend my blood,
Life-giving wars of Venus.

The deities that I adore
Are social peace and plenty ;
I'm better pleased to make one more
Than be the death o' twenty.

EXTEMPORE.

PINNED TO A LADY'S COACH.

If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue,
Your speed will outrival the dart,
But a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road,
If your stuff be as rotten's her heart.

ON ROBERT RIDDEL.*

To Riddel, much-lamented man,
This ivied cot was dear
Reader, dost value matchless worth?
This ivied cot revere

ON A PERSON NICKNAMED "THE MARQUIS,"

THE LANDLORD OF A PUBLIC-HOUSE IN DUMFRIES.

HERE lies a mock Marquis, whose titles were shammed.
If ever he rise, it will be to be damned

DRINKING

My bottle is my holy pool,
That heals the wounds o' care an' dool;
And Pleasure is a wanton trout,—
An ye drink it dry, ye'll find him out

* Traced on the window of Friar's Carse Hermitage by the diamond of Burns, after his friend's death

INVITATION TO A MEDICAL GENTLEMAN,
TO ATTEND A MASONIC ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

FRIDAY first 's the day appointed,
By our Right Worshipful anointed,
To hold our grand procession,
To get a blade o' Johnnie's morals,
And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels,
I' the way of our profession
Our Master and the Brotherhood
Wad a' be glad to see you,
For me I would be mair than proud
To share the mercies wi' you
If Death, then, wi' scaith, then,
Some mortal heart is hechtin,
Inform him, and storm him,
That Saturday ye'll fecht him.

ROBERT BURNS.

ON A COUNTRY LAIRD.

AN ELECTION SQUIB

BLESS the Redcemer, Cardoness,
With grateful lifted eyes,
Who said that not the soul alone,
But body too, must rise.

For had He said, "The soul alone
From death I will deliver;"
Alas! alas! O Cardoness,
Then thou hadst slept forever!

THE SELKIRK GRACE *

SOME ha'e meat, and canna eat,
 And some wad eat that want it;
 But we ha'e meat, and we can eat,
 And sae the Lord be thankit.

ON GABRIEL RICHARDSON,†

BREWER, DUMFRIES

HERE brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct,
 And empty all his barrels;
 He's blest — if, as he brewed, he drink —
 In upright honest morals

THE TRUE LOYAL NATIVES ‡

YE true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song
 In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;
 From envy and hatred your corps is exempt,
 But where is your shield from the darts of contempt?

* When Burns was on a visit to St. Mary's Isle the Earl of Selkirk requested him to say grace.

† Written on a goblet.

‡ The origin of these lines is related by Cromek. When politics ran high, the Poet happened to be in a tavern, and the following lines — the production of one of the True Loyal Natives — were handed over the table to Burns.

"Ye sons of sedition, give ear to my song,
 Let Syme, Burns, and Maxwell pervade every throng,
 With Cruken the attorney, and Mundell the quack,
 Send Wilhe the monger to hell with a smack

The Poet took out a pencil and instantly wrote the above reply — CUM-
 BINGHAM

LINES WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS,
ON THE OCCASION OF A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING FOR
A NAVAL VICTORY

YF hypocrites ' are these your pranks?
To murder men, and gi'e God thanks!
For shame ' gi'e o'er, — proceed no further —
God won't accept your thanks for murther!

INNOCENCE

INNOCENCE

Looks gaily smiling on; while rosy Pleasure
Hides young Desire amid her flowery wreath,
And pours her cup luxuriant mantling high
The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss!

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SEAT OF LORD
GALLOWAY

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair?
Flit, Galloway, and find
Some narrow, dirty dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind!

ON THE SAME

No Stewart art thou, Galloway, —
The Stewarts all were brave;
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
Not one of them a knave.

ON THE SAME.

BRIGHT ran thy line, O Galloway!
 Through many a far-famed sire;
 So ran the far-famed Roman way, —
 So ended — in a mire!

TO THE SAME

ON THE AUTHOR BEING THREATENED WITH HIS
 RESENTMENT

SPARE me thy vengeance, Galloway, —
 In quiet let me live
 I ask no kindness at thy hand,
 For thou hast none to give

TO MISS JESSY LEWARS *

TALK not to me of savages
 From Afric's burning sun,
 No savage e'er could rend my heart
 As, Jessy, thou hast done

And Jessy's lovely hand in mine,
 A mutual faith to plight,
 Not even to view the heavenly choir
 Would be so blest a sight

* Jessy Lewars was the young friend whose tender care soothed the last illness of Burns. His surgeon came in one day while she was with him, and offered her a list of wild beasts belonging to a menagerie just arrived in the town. Burns caught the paper from his hands, and wrote on the back of it the above verses.

ON THE SICKNESS OF MISS JESSY LEWARS.

SAY, sages, what 's the charm on earth
 Can turn Death's dart aside ?
 It is not purity and worth,
 Else Jessy had not died. R. B.

ON THE RECOVERY OF JESSY LEWARS.

BUT rarely seen since Nature's birth,
 The natives of the sky ;
 Yet still one seraph's left on earth,
 For Jessy did not die. R. B.

TO MRS C——,

ON RECEIVING A WORK OF HANNAH MORE

THOU flattering mark of friendship kind,
 Still may thy pages call to mind
 The dear, the beauteous donor !
 Though sweetly female every part,
 Yet such a head, and more the heart,
 Does both the sexes honor
 She showed her taste refined and just
 When she selected thee,
 Yet deviating, owe I must,
 For so approving me
 But kind still, I mind still
 The giver in the gift,
 I'll bless her, and wiss her
 A frier d above the Lift.

THE TOAST

FILL me with the rosy wine;
 Call a toast — a toast divine;
 Give the Poet's darling flame, —
 Lovely Jessy be the name;
 Then thou mayest freely boast
 Thou hast given a peerless toast.

THE BLACK-HEADED EAGLE.

A FRAGMENT,

On the defeat of the Austrians by Dumourier, at Gemappe, Nov 1792.

THE black-headed eagle,
 As keen as a beagle,
 He hunted o'er height and owre howe;
 But fell in a trap
 On the braes o' Gemappe
 E'en let him come out as he dowe.

A BOTTLE AND AN HONEST FRIEND.*

"There's nane that's blest of humankind,
 But the cheerful and the gay, man
 Fal lai," &c.

HERE 's a bottle and an honest friend!
 What wad you wish for mair, man?
 Wha kens, before his life may end,
 What his share may be of care, man?

* These lines are ascribed to Burns, but his brother Gilbert doubts their being written by him.

Then catch the moments as they fly,
 And use them as ye ought, man :
 Believe me, Happiness is shy,
 And comes not aye when sought, man.

GRACE AFTER DINNER.

O THOU, in whom we live and move,
 Who mad'st the sea and shore ,
 Thy goodness constantly we prove,
 And, grateful, would adore.

And if it please Thee, Power above,
 Still grant us, with such store,
 The friend we trust, the fair we love,
 And we desire no more

ANOTHER GRACE

LORD, we thank an' 'Thee adore,
 For temp'ral gifts we little merit ;
 At present we will ask no more, —
 Let William Hyslop give the spirit!

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE STAR."

DEAR Peter, dear Peter,
 We poor sons of meter
 Are aften negleckit, ye ken
 For instance, your sheet, man,
 (Though glad I'm to see't, man,)
 I get no ae day in ten.

TO DR. MAXWELL,

ON MISS JESSY STAIG'S RECOVERY.

MAXWELL, if merit here you crave,
That merit I deny.
You save fair Jessy from the grave!
An angel could not die

THE PIPER.

A FRAGMENT.

THERE came a piper out o' Fife,
I wat na what they ca'd him,
He played our cousin Kate a spring
When fient a body bade him,
And aye the mair he hotched and blew
The mair that she forbade him

JENNY M'CRAW.

A FRAGMENT

JENNY M'CRAW, she has ta'en to the heather,—
Say, was it the Covenant carried her thither?
Jenny M'Craw to the mountains is gane,
Their leagues and their covenants a' she has ta'en;
My head and my heart now, quo' she, are at rest,
And as for the lave, let the de'il do his best.

THE BOOK-WORMS *

THROUGH and through the inspirèd leaves,
 Ye maggots, make your windings;
 But, oh! respect his lordship's taste,
 And spare his golden bindings.

THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT †

THE Solemn League and Covenant
 Now brings a smile, now brings a tear;
 But sacred Freedom, too, was theirs,
 If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneer.

LINES WRITTEN AT LOUDON MANSE

THE night was still, and o'er the hill
 The moon shone on the castle wa',
 The mavis sang, while dewdraps hang
 Around her, on the castle wa'

Sae merrily they danced the ring,
 Frae e'enin' till the cock did crow,
 And aye the o'erword o' the spring
 Was, Irvine's banns are boume a'.

* Written in a splendid library, where he found an uncut and worm-eaten, but splendidly bound, copy of Shakspeare lying on the table

† Spoken in reply to a gentleman who sneered at the sufferings of the Covenant for conscience' sake

THE TWO LAWYERS.

A SKETCH MADE IN 1787.

*Lord Advocate **

HE clenched his pamphlets in his fist,
 He quoted and he hunted,
 Till in a declamation mist
 His argument he tint it,
 He gapèd for t, he grapèd for't,
 He found it was awa', man,
 But what his common sense cam' short,
 He ekèd out wi' law, man.

Collected Harry † stood a wee,
 Then opened out his arm, man,
 His lordship sat, wi' ruefu' e'e,
 And eyed the gath'ring storm, man;
 Like wind-driven hail, it did assail,
 Or torrents o'er a linn, man,
 The Bench sae wise, lift up their eyes,
 Half-wakened wi' the din, man.

TO JOHN M'MURDO, ‡ ESQ.

O, COULD I give thee India's wealth
 As I this trifle send!
 Because thy joy in both would be
 To share them with a friend.

* Mr Hay Campbell

† The celebrated Harry Erskine, Dean of Faculty

‡ John M'Murdo, steward to the Duke of Queensberry, was the faithful friend of Burns during the whole period of his residence in Nithsdale.

But golden sands did never grace
The Heliconian stream ;
Then take what gold can never buy —
An honest Bard's esteem.

TO THE SAME.

BLEST be M'Murdo to his latest day !
No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray ;
No wrinkle furrowed by the hand of Care,
Nor ever Sorrow add one silver hair !
O, may no son the father's honor stain,
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain !

TO A PAINTER,

WHOM HE FOUND PAINTING A PICTURE OF JACOB'S
DREAM.

DEAR —, I'll gi'e ye some advice,
You'll tak' it no uncivil
You shouldna paint at angels mair,
But try and paint the devil.

To paint an angel's kittle wark,
Wi' Auld Nick there's less danger ;
You'll easy draw a weel-kent face,
But no sae weel a stranger

ON A SHEEP'S HEAD

Dining at the Globe Tavern, Dumfries, when a sheep's head happened to be provided, Burns was asked to say grace, and instantly replied

O LORD! when hunger pinches sore
Do Thou stand us in stead,
And send us from Thy bounteous store,
A tup or wether head!—Amen.

When dinner was over, he repeated the following lines

O LORD! since we have feasted thus,
Which we so little merit,
Let Meg now take away the flesh,
And Jock bring in the spirit!—Amen.

TO A LADY,*

WHO WAS LOOKING UP THE TEXT DURING SERMON.

FAIR Maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue
'Twas guilty sinners that he meant—
Not angels such as you '

* Miss Ainslie The text contained a heavy denunciation against impenitent sinners Burns took a slip of paper, and wrote on it the above lines.

ON THE ILLNESS OF A FAVORITE CHILD.

Now health forsakes that angel face,
Nae mair my dearie smiles ;
Pale sickness withers ilka grace,
And a' my hopes beguiles.

The cruel Powers reject the prayer
I hourly mak' for thee !
Ye heavens, how great is my despair !
How can I see him die !

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF FERGUSSON, THE
POET, IN A COPY OF THAT AUTHOR'S WORKS PRE-
SENTED TO A YOUNG LADY IN EDINBURGH, MARCH
17, 1787

CURSE on ungrateful man ' that can be pleased,
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure !
O thou, my elder brother in misfortune '
By far my elder brother in the Muses,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate '
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures ?

BOOK V.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

A VISION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care :

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky ;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the run'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hussing, eerie din ;
Athart the lift they start and shift,
Like Fortune's favors, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd my eyes,
And by the moonbeam, shook to see

A stern and stalwart gnaist arise,
Attir'd as minstrels went to be

Had I statue been o' stane,
His darin' look had daunted me :
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posy — Libertie !

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear ;
But, oh, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear.

He sang wi' joy his former day,
He, weeping, wail'd his latter times ;
But what he said it was nae play,
I winna ventur 't in my rhymes.*

* The scenery, so finely described in this poem, is taken from nature. The poet is supposed to be musing, by night, on the banks of the Cluden, near the ruins of Lincluden Abbey, of which some account is given in Pennant's Tour and Grose's Antiquities. It is to be regretted that he suppressed the song of Libertie. From the resources of his genius, and the grandeur and solemnity of the preparation, something might have been anticipated, equal, if not superior, to the Address of Bruce to his Army, to the Song of Death, or to the fervid and noble description of the Dying Soldier in the Field of Battle.

BANNOCK BURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of battle lower,
See approach proud Edward's power —
Edward! chains! and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can tili a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be — shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die!



Scots, wha ha'e "

Page 484

SONG OF DEATH.

SCENE — *A Field of Battle Time of the day — Evening*
The wounded and dying of the victorious
army are supposed to join in the following Song.

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye
skies,

Now gay with the bright setting sun;
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties,
Our race of existence is run !

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go, frighten the coward and slave,
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave !

Thou strik'st the dull peasant — he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name,
Thou strik'st the young hero — a glorious mark !
He falls in the blaze of his fame !

In the proud field of honor — our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save —
While Victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O, who would not rest with the brave !

IMITATION

OF AN OLD JACOBITE SONG.

BY you castle wa', at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, though his head it was gray;
And as he was singing, the tears fast down came —
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars,
We dare na weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame —
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd;
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame —
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moment my words are the same —
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.



THE LASS OF INVERNESS

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
And ay the saut tear blin's her e'e.

Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me ;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see,
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e !

Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be ;
For monie a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.

THE ABSENT WARRIOR.

TUNE — "*Logan Water.*"

O LOGAN ' sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride ;
And years sinesyne have o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun
But now thy flow'ry banks appear,
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear ;
While my dear lad maun face his fae,
Far, far frae me and Logan brae.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay ;

The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs,
The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs;
Blithe Morning lifts his rosy eye,
And Evening's tears are tears of joy;
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile;
But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes

O, wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make monie a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happier days,
And Willie, hame to Logan braes.

THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

AIR — "*The Mill, Mill, O.*"

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mome a sweet babe fatherless,
And mome a widow mourning :

I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder ;
And for fair Scotia's hame again
I cheery on did wander

I thought upon the banks o' Coull,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonie glen,
Where early life I sported ;
I pass'd the mill and trystin' thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted

Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling !
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom !

"My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain would be thy lodger ;
I've serv'd my king and country lang,
Take pity on a sodger "

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever ;
Quo' she, "A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never.

"Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't."

She gaz'd — she redder'd like a rose —
Syne pale like only lily ;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
"Art thou my ain dear Willie ?"

"By him who made yon sun and sky —
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man ; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

"The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted :
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we'se ne'er be parted."

Quo' she, " My grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailen plenish'd fairly ;
 And come, my faithful sodger lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly ! "

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor ,
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honor

The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger ;
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

LORD GREGORY.

O, MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
 And loud the tempest's roar ;
 A wakefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r —
 Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

At exile frae her father's ha',
 And a' for loving thee ;
 At least some *py* on me show,
 If *love* it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
 By bonie Irwine side,
 Where first I own'd that virgin-love
 I lang, lang had denied.

How often didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wad for ay be mine !
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast :
Thou dart of heaven, that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest ?

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see !
But spare, and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to Heaven and me !

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH !

WITH ALTERATIONS

OH, open the door, some pity show,
Oh, open the door to me, oh !
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true ;
Oh, open the door to me, oh !

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, oh !
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, oh !

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, oh !

False friends, false love, farewell ! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them nor thee, oh !

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide ;
She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh !
My true love ! she cried, and sank down by his side
Never to rise again, oh !

THE ENTREATY.

TUNE — "*Let me in this ae night.*"

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?
Or art thou wakin', I would wit?
For Love has bound me hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.

CHORUS

O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night ;
For pity's sake, this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet ;
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
 Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
 O let, &c.

THE ANSWER.

O TELD na me o' wind and rain,
 Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!
 Gae back the gate ye cam again,
 I winna let you in, jo.

CHORUS.

I tell you now this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
 And ance for a', this ae night,
 I winna let you in, jo.

The snelliest blast, at mörkest hours,
 That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
 Is nocht to what poor she endures
 That's trusted faithless man, jo.
 I tell, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
 Now trodden like the vilest weed;
 Let simple maid the lesson read,
 The weird may be her ain, jo.
 I tell, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
 Let witless, trusting woman say
 How aft her fate's the same, jo.
 I tell, &c.

THE FORLORN LOVER.

TUNE— "*Let me in this ae night.*"

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
 Far, far from thee, I wander here,
 Far, far from thee, the fate severe,
 At which I most repine, love.

CHORUS.

O wert thou, love, but near me,
 But near, near, near me;
 How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
 And mingle sighs with mine, love.

Around me scowls a wint'ry sky,
 That blasts each bud of hope and joy;
 And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
 Save in those arms of thine, love.
 O wert, &c

Cold, alter'd Friendship's cruel part,
 To poison Fortune's ruthless dart—
 Let me not break thy faithful heart,
 And say that fate is mine, love.
 O wert, &c.

But dreary tho' the moments fleet,
 O, let me think we yet shall meet!
 That only ray of solace sweet
 Can on thy Chloris shine, love.
 O wert, &c

THE DREARY NIGHT

TUNE — "*Cauld Karl in Aberdeen.*"

How lang and dreary is the night,
 When I am frae my dearie!
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
 Though I were ne'er sae weary.

CHORUS.

For oh, her lanely nights are lang;
 And oh, her dreams are eerie;
 And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
 That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
 And now what seas between us roar,
 How can I but be eerie?
 For oh, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;
 The joyless day, how dreary!
 It was na sae ye glinted by,
 When I was wi' my dearie.
 For oh, &c.

POORTITH CAULD.

TUNE — "*I had a Horse.*"

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
 To wreck my peace between ye;
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
 An' 'twere na for my Jeany

CHORUS.

O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as Love
 Depend on Fortune's shining?

This world's wealth, when I think on,
 Its pride and a' the lave o't;
 Fie, fie on silly coward man,
 That he should be the slave o't.
 O why, &c.

Her een sae bonie blue betray
 How she repays my passion;
 But prudence is her o'erword ay,
 She talks of rank and fashion.
 O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him?
 O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am?
 O why, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's fate !
He woos his simple dearie ;
The sillic bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.
O why, &c.

CLARINDA.

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
The measur'd time is run !
The wretch beneath the dreary pole
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
Shall poor Sylvander hie,
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy ?

We part — but by these precious drops
That fill thy lovely eyes !
No other light shall guide my steps
Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day ;
And shall a glimm'ring planet fix
My worship to its ray ?

ISABELLA.

TUNE — "*M'Grigor of Rero's Lament*"

RAVING winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing —
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd, deploring —
"Farewell, hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night, that knows no morrow

"O'er the past too fondly wand'ring,
On the hopeless future pond'ring;
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of ev'ry blessing,
Load to mis'ry most distressing,
O, how gladly I'd resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee!"

WANDERING WILLIE.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud away hame;
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting.
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e ;
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me !

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms !
Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But oh ! if he's faithless, and minds na his Name,
Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main !
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain !

THE PARTING KISS.

JOCKEY's taen the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he has gane ;
And with him is a' my bliss
Nought but griefs with me remain.

Spare my luvie, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain !
Spare my luvie, thou feath'ry snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain !

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blithe his wauk'ning be.

He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

THE ROARING OCEAN.

TUNE — "*Drumion dubh.*"

MUSING on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying Heav'n, in warm devotion,
For his weal, where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow,
Yielding late to Nature's law;
Whisp'ring spirits, round my pillow,
Talk of him that 's far awa'

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear

Gentle night! do thou befriend me;
Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that 's far awa'.

FAIR ELIZA.

A GAELIC AIR.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae kind blink, before we part,
Rew on thy despairing lover,
Canst thou break his faithful heart?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise.

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended?
The offence is loving thee!
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine would gladly die?
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe;
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sinny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon;
Not the poet, in the moment
Fancy lighens on his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me.

ELIZA.

TUNE — "*Nancy's to the Greenwood,*" &c.

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows
 Around Eliza's dwelling !
 O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes
 Within my bosom swelling.
 Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
 And yet in secret languish,
 To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
 Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
 I fain my griefs would cover ;
 The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
 Betray the hapless lover.
 I know thou doom'st me to despair,
 Nor wilt nor canst relieve me ;
 But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer,
 For pity's sake, forgive me !

The music of thy voice I heard,
 Nor wist, while it enslav'd me ;
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
 Till fears no more had sav'd me :
 Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
 The wheeling torrent viewing,
 'Mid circling horrors, sinks at last
 In overwhelming ruin.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flow'rs decay'd on Catrine lea;
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
But Nature sicken'd on the e'e

Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the whyle,
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
Farewell the braes o' Ballochmyle!

Low in your wint'ry beds, ye flow'rs,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bow'rs,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air:

But here, alas! for me, nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile,
Farewell the bonie banks of Ayr,
Farewell, farewell! sweet Ballochmyle.



GLOOMY DECEMBER.

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December;
Ance mair I hail thee, wi' sorrow and care;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair!

Fond lovers' parting is sweet, painful pleasure ;
Hope beaming mild on the soft, parting hour ;
But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever !
Is anguish unmingled, and agony pure

Wild as the Winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the Summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Since my last hope and last comfort is gone.

Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care ;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair !

DEPARTURE OF NANCY.

TUNE — "*Oran-gaoul.*"

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive ;
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart !
Sever'd from thee, can I survive ?
But fate has will'd, and we must part.

I'll often greet this surging swell,
Yon distant isle will often hail :
"E'en here I took the last farewell ;
There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,

A cross the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye :

Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path may be !
While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,
O tell me, does she muse on me ?

MY NANIE'S AWA.

TUNE — "*There'll never be peace,*" &c.

Now in her green mantle blithe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw ;
But to me it's delightless — my Nanie's awa.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn ;
They pain my sad bosom so sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nanie — and Nanie's awa.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the gray-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa',
Give over, for pity — my Nanie's awa

Come, Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and gray,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay :
The dark, dreary Winter, and wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me — my Nanie's awa.

BANKS O' DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?

Thou 'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flow'ring thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed, never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd my bonie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.



THE DISCONSOLATE LOVER.

Now Spring has clad the groves in green,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers;
The furrow'd waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers:

While ilka tbing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of woe!

The trout within yon wimpling burn
Glides swift, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn,
Defies the angler's art:
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorch'd my fountains dry

The little flowret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom;
And now beneath the withering blast,
My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye,
As little reckt I sorrow's pow'r,
Until the flow'ry snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

O, had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,



I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing

Wi' men and nature leagu'd my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
The wretch whase doom is, "Hope nae mair,"
What tongue his woes can tell?
Within whase bosom, save despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell

CRAGIE-BURN

TUNE — "*Cragie-Burn Wood*"

SWEET fa's the eve on Cragie-Burn,
And blithe awakes the morrow;
But a' the pride o' Spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

THE CHEERLESS SOUL.

TUNE — "*Jockey's Gray Brecks.*"

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues;
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steep'd in morning dew.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the v'lets spring;
In vain to me in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of aye that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry;
The stately swan majestic swims,
And everything is blest but I

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
And owre the moorland whistles shrill;
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
I meet him on the dewy hill

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blithe waukens by the daisy's side,

And mounts and sings on flitting wings,
A woe-worn ghaist, I hameward glide.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
And, raging, bend the naked tree,
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When nature all is sad like me !

MARY MORISON.

TUNE — “ *Bide ye yet.* ”

O MARY, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour !
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor ;
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun ;
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing, —
I sat, but neither heard nor saw !
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And you the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
“ Ye are na Mary Morison.”

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake would gladly die ?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only fault is loving thee ?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

FAIR JENNY

TUNE — "*Saw ye my father ?*"

WHERE are the joys that I've met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early song ?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening, the wild woods among ?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flow'rets so fair,
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that Summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grin, surly Winter is near ?
No, no ! the bees humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known

All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow :
Come then, enamor'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

ADDRESS TO THE WOOD-LARK.

TUNE — "*Where'll bonie Ann lie ?*" Or, "*Loch-Eroch side*"

O STAY, sweet-warbling wood-lark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray ;
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art ;
For surely that wad touch her heart,
Wha kills me wi' disdainin'.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind f
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes o' woe could wauken.

Thou tells of never-ending care ;
O' speechless grief and dark despair ;
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair,
Or my poor heart is broken !

FRAGMENT,

IN WITHERSPOON'S COLLECTION OF SCOT'S SONGS

AIR — "*Hughie Graham.*"

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing:

How wad I mourn when it was torn,
By autumn wild, and winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthful May its bloom renew'd.*

"O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle-wa',
And I mysel' a drap o' dew
Into her bonie breast to fa'!

"O, there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa by Phæbus' light."

* These stanzas were prefixed by Burns.

ADDRESS TO A LADY.

OH, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there:
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

THE AULD MAN.

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,
The woods rejoice the day;
Thro' gentle show'rs the laughing flow'rs
In double pride were gay.

But now our joys are fled
On winter blasts awa ;
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thow
Shall melt the snaws of age ;
My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
Sinks in Time's wint'ry rage
Oh, age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain !
Thou golden time o' youthful prime,
Why com'st thou not again ?

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent ;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snow
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither ;

Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne ;
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu't the gowans fine ;
But we've wander'd monie a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne
For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine ,
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty fere,
And gie's a hand o' thine ;
And we'll tak a right guid wilhe-waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine ;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

HOPELESS LOVE.

TUNE — "*Laggeram Cosh.*"

BLITHE hae I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me ;
Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me :

Now nae longer sport and play,
Mirth nor sang can please me ;
Lesley is sue fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me

Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring :
Trembling, I dow nocht but glow'r,
Sighing, dumb, despairing !

If she winna ease the thraws,
In my bosom swelling,
Underneath the grass-green sod
Soon maun be my dwelling.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

TUNE — "*Robie Donna Gorach.*"

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand ;
But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
Where Commons ance had high command

When shall I see that honor'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear ?
Must wayward Fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here ?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom !
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom.

Tho' wand'ring now, must be my doom,
Far from thy bonie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
Amang the friends of early days !

BANKS OF CREE.

HERE is the glen, and here the bow'r,
All underneath the birchen shade ;
The village bell has told the hour ·
O what can stay my lovely maid ?

'Tis not Maria's whisp'ring call ;
'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail

It is Maria's voice I hear !
So calls the wood-lark, in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer
At once 'tis music — and 'tis love

And art thou come ? and art thou true ?
O welcome, dear to love and me !
And let us all our vows renew,
Along the flow'ry banks of Cree.

CASTLE GORDON

STREAMS that ghde in orient plains,
Never bound by winter's chains ;
Glowing here on golden sands,
There commix'd with foulest stains.

From tyranny's empurpl'd bands ;
These, their richly-gleaming waves
I leave to tyrants and their slaves ;
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil,
Or the ruthless native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil ;
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and his slave ;
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms by Castle Gordon

Wildly, here, without control,
Nature reigns, and rules the whole ;
In that sober, pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood ;
Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
And find at night a shelt'ring cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave
By bonie Castle Gordon.

AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among the green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise :
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild-whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear ;
I charge you disturb not my slumbering far.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far mark'd by the courses of clear, winding rills,
Here daily I wander, as noon rises high,
Amidst thy flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow ;
There, oft as the mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birch shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how gently it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gath'ring sweet flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays ;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream ;
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

THE SACRED VOW.

TUNE — "*Allan Water*"

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,
While Phæbus sank below Benleddi ; *
The winds were whisp'ring through the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready .

I listen'd to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthfu' pleasures monie ;
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang —
O, dearly do I love thee, Annie !

O, happy be the woodbine bow'r,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie ;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie !

Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever !"
While monie a kiss the seal imprest,
The sacred vow we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' Spring's the primrose brae,
The Summer joys the flocks to follow ;
How cheery, through her short ning day,
Is Autumn in her weeds o' yellow :

* A mountain west of Strath-Allan, 8,000 feet high.

But can they melt the glowing heart
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

TUNE — "*Corn rigs are bonie*"

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
To see me through the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I sat her down wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley.
I kent her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley!

I lock'd her in my fond embrace,
Her heart was beating rarely;
My blessings on that happy place
Amang the rigs o' barley!

But, by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly ;
She ay shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley !

I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear,
I hae been merry drinkin' ;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear,
I hae been happy thinkin'
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
'Tho' three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley !

CHORUS

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
Corn rigs are bonie ;
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie

THE LEA-RIG.

WHEN, o'er the hill, the eastern star
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo ;
And owsen frae the furrow'd field,
Return sae dowf and weary, O ;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
 I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,
 If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
 My ain kind dearie, O.
 Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
 And I were ne'er sae wearie, O,
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
 To rouse the mountain deer, my joe;
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
 Along the burn to steer, my jo:
 Give me the hour o' gloamin' gray,
 It makes my heart sae cheerie, O,
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.



THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

'Twas ev'n — the dewy fields were green,
 On ev'ry blade the pearls hang;
 The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
 And bore its fragrant sweets along:
 In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
 All nature list'ning seem'd the while,
 Except where greenwood echoes rang,
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
 My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
 When musing in a lonely glade,
 A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy
 Her look was like the morning's eye,
 Her air like Nature's vernal smile ;
 Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
 " Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle ! "

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
 And sweet is night in Autumn mild,
 When roving thro' the garden gay,
 Or wand'ring in the lonely wild
 But Woman, Nature's darling child !
 There all her charms she does compile ;
 Ev'n there her other works are foil'd,
 By the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle ! "

O, had she been a country maid,
 And I the happy country swain,
 Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
 That ever rose in Scotland's plain !
 Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil,
 And nightly to my bosom strain
 The bonie lass o' Ballochmyle !

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep
 Where fame and honors lofty shine ;
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or downward seek the Indian mine :
 Give me the cot below the pine,
 To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
 And ev'ry day have joya divine,
 Wi' the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.

BONIE LESLEY.

O SAW ye bonie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The Pow'rs aboon will tent thee;
Misfortune sha' na steer thee;
Thou 'rt like themselves, sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we hae a lass,
There's nane agam sae bonie.

BONIE JEAN

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen ;
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonie Jean.

And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,
And ay she sang sae merrilie ,
The blithest burd upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest ;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flow'r and pride of a' the glen ;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton nagies nine or ten

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down ;
And, lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown,

As, in the bosom o' the stream
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,
So, trembling, pure, was tender love,
Within the breast o' bonie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad make her weel again.

But did na Jeame's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
An e'enin', on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove:
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

O Jeame fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt not drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jenny do?
She had na will to say him nay;
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was ay between them twa.

DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers;
And now comes in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, jainty Davie;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa';
The merry birds are lovers a';
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A-wandering wi' my Davie.
Meet me, &c

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Bome Davie, dainty Davie ;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

TO JEANIE.

AIR — "*Could Karl.*"

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder ;
And I shall spurn, as vilest dust,
The world's wealth and grandeur.

And do I hear my Jeanie own
That equal transports move her ?
I ask for dearest life, alone,
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' all thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure ;
I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share
Than sic a moment's pleasure

And by thy een, sae bome blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever .
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never.

CLOUDEN KNOWES.

"Ca' the Yowes to the knowes."

CHORUS

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather graws,
Ca' them whare the burnie rows,
My bonie dearie

Hark, the mavis' evening sang,
Sounding Clouden's woods amang,
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonie dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly,
Ca' the, &c.

Yonder Clouden's silent tow'rs,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flow'rs,
Fairies dance sae cheery.
Ca' the, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear ;
Thou 'rt to love and heaven sae dear,

Nocht of ill may come thee near,
 My bonnie dearie.
 Ca' the, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
 Thou hast stown my very heart;
 I can die — but canna part,
 My bonnie dearie.
 Ca' the, &c

LOVELY NANCY.

TUNE — “ *The Quaker's Wife.* ”

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
 Thine, my lovely Nancy;
 Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
 Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
 There to throb and languish:
 Tho' despair had wrung its core,
 That would heal its anguish.

Take away those rosy lips,
 Rich with balmy treasure;
 Turn away thine eyes of love,
 Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love?
 Night without a morning.
 Love's the cloudless summer sky,
 Nature's gay adorning

TO CHLORIS

TUNE — "*My lodging is on the cold ground.*"

MY Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The prim-rose banks how fair!
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings;
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha';
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blithe, in the birken shaw

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours,
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo;
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers, I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine;
The courtier's gems may witness love —
But 'tis na love like mine

LASSIE WI THE LINTWHITE LOCKS.

TUNE — "*Bothemurche's Rant*"

CHORUS.

LASSIE wi' the lintwhite locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

Now nature cleeds the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee;
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie, O?
Lassie, &c

And when the welcome simmer shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower,
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.
Lassie, &c.

When Cynthia hghts, wi' silver ray
The weary shearer's hameward way;
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.
Lassie, &c

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.
Lassie, &c

CHLORIS.

O BONIE was yon rosy brier,
 That blooms sae far frae haunts o' man;
 And bonie she, and ah, how dear!
 It shaded frae the e'nin' sun

Yon rose-buds in the morning dew,
 How pure amang the leaves sae green!
 But purer was the lover's vow
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
 That crimson rose how sweet and fair!
 But love is far a sweeter flower,
 Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimphng burn,
 Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
 And I the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
 Its joys and griefs alike resign.



THE ROSE-BUD.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
 Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
 All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning

Within the bush, her covert nest,
A little linnet fondly prest ;
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning

She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jenny fair,
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shall beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.



THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

CHORUS.

BONIE lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie, will ye go to the birks of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come, let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy
Bonie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lightly flit, on wanton wing,
In the birks of Aberfeldy,
Bonie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant, spreading shaws
The birks of Aberfeldy
Bonie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flow'rs,
While o'er the luns the burnie pours,
And, rising, weets, wi' misty show'rs,
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, &c.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy
Bonie lassie, &c.

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

TUNE — "*This is no my ain House.*"

CHORUS

* O THIS is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place,
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e
O this, &c.

She's bonie, blooming, straight and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And ay it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O this, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the e'e.
O this, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O this, &c.

CONSTANCY.

TUNE — “ *My love is lost to me.* ”

O, WERE I on Parnassus' hill !
Or had of Helicon my fill,
That I might catch poetic skill,
To see how dear I love thee.

But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
My Muse maun be thy bonie sel'
On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay !
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
I could na sing, I could na say
How much, how dear I love thee.

I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jump, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een —
By heaven and earth, I love thee !

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame ;
And ay I muse and sing thy name,
I only live to love thee.

Though I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run ;
Till then — and then I love thee.

PEGGY'S CHARMS.

TUNE — “ *N. Gow's lamentation for Abercainey.* ”

WHERE braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochels rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes ;
As one who by some savage stream,
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam,
With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd.
When first I felt their power !
The tyrant Death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath ;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

JESSY.

TUNE — “ *Here’s a health to them that’s awa, hince.* ”

CHORUS.

HERE’s a health to ane I lo’e dear,
Here’s a health to ane I lo’e dear ;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear — Jessy !

Altho’ thou maun never be mine,
Altho’ even hope is denied ;
’Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside — Jessy !
Here’s, &c.

I mourn thro’ the gay, gaudy day,
As hopeless I muse on thy charms ;
But welcome the dream of sweet slumber,
For then I am lock’d in thy arms — Jessy !
Here’s, &c

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e’e ;
But why urge the tender confession,
’Gainst fortune’s fell, cruel decree — Jessy !
Here’s, &c.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

I GAED a waefu' gate, yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonie blue.
Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, hly white :
It was her een sae bonie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,
She charm'd my soul, I wist na how ;
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed ;
She'll aiblins listen to my vow :
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonie blue

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

WILT thou be my dearie ?
When sorrow rings thy gentle heart
O wilt thou let me cheer thee ?
By the treasure of my soul,
And that's the love I bear thee.

I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie :
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me ,
Or, if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me :
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me :
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me

THE BLISSFUL DAY

TUNE — "*Seventh of November.*"

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet,
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line ;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes.
Heaven gave me more — it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give ;
While joys above, my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live !

When that grim foe of life belaw
Comes in between to make us part;
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss — it breaks my heart.

LOVELY JEAN.

TUNE — “*Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.*”

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west;
For there the bonie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And monie a hill between;
But, day and night, my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There's not a bonie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean.

LUCY.

O, WAT ye wha 's in yon town,
 Ye see the e'enin' sun upon?
 The fairest dame is in yon town,
 The e'enin' sun is shining on

Now haply down yon gay, green shaw,
 She wanders by yon spreading tree;
 How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
 Ye catch the glances o' her e'e

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
 And welcome in the blooming year;
 And doubly welcome be the spring,
 The season to my Lucy dear

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
 And on yon bonie braes of Ayr;
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair

Without my love, not a' the charms
 O' Paradise could yield me joy;
 But gie me Lucy in my arms,
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
 Tho' raging winter rent the air;
 And she a lovely little flower,
 That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,
Yon sinking sun's gaen down upon;
A fairer than is in yon town,
His setting beams n'er shone upon

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear;
I careless quit all else below,
But spare me, spare me, Lucy dear.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart;
And she — as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.



BLITHE PHEMIE.

CHORUS.

BLITHE, blithe and merry was she,
Blithe by the banks of Ern;
And blithe was she but an' ben,
And blithe in Glentworth glen.

By Oughtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw,
But Phemie was a bonier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
Blithe, &c.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Ern,
As light 's a bird upon a thorn.
Blithe, &c

Her bonie face it was as meek
As onie lamb upon a lea;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.
Blithe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lowlands I hae been;
But Phemie was the blithest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.
Blithe, &c.

CHARMING NANNIE.

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors and mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nannie, O.

The westlin wind blows loud and shrill,
The night 's baith murk and rainy, O,
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal
An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O ;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonie, O ;
The op'ning gowau, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O ;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O.

My riches a' 's my penny-fee,
And I maun guide it cannie, O ;
B it warl's gear ne'er trouble me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O ;
But I'm as blithe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weal, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what heaven will sen' me, O ;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live an' love my Nannie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

GREEN grow the rashes, O !
Green grow the rashes, O !
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Are spent among the lasses, O !

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O ;
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O ?
Green grow, &c.

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O ;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O ;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.
Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless usses, O ;
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,

He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE

NAE gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my Muse's care;
Their titles a' are empty show,
Gie me my Highland lassie, O.

CHORUS.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain sae rushy, O,
I set me down wi' right good will
To sing my Highland lassie, O

Oh, were yon hill and valleys mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O
Within, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea;

But while the crimson currents flow,
I'll love my Highland lassie, O.

Within, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change;
For her bosom burns with honor's glow,
My faithful Highland lassie, O

Within, &c

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O.

Within, &c

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honor's band;
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

Farewell the glen sae bushy, O;
Farewell the plain sae rushy, O;
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

ANNA.

TUNE — "*Banks of Bana.*"

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast of mine
The raven locks of Anna.

The hungry Jew, in wilderness,
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my honey bliss
Upon the lips of Anna

Ye monarchs, take the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah;
Gie me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna.

Then I'll despise imperial charms,
An empress or sultana;
While dying raptures, in her arms,
I give and take with Anna.

Awa, thou flaunting god of day!
Awa, thou pale Diana!
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray
When I'm to meet my Anna.

Come, in thy raven plumage, Night!
Sun, moon, and stars, withdraw a'!
And bring an angel-pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna!

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

O LEEZE me on my spinning-wheel,
O leeze me on my rock and reel;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
I'll sit me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sin;
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
O leeze me on my spinning-wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest;
The sun blinks kindly in the biel,
Where blithe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the dolefu' tale;
The lintwhites, in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays;
The crak, amang the claver hay,
The pairrick, whurrin' o'er the ley,
The swallow, junkin' round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,

O wha wad leave this humble state
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel?

THE COUNTRY LASSIE.

In simmer, when the hay was mawn,
And corn waw'd green in ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield;
Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,
Says, I'll be wed, come o't what will;
Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild,
O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

Its ye hae wooers monie ane,
And lassie, ye're but young, ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale,
A routhie butt, a routhie ben;
There's Johnnie, o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak this frae me, my bonie hen,
It's plenty beets the luvèr's fire.

For Johnnie, o' the Buskie-glen,
I dinna care a single flie;
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has no luvè to spare for me.

But blithe 's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear ;
Ae blink o' him I wad nae gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

O thoughtless lassie ! life 's a faught ;
The canniest gate, the strife is sair ;
But ay fu' han't is fechtin best,
A hungry care 's an unco care
But some will spend, and some will spare,
An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will ;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye ;
But the tender heart o' leesome love
The gowd and siller canna buy
We may be poor — Robie and I,
Light is the burden love lays on .
Content and luve brings peace and joy —
What mair hae queens upon a throne ?

TAM GLEN.

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len' ;
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen ?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might make a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I maun marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,
"Guid day to you, brute," he comes ben;
He brags an' he blaw o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten;
But if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen, at the Valentine's dealing,
My heart to my mou gied a sten;
For thrice I drew aye without failing,
And thrice it was written 'Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam up the house staukin,
In the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen?

Some counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie ye my bonie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

SOMEBODY.

My heart is sair, I dare not tell,
My heart is sair for somebody,
I could wake a winter night,
For the sake o' somebody!
O-hon' for somebody!
O-hey; for somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh-hon' for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I wad do —what wad I not? —
For the sake o' somebody!

O WHISTLE, &c.

CHORUS.

O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad;
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father, and mither, and a' should go mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
 And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee,
 Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
 And come as ye were na comin' to me.
 And come, &c

O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie
 But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e,
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.
 Yet look, &c

O whistle, &c.

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,
 And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
 But court na anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
 For fear that she wyle your fancy fra me.
 For fear, &c.

O whistle, &c.

ANE-AND-TWENTY.

TUNE — "*The Mouldwort.*"

CHORUS

An' O for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
 An' hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam;
 I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
 An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam!

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
An gar me look like bluntie, Tam'
But three short years will soon wheel roun,
And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.
An' O, &c

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam',
At kith or kin I need na spier,
An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.
An' O, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam!
But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam.
An' O, &c

THE YOUNG LASSIE.

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jennie for siller an' lan'!
Bad luck on the penny, &c.

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',
He hosts and he hurples the weary day lang;
He's doylt and he's dozin, his bluid it is frozen,
O dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows,
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
I'll do my endeavor to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

THE MERCENARY LOVER.

TUNE — "*Balnarnona Ora*"

AWA wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms;
O gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

CHORUS.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, then hey for a lass wi'
a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher — the nice yellow
guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes,
Ik spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yowes,
Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possess'd !
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
The langer ye hae them, the mair they're carest.
Then hey, &c.

MEG O' THE MILL.

AIR — “ *O bonie lass, will you lie in a barrack ?* ”

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten ?
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten ?
She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappan, the Miller was ruddy,
A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady,
The laird was a widdiefu' bleerit knurl,
She's left the guid fellow, and taen the churl.

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving ;
The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving ;
A fine pacing horse, wi' a clear chained bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing ;
And wae on the love that is fix'd on a mailen
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
But gie me my love, and a fig for the warl !

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

O MEIKLE thinks my luvè o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luvè o' my kin,
But little thinks my luvè I ken brawlie,
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree,
It's a' for the hune he'll cherish the bee;
My laddie s sàe meikle in luvè wi' the siller,
He canna hae luvè to spare for me

Your proffer o' luvè's an airl-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy,
But an' ye be crafty, I am cunnin',
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree;
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

THERE's auld Rob Morris, that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' guid fellows, and wale of auld men,
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen an kine,
And ae bonie lassie, his darling and mine

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May,
She's sweet as the evening amang the new hay;
As blithe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e

But oh' she's an heiress — auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has naught but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me mauna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me;
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express.



TO TIBBIE.

TUNE — “*Invercald's Reel.*”

CHORUS

O TIBBIE, I hae seen the day,
Ye would nae been sae shy,
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
But trowth I care na by.

Yestreen I met you on the moor ;
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure ;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I
O Tibbie, &c.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try
O Tibbie, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows any saucy queen
That looks sae proud and high.
O Tibbie, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry
O Tibbie, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye
O Tibbie, &c.

But Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice,
The deil a one wad spier your price,
Were ye as poor as I.
O Tibbie, &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
 I wad nae gie her in her sark,
 For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark:
 Ye needna look sae high
 O Tibbie, &c.

DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY came here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 On blithe yule night when we were fu;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Maggie coost her head fu' high,
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh:
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd,
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa craig:
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
 Grat his een baith bleer't and blin'
 Spak o' louping o'er a linn:
 Ha, ha, &c.

Time and chance are but a tide;
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Slighted love is sair to bide;
 Ha, ha, &c.

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
 For a haughty hizzie die?
 She may go — to France for me;
 Ha, ha, &c.

How it comes let doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Meg grew sick — as he grew well,
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Something in her bosom wrings;
 For relief a sigh she brings;
 And O, her een, they spae sic things;
 Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, &c
 Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, &c
 Duncan could na be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
 Now they're crouse and cantie bath;
 Ha, ha, &c

THE BRAW WOOPER.

TUNE — “*The Lothian Lassie*”

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me!
 I said there was naething I hated like men;
 The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me,
 The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonie black een,
And vow'd for my love he was dying;
I said he might die when he lik'd, for Jean;
The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
The Lord forgie me for lying

A well-stocked mailen, himsel' for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers;
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or ear'd,
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might hae waur offers

But what wad ye think ? in a fortnight or less,
The deil tak his taste to gae near her'
He up the lang loan, to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her, could bear
her,
Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her.

But a' the nest week, as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock;
And wha but my fire, fickle lover was there!
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock

But owre my left shouther I gaed him a blink,
Lest neebors might say I was saucy,
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
And how her new shoon fit her auld shackl't feet ?

But, heavens! how he fell a-swearin', a-swearin',
But, heavens! how he fell a-swearin'.

He begg'd, for Gude-sake! I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow.
So, e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

WILLIE'S WIFE.

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumoddie;
Willie was a wabster guid,
Could stown a clue wi' onie bodie:
He had a wife was dour and din,
O Tinkler Madgie was her mother.

CHORUS

Sic a wife as Willie had!
I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e — she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very color;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller;
A whuskin' beard about her mou,
Her nose and chin they threaten ither.
Sic a wife, &c

She's bough-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd,
 Ae lumpin' leg, a hand-breed shorter;
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter.
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shouter.
 Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudron by the ingle sits,
 And wi' her loof her face a-washin';
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
 Her wale nieves, like midden-creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-water.
 Sic a wife, &c

A PECK O' MAUT.

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allen cam to see;
 Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
 Ye wad na find in Christendie.

CHORUS

We are na fou, we're na that fou,
 But just a drappie in our e'e;
 The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
 And ay we ll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys, I trow, are we:

And monie a night we've merry been,
 And monie mae we hope to be
 We are, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!
 We are, &c

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
 A cuckold, coward loun is he!
 Wha last beside the chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three.
 We are, &c



THE LAWIN

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,
 But we'll ne'er stray for foute o' light;
 For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
 And bluid-red wine's the rising sun.

CHORUS

Then, guidwife, count the lawin, the lawin, the lawin;
 Then, guidwife, count the lawin, and bring a coggie
 mair

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
 And semple folk maun fecht and feu';

But here we re a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.
Then, guidwife, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool,
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink it a' ye'll find him out.
Then, guidwife, &c.

HONEST POVERTY.

Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toil's obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that:
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares, and a' that,
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His ribbon, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might;
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree, and a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR,
BETWEEN THE DUKE OF ARGYLE AND THE EARL
OF MAR.

"O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
Or were ye at the Sherramuir,
And did the battle see, man?"
I saw the battle sair and tough,
And reeking red ran many a sheugh;
My heart, for fear, gaed sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
O' clans frae woods in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,
To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rush'd, and push'd, and blund outgush'd,
And mome a bouk did fa', man;
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced twenty miles;
They hack'd and hash'd, while broadswords clash'd,
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
Till fey men died awa, man.

But had you seen the philibegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,
And covenant true blues, man;
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets oppos'd the targe,

And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
 Wi' Highland wrath, they frae the sheath,
 Draw blades o' death, til, out o' breath,
 They fled like frightened doos, man.

"O, how deil, Tam, can that be true?
 The chase gaed frae the north, man;
 I saw myself, they did pursue
 The horsemen back to Forth, man.
 And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
 They took the bug wi' a' their might,
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;
 But, cursed lot ' the gates were shut,
 And monie a huntit poor red-coat,
 For fear amast did swarf, man."

My sister Kate cam up the gate,
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
 She swore she saw some rebels run
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man.
 Their left-hand gen'ral had nae skill,
 The Angus lads had nae good will
 That day their neebors' bluid to spill;
 For fear by foes that they should lose
 Their cogs o' brose all crying woes,
 And so it goes, you see, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
 Among the Highland clans, man;
 I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
 Or fall'n in whiggish hands, man:
 Now wad ye sing this double fight,
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right,
 But monie bade the world guid-night;

Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
Wi' dying yell, the tories fell,
And whigs to hell did flee, man.

CONTENTMENT

TUNE — "*Lumps o' Pudding*"

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp, as they're creeping alang,
Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught
My mirth and guid humor are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' good fellowship sowthers it a'
When at the blithe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the devil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind chance, let her snapper stoyte on her way,
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae.
Come ease, or come travail, come pleasure or pain;
My warst ward is — "Welcome, and welcome again!"

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

APRIL. 1795.

TUNE — “*Push about the Jorum.*”

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the louns beware, sir;
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, sir
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,*
And Criffel † sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!
Fall de rall, &c.

O let us not, like snarling tykes,
In wrangling be divided;
Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursels united;
For never, but by British hands,
Maun British wrangs be righted.
Fall de rall, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
Perhaps a claut may fail in't;

* A high hill at the source of the Nith.

† A well-known mountain at the mouth of the Solway.

But deil a foreign tinkler loun
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't
 Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
 And wha wad dare to spoil it?
 By heav'n! the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it!
 Fall de rill, &c.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
 And the wretch, his true-born brother,
 Who would set the mob aboon the throne,
 May they be d—n'd together!
 Who will not sing, "God save the King,"
 Shall hang as high 's the steeple
 But while we sing, "God save the King,"
 We'll ne'er forget the People
 Fall de rill, &c.

CALEDONIA.

TUNE — "*Humors of Glen.*"

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
 Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
 For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
 A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
 And could Caledonia's blast on the wave :
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud
 palace —
 What are they? — The haunt of the tyrant and slave.

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
 The brave Caledonian views with disdain
 He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
 Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.



COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

TUNE — “ *Gin a Body meet a Body.* ”

Gin a body meet a body,
 Comin' thro' the rye ,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body cry ?
 Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
 Nane they say, hae I !
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me
 When comin' thro' the rye.
 Amang the train there is a swain
 I dearly lo'e mysel' ;
 But whaur his hame, or what his name,
 I dinna care to tell

Gin a body meet a body,
 Comin' frae the town ;

Gin a body greet a body,
 Need a body frown?
 Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
 Nane, they say, hae I'
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
 When comin' thro' the rye.
 Among the train there is a swain
 I dearly lo'e mysel';
 But whaur his hame, or what his name,
 I dinna care to tell.

THE WHISTLE.

A BALLAD

As the authentic prose history of "The Whistle" is curious, I shall here give it.

In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James VI, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony Whistle, which, at the commencement of the orgies, he laid on the table and whoever was last able to blow it, everybody else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany, and challenged the Scots Bacchanthians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority.

After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie, of Maxwellton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name, who, after three days and three nights hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table, —

"And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill."

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert, before mentioned, afterwards lost the

Whistle to Sir Walter Riddel, of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's

On Friday, the 16th of October, 1790, at Friars-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie, of Maxwellton, Robert Riddel, Esq., of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued, and Alexander Ferguson, Esq., of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert, which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honors of the field

I SING of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda * still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall —
"This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,
And dunk them to hell, sir ! or ne'er see me more !"

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventur'd, what champions fell ;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the Whistle his requiem shull

Till Robert, the Lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,
He drank his poor godship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd,
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd ;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

* See Ossian's Carlethura.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw,
Craigdarroch so famous for wit, worth, and aw;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
Or else he would muster the heads o' the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies,
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
I'll conjure the ghost o' the great Rorie More,
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe or his friend,
Said, Toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,
And, knee-deep in claret, he'd die, or he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame
Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet, lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy;

* See Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides

In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er ;
Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles apiece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestors did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare ungodly would wage ;
A high ruling Elder to wallow in wine !
He left the foul business to folks less divine

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end ;
But who can with fate and quart-bumpers contend ?
Tho' fate said — a hero should perish in light ;
So up rose bright Phœbus — and down fell the knight.

Next up rose our Bard, like a prophet in drink —
" Craigdarroch, thou 'lt soar when creation shall sink !
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come — one bottle more — and have at the sublime !

" Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce ;
So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay ;
The field thou hast won by yon bright god of day ! "

JOHN BARLEYCORN.*

A BALLAD

THERE went three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high;
An' they hae sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn should die

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall,
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail

* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name

His color sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee :
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgelled him full sore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim ;
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe ,
And still as signs of life appeared,
They toss'd him to and fro

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones ;
But a miller used him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round ;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprize,
For, if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise

'Twill make a man forget his woe,
'Twill heighten all his joy,
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand,
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in auld Scotland!

LUCKLESS FORTUNE

O, RAGING Fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!
O, raging Fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!

My stem was fair, my bud was green,
My blossom sweet did blow, O,
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow, O

But luckless Fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O,
But luckless Fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O

MY HANDSOME NELL *

TUNE — "*I am a man unmarried*"

O, ONCE I loved a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still,
And whilst that virtue warms my breast
I'll love my handsome Nell
Fal, lal de ral, &c.

As bonnie lasses I ha'e seen,
And mony full as braw,
But for a modest, gracefu' mien,
The like I never saw

A bonnie lass, I will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e,
But without some better qualities
She's no a lass for me

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet;
And, what is best of a',
Her reputation is complete,
And fair without a flaw

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
Baith decent and genteel;
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel.

* Nellie Blair, the heroine of this song, was a servant in Ayrshire. "This composition," says Burns, "was the first of my performances, and done at an early period of my life, when my heart glowed with honest, warm simplicity, unacquainted and uncorrupted with the ways of a wicked world."

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart,
But it's Innocence and Modesty
That polishes the darts

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
'Tis this enchants my soul '
For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without control

I DREAMED I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE SPRINGING *

I DREAMED I lay where flowers were springing
Gaily in the sunny beam,
Listening to the wild birds singing
By a falling crystal stream
Straight the sky grew black and daring;
Through the woods the whirlwinds rave;
Trees with aged arms were warring,
O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoyed,
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming,
A' my flowery bliss destroyed
Though fickle Fortune has deceived me,
(She promised fair and performed but ill,)
Of mony a joy and hope bereaved me,
I bear a heart shall support me still

* "These stanzas," says the Poet, "which are amongst the oldest of my printed pieces, I composed when I was seventeen."

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER.

TUNE — “ *The Weaver and his shuttle, O.* ”

MY father was a farmer
Upon the Carrick border, O,
And carefully he bled me
In decency and order, O ;
He bade me act a manly part,
Though I had ne'er a faithing, O,
For without an honest, manly heart,
No man was worth regarding, O

Then out into the world
My course I did determine, O ;
Though to be rich was not my wish,
Yet to be great was charming, O
My talents they were not the worst,
Nor yet my education, O ,
Resolved was I at least to try
To mend my situation, O.

In many a way, and vain essay,
I courted Fortune's favor, O ;
Some cause unseen still stept between,
To frustrate each endeavor, O
Sometimes by foes I was o'erpowered ;
Sometimes by friends forsaken, O ;
And when my hope was at the top,
I still was worst mistaken, O.

Then sore harassed, and tired at last,
With Fortune's vain delusion, O,
I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams,
And came to this conclusion, O .

The past was bad, and the future hid,
It's good or ill untried. O,
But the present hour was in my power,
And so I would enjoy it, O

No help, nor hope, nor view had I,
Nor person to befriend me, O,
So I must toil, and sweat, and broil,
And labor to sustain me O
To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
My father bred me early, O,
For one, he said, to labor bred,
Was a match for Fortune fairly, O

Thus, all obscure, unknown and poor,
Through life I'm doomed to wander, O
Till down my weary bones I lay,
In everlasting slumber, O
No view nor care, but shun whate'er
Might breed me pain or sorrow, O;
I live to-day as well 's I may,
Regardless of to-morrow, O

But cheerful still, I am as well
As a monarch in a palace, O,
Though Fortune's frown still hunts me down
With all her wonted malice, O,
I make indeed my daily bread,
But ne'er can make it farther, O;
But, as daily bread is all I need,
I do not much regard her, O

When sometimes by my labor
I earn a little money, O,
Some unforeseen misfortune
Comes gen'rally upon me, O;

Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,
 Or my good-natured folly, O
 But come what will, I've sworn it still,
 I'll ne'er be melancholy, O

All you who follow wealth and power
 With unremitting ardor, O,
 The more in this you look for bliss,
 You leave your view the farther, O
 Had you the wealth Potosi boasts,
 Or nations to adore you, O,
 A cheerful honest-hearted clown
 I will prefer before you, O

O, THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN MARRIED!*

O, THAT I had ne'er been married !
 I wad never had nae care ,
 Now I've gotten wife and bairns,
 And they cry crowdie ever mair.
 Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
 Three times crowdie in a day ;
 Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
 Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waefu' want and hunger fley me,
 Glowrin' by the hallan en' ;
 San I fecht them at the door,
 But aye I'm cerie they come ben.
 Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
 Three times crowdie in a day ;
 Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
 Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

* The song is an old one, the last verse only by Burns

PEGGY

TUNE — "*I had a horse, and I had nae mair*"

Now westlin' winds and slaughtering guns
Ring autumn's pleasant weather,
The moorcock springs, on whirling wings,
Amang the blooming heather
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer,
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
To muse upon my charmer

The partridge loves the fruitful fells,
The plover loves the mountains,
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells,
The soaring hern the fountains
Through lofty groves the cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it,
The hazel-bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet

Thus every kind their pleasure find —
The savage and the tender,
Some social join, and leagues combine,
Some solitary wander
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic Man's dominion,
The sportsman's joy, the murdering cry,
The fluttering, gory pinnon!

But, Peggy dear, the evening's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow.

Come, let us stray our gladsome way,
 And view the charms of Nature,
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
 And every happy creature

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
 Till the silent moon shine clearly,
 I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
 Swear how I love thee dearly
 Not vernal showers to budding flowers,
 Not autumn to the farmer,
 So dear can be as thou to me,
 My fair, my lovely charmer!

MONTGOMERY'S PEGGY *

TUNE — "*Galla Water*"

ALTHOUGH my bed were in yon muir,
 Amang the heather, in my plaidie,
 Yet happy, happy would I be,
 Had I my dear Montgomery's Peggy.

When o'er the hull beat sturly storms,
 And winter nights were dark and rainy;
 I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
 I'd shelter dear Montgomery's Peggy.

Were I a baron, proud and high,
 And horse and servants waiting ready,
 Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,
 The sharin't wi' Montgomery's Peggy.

* "This fragment is done," says Burns, "something in imitation of the manner of a noble old Scottish piece called 'M'Millan's Peggie.'"

THE MAUCHLINE LADY

TUNE — “ *I had a horse, and I had nae mair* ”

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,
My mind it was na steady,
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
A mistress still I had aye

But when I came roun' by Mauchline town,
Not dreading ony body,
My heart was caught before I thought,
And by a Mauchline lady *

THE RANTIN' DOG THE DADDIE O'T.

TUNE — “ *East nook o' Fife.* ”

O, WHA my baby-clouts will buy?
O, wha will tent me when I cry?
Wha will kiss me where I lie? —
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

O, wha will own he did the fau't?
O, wha will buy the groanin' maut?
O, wha will tell me how to ca't? —
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

When I mount the creepie chair,
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gi'e me Rob, I'll seek nae mair, —
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

* Jean Armour, afterwards his wife.

Wha will crack to me my lane?
 Wha will mak' me fidgin'-fain?
 Wha will kiss me o'er agam? —
 The rantin' dog the daddie o't

MY HEART WAS ANCE AS BLITHE AND FREE

TUNE — "*To the weavers gin ye go*"

MY heart was ance as blithe and free
 As simmer days were lang,
 But a bonnie westlin weaver lad
 Has gart me change my sang
 To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
 To the weavers gin ye go,
 I rede you right gang ne'er at night,
 To the weavers gin ye go

My mither sent me to the town,
 To warp a plaiden wab,
 But the weary, weary warpin' o't
 Has gart me sigh and sab

A bonnie westlin weaver lad
 Sat working at his loom,
 He took my heart as wi' a net,
 In every knot and thrum.

I sat beside my warpin'-wheel,
 And aye I ca'd it roun';
 But every shot and every knock,
 My heart it ga'e a stoun.

The moon was sinking in the west
 Wi' visage pale and wan,
 As my bonnie westlin weaver lad
 Convoyed me through the glen

But what was sud, or what was done,
 Shame fa' me gin I tell,
 But, O ! I fear the kintira soon
 Will ken as weel 's mysel'.
 To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
 To the weavers gin ye go,
 I rede you right gang ne'er at night,
 To the weavers gin ye go

GUDE'EN TO YOU, KIMMER

TUNE — "*We're a' noddin' "*

GUDE'EN to you, kimmer,
 And how do ye do?
 Hiccup, quo' kimmer,
 The better that I'm fou
 We're a' noddin', nidd, nidd, noddin',
 We're a' noddin' at our house at hame.

Kate sits i' the neuk,
 Suppin' hen broo,
 De'il tak' Kate,
 An' she be na noddin' too!

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,
 And how do ye fare?
 A pint o' the best o't,
 And twa pints mair

How 's a' wi' you, kimmer,
 And how do ye thrive?²
 How many burns ha'e ye?²
 Quo' kimmer, I ha'e five.

Are they a' Johnny's?²
 Eh! atweel na
 Twa o' them were gotten
 When Johnny was awa'

Cats like milk,
 And dogs like broo,
 Lads like lasses weel,
 And lasses lads too
 We're a' noddin', nîd, nîd, noddin',
 We're a' noddin' at our house at hame.*

A FRAGMENT

TUNE — "*John Anderson my Jo*"

ONE night as I did wander,
 When corn begins to shoot,
 I sat me down to ponder,
 Upon an auld tree root

* There is another version of the sixth verse and the chorus in a letter to Mr Robert Ainslie, Jr, dated 23d of August, 1787, which we subjoin —

The cats like kitchen,
 The dogs like broo,
 The lasses like the lads weel,
 And th' auld wives too.

CHORUS

And we re a' noddin',
 Nîd, nîd, noddin',
 We re a' noddin' fou at e en.

Auld Ayr ran by before me,
And bickered to the seas,
A cushat crowded o'er me,
That echoed through the braes

O WHY THE DEUCE SHOULD I REPINE?

WRITTEN FYTEMPORE, APRIL, 1782.

O WHY the deuce should I repine,
An' be an ill foreboder?
I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine —
I'll go and be a sodger

I gat some gear wi' meikle care,
I held it well thegither,
But now it's gane, and something mair —
I'll go and be a sodger.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST

CHORUS.

ROBIN shure in hairst,
I shure wi' him;
Fient a heuk had I,
Yet I stack by him.

I gaed up to Dunse,
To warp a wab o' plaiden;
At his daddie's yett,
Wha met me but Robin?

Was na Robin hault,
Though I was a cotter,
Played me sic a trick —
And me the ellier's dochter !

Robin promised me
A' my winter vittle,
Fient haet he had but three
Goose-feathers and a whittle
Robin shure, &c

SWEETEST MAY

SWEETEST May, let love inspire thee ;
Take a heart which he desires thee ,
As thy constant slave regard it ,
For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money,
Not the wealthy, but the bonnie,
Not high-born, but noble-minded,
In love's silken band can bind it !

WHEN I THINK ON THE HAPPY DAYS

WHEN I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie,
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie !

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary !
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie

MY JEAN.*

TUNE — "*The Northern Lass*"

THOUGH cruel Fate should bid us part,
 Far as the Pole and Line,
 Her dear idea round my heart
 Should tenderly entwine
 Though mountains rise, and deserts howl,
 And oceans roar between,
 Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
 I still would love my Jean

RANTIN' ROVIN' ROBIN †

TUNE — "*Daintie Davie*"

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
 But what'n a day o' what'n a style
 I doubt it's hardly worth the while
 To be sae nice wi' Robin
 Robin was a rovin' boy,
 Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
 Robin was a rovin' boy,
 Rantin' rovin' Robin'

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
 Was five-and-twenty days begun,
 'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
 Blew hansel in on Robin.

* *Jean Armour*

† This song, it is said, commemorates an incident which occurred when Robert Burns was born.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
 Quo' she, Wha lives will see the proof,
 This waly boy will be nae coof, —
 I think we'll ea' him Robin

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
 But aye a heart aboon them a';
 He'll be a credit 'till us a',
 We'll a' be proud o' Robin

But, sure as three times three mak' nine,
 I see, by ilka score and line,
 This chap will dearly like our kin', —
 So leeze me on thee, Robin !

Guid faith, quo' she, I doubt ye gar,
 The bonnie lasses lie aspar,
 But twenty fauts ye may ha'e waur, —
 So blessin's on thee, Robin !
 Robin was a rovin' boy,
 Rantin' rovin', rantun' rovin';
 Robin was a rovin' boy,
 Rantin' rovin' Robin !

BONNIE PEGGY ALISON.

TUNE — "*Braes o' Balquhiddy*"

CHORUS

I'LL kiss thee yet, yet,
 An' I'll kiss thee o'er again;
 An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 My bonnie Peggy Alison !

Ilk care and fear, when thou art near,
 I ever mair defy them, O ;

Young kings upon their hansel throne
Are nae sae blest as I am, O ;

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O,
I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O !

And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever, O !
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O !

I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again,
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonnie Peggy Alison !

MAUCHLINE BELLES

TUNE — "*Mauchline Belles*"

O LEAVE novels, ye Mauchline belles !
Ye're safer at your spinning-wheel,
Such witching books are baited hooks
For rakish rooks — like Rob Mossiel.

Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
They make your youthful fancies reel ;
They heat your veins, and fire your brains,
And then ye're prey for Rob Mossiel.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung,
A heart that warmly seems to feel ;
That feeling heart but acts a part —
'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossiel

The frank address, the soft caress,
 Are worse than poisoned darts of steel;
 The frank address, and politesse,
 Are all finesse in Rob Mossiel.

THE BELLES OF MAUCHLINE.

TUNE — "*Bonnie Dundee*"

IN Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
 The pride o' the place and its neighborhood a',
 Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
 In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a'

Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
 Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw;
 There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
 But Armour's * the jewel for me o' them a'.

HUNTING SONG

TUNE — "*I rede you beware at the hunting*"

THE heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
 Our lads gued a-hunting ae day at the dawn,
 O'er moors and o'er mosses, and mony a glen,
 At length they discovered a bonnie moor-hen
 I rede you beware at the hunting, young men;
 I rede you beware at the hunting, young men;
 Tak' some on the wing, and some as they spring,
 But cannily steal on a bonnie moor-hen

* Jean, afterwards his wife.

Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather-bells,
 Her colors betrayed her on yon mossy fells,
 Her plumage outlusted the pride o' the spring,
 And oh! as she wantoned gay on the wing,

Auld Phœbus huasel' as he peeped o'er the hill,
 In spite, at her plumage he tried his skill,
 He levelled his rays where she basked on the brae —
 His rays were outshone, and but marked where she lay

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill,
 The best of our lads, wi' the best o' their skill,
 But still as the fairest she sat in their sight —
 Then, whur! she was over, a mile at a flight
 I rede you beware at the hunting young men;
 I rede you beware at the hunting young men,
 Tak' some on the wing, and some as they spring,
 But cannily steal on a bonnie moor-hen

YOUNG PEGGY.

TUNE — "*Last time I cam' o'er the muir*"

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass;
 Her blush is like the morning,
 The rosy dawn, the springing grass
 With pearly gems adorning
 Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
 That gild the passing shower,
 And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
 And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,
 A richer dye has graced them,
 They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
 And sweetly tempt to taste them;

Her smile is like the evening mild,
 When feathered tribes are counting,
 And little lambkins, wanton wild,
 In playful bands disporting

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
 Such sweetness would relent her;
 As blooming Spring unbends the brow
 Of surly, savage Winter
 Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
 Her winning powers to lessen,
 And spiteful Envy gums in vain,
 The poisoned tooth to fasten

Ye Powers of Honor, Love, and Truth,
 From every ill defend her!
 Inspire the highly-favored youth
 The Destinies intend her,
 Still fan the sweet connubial flame,
 Responsive in each bosom,
 And bless the dear parental name
 With many a filial blossom

THE CURE FOR ALL CARE.

TUNE — "*Prepare, my dear brethren, to the tavern
 let's fly*"

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
 No statesman nor soldier, to plot or to fight,
 No sly man of business contriving a snare —
 For a big-bellied bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow,
 I scorn not the peasant, though ever so low;
 But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
 And a bottle like this, are my glory and care

Here passes the Squire on his brother — his horse;
 There Centum-per-centum, the cit with his purse,
 But see you the Crown, how it waves in the air?
 There a big-bellied bottle still eases my care

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die,
 For sweet consolation to church I did fly,
 I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
 That a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care

I once was persuaded a venture to make,
 A letter informed me that all was to wreck,
 But the pursy old landlord just waddled up-stairs,
 With a glorious bottle that ended my cares

"Life's cares they are comforts" * — a maxim laid
 down
 By the bard — what d'ye call him? — that wore the
 black gown,
 And faith, I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
 For a big-bellied bottle's a heav'n of a care

STANZA ADDED IN A MASONIC LODGE.

Then fill up a bumper, and make it o'erflow,
 And honors Masonic prepare for to throw,
 May every true brother of the compass and square
 Have a big-bellied bottle when harassed with care!

* Young's "Night Thoughts."

THE SONS OF OLD KILLIE •

TUNE — “*Shawmboy*”

YE sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
To follow the noble vocation,
Your thirty old mother has scarce such another
To sit in that honored station
I've little to say, but only to pray,
As praying's the ton of your fashion
A prayer from the Muse you well may excuse, —
'Tis seldom her favorite passion

Ye Powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
Who marked each element's border,
Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,
Whose sovereign statute is order!
Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
Or withered envy ne'er enter,
May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
And brotherly love be the centre¹

KATHERINE JAFFRAY

THERE lived a lass in yonder dale,
And down in yonder glen, O!
And Katherine Jaffray was her name,
Weel known to many men, O!

* The original in the Poet's handwriting, belongs to Gabriel Neil, Glasgow, and has the following note attached to it — “This song, wrote by Mr Burns, was sung by him in the Kilmarnock Kilwinning Lodge, in 1796, and given by him to Mr Parker, who was Master of the Lodge

Out came the Lord of Lauderdale,
 Out frae the South countrie, O !
 All for to court this pretty maid,
 Her bridegroom for to be, O !

He's telled her father and mother baith,
 As I hear sundry say, O !
 But he has na telled the lass hersel'
 Till on her wedding-day, O !

Then came the Laird o' Lochington,
 Out frae the English border,
 All for to court this pretty maid,
 All mounted in good order

ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

TUNE — "*If he be a butcher neat and trim.*"

ON Cessnock banks there lives a lass,* —
 Could I describe her shape and mien;
 The graces of her weel-fared face,
 And the glancin' of her sparklin' een !

She's fresher than the morning dawn,
 When rising Phœbus first is seen,
 When dewdrops twinkle o'er the lawn;
 An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

She's stately, like yon youthful ash,
 That grows the cowslip braes between,
 And shoots its head above each bush;
 An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

* Supposed to be the Poet's first love, Ellison Begbie.

She's spotless as the flowering thorn,
With flowers so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn,
An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
When flowery May adorns the scene,
That wantons round its bleating dam,
An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

Her hair is like the curling mist
That shades the mountain-side at e'en,
When flower-reviving rains are past,
An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een

Her forehead's like the showery bow,
When shining sunbeams intervene,
And gild the distant mountain's brow;
An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een

Her voice is like the evening thrush
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een

Her lips are like the cherries ripe
That sunny walls from Boreas screen;
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep;
An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossomed bean,
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas;
An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Though matching Beauty's fabled queen,
But the mind that shines in every grace —
An' chiefly in her sparklin' een

ON CESSNOCK BANKS

[IMPROVED VERSION]

TUNE — “*If he be a butcher neat and trim*”

ON Cessnock banks a lassie dwells,
Could I describe her shape and mien,
Our lasses a' she far excels, —
An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een

She's sweeter than the morning dawn,
When rising Phœbus first is seen,
And dewdrops twinkle o'er the lawn,
An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een

She's stately, like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And drinks the stream with vigor fresh;
An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een

She's spotless, like the flowering thorn,
With flowers so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn;
An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her looks are like the vernal May,
When evening Phœbus shines serene,
While birds rejoice on every spray;
An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her hair is like the curling mist
That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en,
When flower-reviving rains are past,
An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een

Her forehead's like the showery bow,
When gleaming sunbeams intervene,
And gild the distant mountain's brow,
An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
The pride of all the flowery scene,
Just opening on its thorny stem,
An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her teeth are like the nightly snow,
When pale the morning rises keen,
While hid the murmur'ing streamlets flow;
An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een

Her lips are like yon cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen,
They tempt the taste and charm the sight,
An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossomed bean,
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas,
An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een

Her voice is like the evening thrush,
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Though matching Beauty's fabled queen ;
'Tis the mind that shines in every grace,
An' chiefly in her roguish een

TO MARY *

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore ?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic's roar ?

O sweet grow the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine ,
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I ha'e sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
I ha'e sworn by the Heavens to be true ;
And sae may the Heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow !

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand ;
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand

We ha'e plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join ,
And curst be the cause that shall part us ! —
The hour and the moment o' time !

* Mary Campbell, or Highland Mary

MARY •

TUNE — “ *Blue bonnets* ”

POWERS celestial † whose protection
 Ever guards the virtuous fair,
 While in distant climes I wander,
 Let my Mary be your care,
 Let her form, sae fair and faultless,
 Fair and faultless as your own,
 Let my Mary's kindred spirit
 Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her
 Soft and peaceful as her breast,
 Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
 Soothe her bosom into rest
 Guardian angels † O protect her,
 When in distant lands I roam,
 To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
 Make her bosom still my home †

BONNIE DUNDEE †

TUNE — “ *Bonnie Dundee* ”

O, WHERE did ye get that hauer meal bannock?
 O, silly blind body, O dinna ye see?
 I gat it frae a brisk young sodger laddie,
 Between Saint Johnston and bonnie Dundee.

* Highland Mary Her name was Mary Campbell

† The second verse only of this song was written by Burns.

O gin I saw the laddie that ga'e me 't !
Aft has he doudled me up on his knee ;
May Heaven protect my bonnie Scots laddie,
And send him safe hame to his babie and me !

My blessin's upon thy sweet wee hippie,
My blessin's upon thy bonnie e'e bree '
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,
Thou's aye be dearer and dearer to me '
But I'll big a bower on yon bonny banks,
Where Tay rins wimplin' by sae clear ,
And I'll clead thee in the tartan sae fine,
And mak' thee a man like thy daddie dear.

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

TUNE — "*Maggie Lauder*"

I MARRIED with a scolding wife
The fourteenth of November ;
She made me weary of my life
By one unruly member

Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
And many griefs attended ;
But, to my comfort be it spoke,
Now, now her life is ended

We lived full one-and-twenty years
A man and wife together ;
At length from me her course she steered,
And gone I know not whither.

Would I could guess, I do profess —
I speak, and do not flatter —
Of all the women in the world,
I never could come at her.

Her body is hestowed well,
A handsome grave does hide her ;
But sure her soul is not in hell —
The de'il could ne'er abide her

I rather think she is aloft,
And imitating thunder ,
For why — methinks I hear her voice
Tearing the clouds asunder

THERE'S NEWS, LASSES, NEWS.

THERE'S news, lasses, news,
Gude news I have to tell,
There's a boat fu' o' lads
Come to our town to sell.

CHORUS

The wean wants a cradle,
An' the cradle wants a cod,
An' I'll no gang to my bed
Until I get a nod.

Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she,
Do what you can,
I'll no gang to my bed
Till I get a man.
The wean, &c.

I ha'e as gude a craft rig
 As made o' yird and stane;
 And waly fa' the ley-crap,
 For I maun tilled again
 The wean, &c

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL •

TUNE — "*MacPherson's Rant*"

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
 The wretch's destinie'
 Macpherson's time will not be long
 On yonder gallows-tree
 Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly gaed he;
 He played a spring, and danced it round,
 Below the gallows-tree.

O' what is death but parting breath?
 On mony a bloody plain
 I've dared his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again'

* Macpherson was chief of a branch of the clan Chattan, and a famous freebooter. "Macpherson's Lament," says Sir Walter Scott, "was a well-known song many years before the Avrshire Bard wrote these additional verses, which constitute its principal merit. This noted freebooter was executed at Inverness about the beginning of the last century. When he came to the fatal tree, he played the tune to which he has bequeathed his name upon a favorite violin, and, holding up the instrument, he offered it to any one of his clan who would undertake to play the tune over his body at the lyke-wake. As none answered, he dashed it to pieces on the executioner's head, and flung himself from the ladder."

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword !
And there's no a man in all Scotland
But I'll brave him at a word

I've lived a life of sturt and strife ;
I die by treacherie
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avengèd be

Now farewell light — thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky !
May coward shame disdain his name,
The wretch that dares not die !
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he ,
He played a spring and danced it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

DAMON AND SYLVIA

TUNE — “ *The tither morn, as I forlorn.* ”

YON wandering rill that marks the hll,
And glances o'er the brae, sir,
Slides by a bower, where mony a flower
Sneds fragrance on the day, sir.

There Damon lay with Sylvia gay,
To love they thought nae crime, sir ;
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang,
While Damon's heart beat time, sir.

HER DADDIE FORBADE

TUNE — "*Jumpin' John*"

HER daddie forbade, her minnie forbade ;
 Forbidden she wadna be ,
 She wadna trow't the browst she brewed
 Wad taste sae bitterlie
 The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
 Beguiled the bonnie lassie,
 The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
 Beguiled the bonnie lassie

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,
 And thretty guid shillin's and three ,
 A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,
 The lass with the bonnie black e'e

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

TUNE — "*I'm o'er young to marry yet*"

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,
 Wi' unco folk I weary, sir ;
 And lying in a man's bed,
 I'm fleyed wad mak' me eerie, sir.
 I'm o'er young to marry yet ;
 I'm o'er young to marry yet ;
 I'm o'er young — 'twad be a sin
 To tak' me frae my mammy yet.

My mammy coft me a new gown,
 The kirk maun ha'e the gracing o't;
 Were I to lie wi' you, kind sir,
 I'm feared ye'd spoil the lacing o't

Hallowmas is come and gane,
 The nights are lang in winter, sir;
 An' you an' I in ae bed
 In trowth I dare na venture, sir

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
 Blaws through the leafless timmer, sir;
 But if ye come this gate again,
 I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir
 I'm o'er young to marry yet,
 I'm o'er young to marry yet,
 I'm o'er young — 'twad be a sin
 To tak' me frae my mammy yet.

STAY, MY CHARMER.

TUNE — "*An Gille dubh ciar dhubh.*"

STAY, my charmer, can you leave me?
 Cruel, cruel to deceive me!
 Well you know how much you grieve me!
 Cruel charmer, can you go?
 Cruel charmer, can you go?

By my love so ill requited;
 By the faith you fondly plighted;
 By the pangs of lovers slighted;
 Do not, do not leave me so!
 Do not, do not leave me so!

COME DOWN THE BACK STAIRS

TUNE — "*Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad*"

CHORUS

O, WHISTLE, and I'll come
To you, my lad,
O, whistle, and I'll come
To you, my lad,
Though father and mither
Should baith gae mad,
O, whistle, and I'll come
To you, my lad

Come down the back stairs
When ye come to court me;
Come down the back stairs
When ye come to court me,
Come down the back stairs,
And let naebody see,
And come as ye were na
Coming to me

MY HOGGIE.

TUNE — "*What will I do gin my hoggie die?*"

WHAT will I do gin my hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my hoggie!
My only beast, I had nae mae,
And vow but I was vogie!

The lee-lang night we watched the fauld,
 Me and my faithfu' doggie,
 We heard naught but the roir'ing linn
 Amang the braes sae scroggie,

But the houlet cried frae the castle wa',
 The blitter frae the boggie,
 The tod repl'd upon the hill
 I trembled for my hoggie

When day did daw', and cocks did crow,
 The morning it was foggy,
 An unco tyke lap o'er the dyke,
 And maist has killed my hoggie

BRAW LADS OF GALLA WATER.

TUNE — "*Galla Water*"

CHORUS

BRAW, braw lads of Galla Water;
 O braw lads of Galla Water!
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
 And follow my love through the water.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
 Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie;
 Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
 The mair I kiss she's aye my dearie.

O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,
 O'er yon moss amang the heather,
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
 And follow my love through the water.

Down amang the bloom, the bloom,
 Down amang the broom, my dearie,
 The lassie lost a silken snood,
 That cost her mony a blit and bleary

Braw, braw lads of Galla Water ;
 O braw lads of Galla Water !
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
 And follow my love through the wat

THERE WAS A WIFE *

THERE was a wife wonned in Cockpen,
 Scroggam ,
 She brewed guid ale for gentlemen ;
 Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
 Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum

The gudewife's dochter fell in æ-fever,
 Scroggam ,
 The priest o' the parish fell in anither ;
 Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
 Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum

They laid the twa i' the bed thegither,
 Scroggam ,
 That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither ;
 Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
 Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum

* This song is inserted in the *Musical Museum*, where it is stated to have been written by Burns, consequently it is here inserted among his other songs.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

CHORUS

UP in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early,
 When a' the hills are covered wi' snaw,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
 The drift is driving sairly,
 Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly

The birds sit chattering in the thorn,
 A' day they fare but sparely,
 And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly

Up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early,
 When a' the hills are covered wi' snaw,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

THERE WAS A LASS.

TUNE — "*Duncan Davison.*"

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
 And she held o'er the moors to spin;
 There was a lad that followed her,
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison.

The moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh,
Her favor Duncan could na win,
For wⁱ' the rock she wad him knock,
And aye she shook the temper-pin

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
A burn was clear, a glen was green,
Upon the banks they eased their shanks,
And aye she set the wheel between
But Duncan swore a haly aith,
That Meg should be a bride the morn;
Then Meg took up her spinnin' graith,
And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

We'll big a house — a wee, wee house,
And we will live like king and queen;
Sae blythe and merry we will be
When ye set by the wheel at e'en.
A man may drink and no be drunk,
A man may fight and no be slain,
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And aye be welcome back again.

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER

TUNE — "*The Dusty Miller*"

HEY, the dusty miller,
And his dusty coat,
He will win a shilling,
Or he spend a groat.
Dusty was the coat,
Dusty was the color,
Dusty was the kiss
I got frae the miller.

Hey, the dusty miller,
 And his dusty sack;
 Leeze me on the calling,
 Fills the dusty peck
 Fills the dusty peck,
 Brings the dusty siller;
 I wad gi'e my coatie
 For the dusty miller

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.*

TUNE — "*Morag*"

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
 The snaw the mountains cover,
 Like winter on me seizes,
 Since my young Highland Rover
 Far wanders nations over
 Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
 May Heaven be his warden;
 Return him safe to fair Strathspey
 And bonnie Castle-Gordon!

The trees now naked groaning,
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
 The birdies dowie moaning,
 Shall a' be blithely singing,
 And every flower be springing.
 Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
 When by his mighty warden
 My youth's returned to fair Strathspey
 And bonnie Castle-Gordon

* Prince Charles Edward.

BONNIE PEG.

As I came in by our gate end,
As day was waxin' weary,
O wha came tripping down the street,
But bonnie Peg, my dearie !

Her air sae sweet, and shape complete,
Wi' nae proportion wanting,
The Queen of Love did never move
Wi' motion mair enchanting

Wi' linkèd hands, we took the sands
Adown yon winding river,
And, O ! that hour and broomy bower,
Can I forget it ever ?

SHELAH O'NEIL.

WHEN first I began for to sigh and to woo her,
Of many fine things I did say a great deal,
But, above all the rest, that which pleased her the best,
Was, O ! will you marry me, Shelah O'Neil?
My point I soon carried, for straight we were married,
Then the weight of my burden I soon 'gan to feel, —
For she scolded, she fisted — O then I enlisted,
Left Ireland, and whiskey, and Shelah O'Neil.

Then tired and dull-hearted, O then I deserted,
And fled into regions far distant from home,
To Frederick's army, where none e'er could harm me,
Save Shelah herself in the shape of a bomb.

I fought every battle, where cannons did rattle,
 Felt sharp shot, alas ! and the sharp-pointed steel ;
 But, in all my wars round, thank my stars, I ne'er found
 Aught so sharp as the tongue of cursed Shelah O'Neil.

WEARY FA' YOU, DUNCAN GRAY.

TUNE — "*Duncan Gray*"

WEARY fa' you, Duncan Gray —

Ha, ha, the girdin' o't !

Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray —

Ha, ha, the girdin' o't !

When a' the lave gae to their play,

Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,

And jog the cradle wi' my tae,

And a' for the gudin' o't

Bonnie was the Lammas moon —

Ha, ha, the girdin' o't !

Glowrin' a' the hills aboon —

Ha, ha, the girdin' o't !

The girdin' brak, the beast cam' down,

I unt my curch and baith my shoon ;

Ah ! Duncan, ye're an unco loon —

Wae on the bad girdin' o't !

But, Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith, —

Ha, ha, the gudin' o't !

I'se bless you wi' my hindmost breath —

Ha, ha, the girdin' o't !

Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith —

The beast again can bear us baith,

And auld Mess John will mend the skaith,

And clout the bad girdin' o't.

THENIEL MENZIE'S BONNIE MARY

TUNE — "*The Ruffian's Rant*"

IN coming by the brig o' Dye,
At Darlet we a blink did tarry,
As day was dawning in the sky,
We drank a health to bonnie Mary.
 Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary,
 Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary;
Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
Kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
Her haffet locks as brown's a berry;
And aye they dimpl't wi' a smile,
The rosy cheeks o' bonnie Mary

We lap and danced the lee-lang day,
Till piper lads were wae an' weary;
But Charlie gat the spring to pay,
For kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary
 Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary,
 Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary;
Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
Kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

YE HA'E LIEN WRANG, LASSIE

CHORUS.

YE ha'e lien a' wrang, lassie,
Ye've lien a' wrang;
Ye've lien in an unco bed,
And wi' a fremit man.

Your rosy cheeks are turned sse wan,
 Ye're greener than the grass, lassie !
 Your coatie's shorter by a span,
 Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie !

O, lassie, ye ha'e played the fool,
 And ye will feel the scorn, lassie,
 For aye the brose ye sup at c'en
 Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie.

O, ance ye danced upon the knowes,
 And through the wood ye sang, lassie,
 But in the herrying o' a bee byke,
 I fear ye've got a stang, lassie
 Ye ha'e lien a' wrang, lassie,
 Ye've lien a' wrang,
 Ye've lien in an unco bed,
 And wi' a fremit man

THE PLOUGHMAN

TUNE — "*Up wi' the ploughman.*"

THE ploughman he's a bonnie lad,
 His mind is ever true, jo ,
 His garters knut below his knee,
 His bonnet it is blue, jo
 Then up wi' my ploughman lad,
 And hey my merry ploughman !
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the ploughman.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
 He's aften wat and wesry ;
 Cast off the wat, put on the dry,
 And gae to bed, my dearie !

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
 And I will dress his o'erly,
 I will mak' my ploughman's bed,
 And cheer him late and early

I ha'e been east, I ha'e been west,
 I ha'e been at Saint Johnston,
 The bonniest sight that e'er I saw
 Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.

Snaw-white stockin's on his legs,
 And siller buckles glancin';
 A guid blue bonnet on his head —
 And O, but he was handsome!

Commend me to the barn-yard,
 And the corn-mou, man,
 I never gat my coggie fou
 Till I met wi' the ploughman
 Then up wi' my ploughman lad,
 And hey my merry ploughman!
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the ploughman.

LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN.*

TUNE — "*Hey tutti, tati.*"

LANDLADY, count the lawin,
 The day is near the dawin;
 Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
 And I'm but jolly fou.
 Hey tutti, tati,
 How tutti, tati —
 Wha's fou now?

* The first two verses only are by Burns.

Cog an' ye were aye fou,
 Cog an' ye were aye fou,
 I wad sit and sing to you,
 If ye were aye fou

Weel may ye a' be '
 Ill may we never see!
 God bless the king, boys,
 And the companie '
 Hey tutti, tatti,
 How tutti, tatti —
 Wha's fou now?

TO DAUNTON ME.

TUNE — "*To daunton me*"

THE blude-red rose at Yule may blaw,
 The summer lilies bloom in snaw,
 The frost may freeze the deepest sea;
 But an auld man shall never daunton me.

To daunton me, and me sae young,
 Wi' his fause heart and flattering tongue,
 That is the thing you ne'er shall see;
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
 For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
 For a' his gold and white monie,
 An auld man shall never daunton me

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
 His gear may buy him glens and knowes;
 But me he shall not buy nor fee,
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.

He hurples twa-fauld as he dow,
Wi' his toothless gab and his auld beld pow,
And the rain dreeps down frae his red bleered e'e—
That auld man shall never daunt on me

To daunt on me, and me sae young,
Wi' his fause heart and flattering tongue,
That is the thing you ne'er shall see,
For an auld man shall never daunt on me

WOMEN'S MINDS

TUNE — "*For a' that*"

THOUGH women's minds, like winter winds,
May shift and turn, and a' that,
The noblest breast adores them maist,
A consequence I draw that.

CHORUS

For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as muckle's a' that,
The bonnie lass that I lo'e best,
She'll be my ain for a' that.

Great love I bear to all the fair,
Their humble slave, an' a' that,
But lordly will, I hold it still,
A mortal sin to thraw that

But there is ane aboon the lave,
Has wit, and sense, and a' that;
A bonnie lass, I like her best,
And wha a crime dare ca' that?

COME, BOAT ME O'ER TO CHARLIE *

TUNE — "*O'er the water to Charlie.*"

COME hoat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie,
I'll gi'e John Ross another bawbee,
To boat me o'er to Charlie
We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie,
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
Though some there be abhor him,
But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him!

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
And sun that shines so early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd die as aft for Charlie.

We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome we thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

* Prince Charles Edward

I never saw a fairer,
 I never lo'ed a dearer,
 And niest my heart I'll wear her
 For fear my jewel tine

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine

The warl's wrack we share o't,
 The warstle and the care o't ,
 Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
 And think my lot divine

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE *

TUNE—*"Rattlin', roarin' Willie"*

O RATTLIN', roarin' Willie,
 O, he held to the fair,
 An' for to sell his fiddle,
 An' buy some other ware ;
 But parting wi' his fiddle,
 The saut tear bln't his e'e ,
 And rattlin', roarin' Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me !

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 O sell your fiddle sae fine ,
 O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 And buy a pint o' wine !

* "The hero of this chant," says Burns, "was one of the worthiest fellows in the world—William Dunbar, Esq., Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, and Colonel of the Crochallan corps, a club of wits, who took this title at the time of raising the Fencible regiments."

If I should sell my fiddle,
The warl' would think I was mad;
For mony a rantin' day
My fiddle and I ha'e had.

As I cam' by Crochallan,
I cannily keekit ben —
Rattlin', roarin' Willie
Was sitting at yon board en';
Sitting at yon board en',
And amang guid companie;
Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
Ye're weleome hame to me!

TIBBIE DUNBAR

TUNE — "*Johnny M'Gill*"

O, WILT thou go wi' me,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
O, wilt thou go wi' me,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse,
Or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side,
O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I care na thy daddie,
His lands and his money,
I care na thy kin
Sae high and sae lordly;
But say thou wilt ha'e me
For better for waur —
And come in thy coatie,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar!

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.*

TUNE — "*Highlander's Lament*"

My Harry was a gallant gay,
 Fu' stately strode he on the plain;
 But now he's banished far away,
 I'll never see him back again
 O, for him back again!
 O, for him back again!
 I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land
 For Highland Harry back again

When a' the lave † gae to their bed,
 I wander dowie up the glen,
 I set me down and greet my fill,
 And aye I wish him back again.

O, were some villains hangit high,
 And ilka body had their ain!
 Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
 My Highland Harry back again.
 O, for him back again!
 O, for him back again!
 I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land
 For Highland Harry back again

* "The oldest title," says Burns, "I ever heard to this air was 'The Highland Watch's Farewell to Ireland.' The chorus I picked up from an old woman in Dumblane, the rest of the song is mine."

† Rest of the inmates of the house

THE TAILOR.

TUNE — “ *The tailor fell through the bed, thumbles an’ a’.* ”

THE tailor fell through the bed, thumbles an’ a’ ;
The tailor fell through the bed, thumbles an’ a’ ,
The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma’ —
The tailor fell through the bed, thumbles an’ a’

The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill ,
The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill ,
The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still,
She thought that a tailor could do her nae ill.

Gi’e me the groat again, canny young man ;
Gi’e me the groat again, canny young man .
The day it is short, and the night it is lang, —
The dearest siller that ever I wan !

There’s somebody weary wi’ lying her lane ,
There’s somebody weary wi’ lying her lane ,
There’s some that are dowie, I traw wad be fain
To see the bit tailor come skippin’ again.

WHEN ROSY MAY COMES IN WI’ FLOWERS.

TUNE — “ *The gardener wi’ his paidle.* ”

WHEN rosy May comes in wi’ flowers,
To deck her gay green-spreading bowers,
Then busy, busy are his hours —
The gardener wi’ his paidle.

The crystal waters gently fa' ;
 The merry birds are lovers a' ,
 The scented breezes round him blow —
 The gardener wi' his paddle

When purple morning starts the hare
 To steal upon her early fare,
 Then through the dews he maun repair —
 The gardener wi' his paddle

When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws of Nature's rest,
 He flies to her arms he lo'es the best —
 The gardener wi' his paddle

BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN *

TUNE — "*Ye gallants bright*"

YE gallants bright, I rde ye right,
 Beware o' bonnie Ann ,
 Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
 Your heart she will trepan
 Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
 Her skin is like the swan ,
 Sae jumpy laced her genty waist,
 That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love attendant move,
 And pleasure leads the van
 In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
 They wait on bonnie Ann.

* The heroine of this song was Ann Masterton, daughter of Allan Masterton, one of the Poet's friends, and author of the air of "*Strathallan's Lament*."

The captive bands may chain the hands,
 But love enslaves the man,
 Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
 Beware o' bonnie Ann'

SIMMER'S A PLEASANT TIME.*

TUNE — "*Aye waukin O*"

SIMMER's a pleasant time,
 Flowers of every color,
 The water rins o'er the heugh,
 And I long for my true lover.

Aye waukin O,
 Waukin still and wearie;
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie

When I sleep I dream,
 When I wauk I'm eerie,
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie

Lanely night comes on,
 A' the lave are sleepin';
 I think on my bonnie lad,
 And I bleer my een with greetin'.

Aye waukin O,
 Waukin still and wearie;
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie.

* The first verse is by Burns, the remainder had only the benefit of his servant.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

TUNE — "*Lady Badenoch's Reel*"

MY love she's but a lassie yet,
My love she's but a lassie yet,
We'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll no be half sae saucy yet.
I rue the day I sought her, O,
I rue the day I sought her, O,
Wha gets her need na say she's wooed,
But he may say he's bought her, O!

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
But here I never missed it yet.
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
The minister kissed the fiddler's wife,
An' could na preach for thinkin' o't.

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

TUNE — "*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*"

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married — spier nae mair —
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
 Bonnie Meg was Nature's child,
 Wiser men than me's beguiled —
 Whistle o'er the lave o't

How we live, my Meg and me,
 How we love, and how we 'gree,
 I care na by how few may see,
 Whistle o'er the lave o't

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
 Dished up in her winding-sheet,
 I could write — but Meg maun see't —
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

MY BONNIE MARY.

TUNE — “ *Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine.* ”

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 An' fill it in a silver tassie,
 That I may drink before I go
 A service to my bonnie lassie.
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry;
 The ship lies by the Berwick-law,
 And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are rankèd ready;
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes thick and bloody;
 But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
 Nor shout o' war that's heard afar —
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY

TUNE — "*O, mount and go*"

CHORUS

O, MOUNT and go,
Mount and make you ready,
O, mount and go,
And be the Captain's lady.

When the drums do beat,
And the cannons rattle,
Thou shalt sit in state,
And see thy love in battle.

When the vanquished foe
Sues for peace and quiet,
To the shades we'll go,
And in love enjoy it.
O, mount and go,
Mount and make you ready;
O, mount and go,
And be the Captain's lady

WEE WILLIE GRAY.*

WEE Willie Gray, and his leather wallet;
Peel a willow-wand to be him boots and jacket:
The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and doublet,
The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and doublet

* Written in imitation and to the tune of a nursery song

Wee Wilhe Gray, and his leather wallet ,
 Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat ;
 Feathers of a fie wad feather up his bonnet,
 Feathers of a fie wad feather up his bonnet.

BLOOMING NELLY.

TUNE — “ *On a bank of flowers* ”

ON a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
 For summer lightly drest,
 The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
 With love and sleep opprest ,
 When Wilhe, wandering through the wood,
 Who for her favor oft had sued,
 He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed,
 And trembled where he stood

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheathed,
 Were sealed in soft repose ,
 Her lips, still as she fragrant breathed,
 It richer dyed the rose
 The springing lilies sweetly prest,
 Wild — wanton, kissed her rival breast ;
 He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed —
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
 Her tender limbs embrace !
 Her lovely form, her native ease,
 All harmony and grace !

Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
A faltering, ardent kiss he stole,
He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed,
And sighed his very soul

As flies the partridge from the brake,
On fear-inspired wings,
So Nell, starting, half-awake,
Away affrighted springs,
But Willie followed — as he should,
He overtook her in the wood,
He vowed, he prayed, he found the maid
Forgiving all and good

O, CAN YE LABOR LEA?

O, CAN ye labor lea, young man,
An' can ye labor lea?
Gae back the gate ye cam' again,
Ye'se never scorn me

I feed a man at Martinmas,
Wi' aurl-pennies three;
An' a' the fau't I fan' wi' him,
He couldna labor lea.

The stibble rig is easy ploughed,
The fallow land is free;
But wha wad keep the handless coof
That couldna labor lea?

THE LAZY MIST.

TUNE — “ *Here's a health to my true love.* ”

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
 Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;
 How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
 As autumn to winter resigns the pale year!
 The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
 And all the gay foppery of summer is flown
 Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
 How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues!

How long I have lived — but how much lived in vain!
 How little of life's scanty span may remain!
 What aspects old Time, in his progress, has worn!
 What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn!
 How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gained!
 And downward, how weakened, how darkened, how
 pained!
 This life's not worth having, with all it can give:
 For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

TUNE — “ *Ned Gow's Lament* ”

THERE 's a youth in this city,
 It were a great pity
 That he frae our lasses should wander awa';
 For he's bonnie and braw,
 Weel favored witha',
 And his hair has a natural buckle an' a'.

His coat is the hue
Of his bonnet sae blue
His fecket is white as the new-driven snaw ;
His hose they are blae,
And his shoon like the slae,
And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.

For beauty and fortune
The laddie 's been courtin' ;
Weel-featured, weel-tochered, weel-mounted, and braw
But chiefly the siller,
That gars him gang till her,
The penny's the jewel that beautifies a'.

There's Meg wi' the mailen
That fain wad a haen him ,
And Susie, whose daddy was laird o' the ha' ;
There's lang-tochered Nancy
Maist feters his fancy —
But the laddie's dear sel' he lo'es dearest of a'.

O, GUID ALE COMES.

CHORUS

O, GUID ale comes, and guid ale goes,
Guid ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon ;
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had sax owsen in a pleugh,
They drew a' weel enough,
I selled them a' just ane by ane ;
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

Guid ale hauds me bare and busy,
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,
Stand i' the stool when I ha'e done,
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon
O, guid ale comes, and guid ale goes,
Guid ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon;
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

JAMIE, COME, TRY ME.

TUNE — "*Jamie, come, try me.*"

CHORUS.

JAMIE, come, try me,
Jamie, come, try me,
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come, try me

If thou should ask my love,
Could I deny thee?
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come, try me

If thou should kiss me, love,
Who could espy thee?
If thou wad be my love,
Jamie, come, try me.

Jamie, come, try me,
Jamie, come, try me;
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come, try me.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

TUNE — "*Faillt na Miosg*"

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer ,
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe —
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North !
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth ,
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow !
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below !
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods !
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods !
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer ,
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe —
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

OUR THRISSLES FLOURISHED FRESH AND
FAIR.TUNE — "*Awa', Whigs, awa' !*"

OUR thistles flourished fresh and fair,
And bonnie bloomed our roses ,
But Whigs cam' like a frost in June,
And withered a' our posies

CHORUS

Awa', Whigs, awa'!

Awa', Whigs, awa'!

Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,

Ye'll do nae guid at a'

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust —

De'il blin' them wi' the stoure o't!

And write their names in his black beuk

Wha gae the Whigs the power o't!

Our sad decay in Church and State

Surpasses my describing,

The Whigs cam' o'er us for a curse,

And we ha'e done wi' thriving

Grim Vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,

But we may see him wauken,

Gude help the day when royal heads

Are hunted like a maukin!

Awa', Whigs, awa'!

Awa', Whigs, awa'!

Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,

Ye'll do nae guid at a'.

BROSE AND BUTTER.

O, GI'E my love brose, brose,

Gi'e my love brose and butter;

For nane in Carrick or Kyle

Can please a lassie better

The laverock lo'es the grass,

The muirhen lo'es the heather;

But gi'e me a braw moonlight,

And me and my love together

EPPIE ADAIR

TUNE — "*My Eppie*"

AN' O, my Eppie !
My jewel, my Eppie !
Wha wadna be happy
 Wi' Eppie Adair ?
By love and by beauty
By law and by duty,
I swear to be true to
 My Eppie Adair !

AN' O, my Eppie !
My jewel, my Eppie !
Wha wadna be happy
 Wi' Eppie Adair ?
A' pleasure exile me,
Dishonor defile me,
If e'er I beguile thee,
 My Eppie Adair !

O, MERRY HA'E I BEEN TEETHIN' A HECKLE

TUNE — "*Lord Breadalbane's March*"

O, MERRY ha'e I been teethin' a heckle,
And merry ha'e I been shapin' a spoon ;
And merry ha'e I been cloutin' a keetle,
And kissin' my Katie when a' was done.
O, a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,
An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing ;
A' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,
An' a' the lang night am as happy's a kang.

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins,
O' marrying Bess, to gi'e her a slave
Blest be the hour she cooled in her linnens,
And blithe be the bird that sings on her grave!
Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,
An' come to my arms and kiss me again!
Drunken or sober, here's to thee, Katie!
And blest be the day I did it again

LAMENT

WRITTEN AT A TIME WHEN THE POET WAS ABOUT TO
LEAVE SCOTLAND *

TUNE — "*The Banks of the Devon*"

O'ER the mist-shrouded cliffs of their lone mountain
straying,
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
What woes wring my heart while intently surveying
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave!

Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
Ere ye toss me afar from my loved native shore;
Where the flower which bloomed sweetest in Coila's
green vale,
The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more!

No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
And smile at the moon's rumpled face in the wave;
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
For the dewdrops of morning fall cold on her grave.

* Originally published in the *Dumfriess Journal*

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast ;
I haste with the storm to a far-distant shore ;
Where, unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

EVAN BANKS

TUNE — "*Savourna Delish*"

SLOW spreads the gloom my soul desires ;
The sun from India's shore retires
To Evan Banks, with temperate ray,
Home of my youth, he leads the day

O, banks to me forever dear !
O, stream whose murmurs still I hear !
All, all my hopes of bliss reside
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde

And she, in simple beauty drest,
Whose image lives within my breast
Who, trembling, heard my parting sigh,
And long pursued me with her eye

Does she, with heart unchanged as mine,
Oft in the vocal bowers recline ?
Or, where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde ?

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound !
Ye lavish woods that wave around,
And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
Which sweetly winds so far below ,

What secret charm to mem'ry brings
All that on Evan's border springs !

Sweet banks¹ ye bloom by Mary's side :
 Blest stream¹ she views thee haste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast
 Atone for years in absence lost ?
 Return, ye moments of delight ;
 With richer treasures hless my sight¹

Swift from this desert let me part,
 And fly to meet a kindred heart¹
 Nor more may aught my steps divide
 From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.

YOUNG JOCKEY.

TUNE — "*Young Jockey*"

YOUNG Jockey was the blithest lad
 In a' our town or here awa'
 Fu' blithe he whistled at the gaud,
 Fu' lightly danced he in the ha'.
 He roosed my een, sae bonnie blue,
 He roosed my waist, sae genty sma',
 And aye my heart came to my mou'
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
 Through wind and weet, through frost and
 snaw,
 And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain,
 When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.
 An' aye the night comes round again,
 When in his arms he tak's me a',
 An' aye he vows he'll be my ain.
 As lang's he has a breath to draw.

THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE.

TUNE — "*Killiecrankie.*"

WHERE ha'e ye been sae braw, lad?
 Where ha'e ye been sae bankie, O?
 O, where ha'e ye been sae braw, lad?
 Cam' ye by Killiecrankie, O?
 An' ye had been where I ha'e been
 Ye wad na been sae cantie, O;
 An' ye had seen what I ha'e seen,
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

I fought at land, I fought at sea;
 At hame I fought my auntie, O,
 But I met the Devil an' Dundee *
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O
 The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
 An' Clavers got a clankie, O;
 Or I had fed an Athole gled
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O

 FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.
TUNE — "*Carron Side.*"

FRAE the friends and land I love,
 Driven by Fortune's felly spite,
 Frae my best beloved I rove,
 Never mair to taste delight,

* The gallant Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, who fell at the battle of Killiecrankie. With him perished the cause of the Stuaris. He fell just as he had gained the victory

Never mair maun hope to find,
 Ease frae toil, relief frae care
 When remembrance wracks the mind,
 Pleasures but unveil despair

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
 Desert ilka blooming shore,
 Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
 Friendship, love, and peace restore ;
 Till Revenge, wi' laurelled head,
 Bring our banished hame again ;
 And ilka loyal bonnie lad
 Cross the seas an' win his ain

SWEET CLOSES THE EVENING *

TUNE — "*Craigie-burn-wood.*"

SWEET closes the evening on Craigie-burn-wood,
 And blithely awaukens the morrow ,
 But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn-wood
 Can yield to me nothiug but sorrow

CHORUS

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
 And O, to be lying beyond thee !
 O, sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
 That's laid in the bed beyond thee !

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
 I hear the wild birds singing ,
 But pleasure they ha'e nane for me
 While care my heart is wringing

* This song was composed in honor of Jean Lorimer, the "*Chloris*" of the poems

I canna tell, I mauna tell,
I darena for your anger
But secret love will break my heart
If I conceal it langer

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonnie,
But O, what will my torments be
If thou refuse thy Johnnie!

To see thee in anither's arms,
In love to he and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say, thou lo'es nane before me,
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee
Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O, to be lying beyond thee!
O, sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond thee!

COME, REDE ME, DAME

COME, rede me, dame, come, tell me, dame,
And none can tell mair truly,
What color maun the man be of
To love a woman dully?

The carlin cew baith up and down,
And leugh, and answered ready:—
I learned a song in Annandale,
A dark man for my lady

But for a country quean like thee,
 Young lass, I tell thee fairly,
 That wi' the white I've made a shift,
 And brown will do fu' rarely

There's mickle love in raven locks,
 The flaxen ne'er grows youden;
 There's kiss and hause me in the brown,
 And glory in the gowden.

THE BONNIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA'

TUNE — "*O'er the hills and far awa'.*"

O HOW can I be blithe and glad,
 Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
 When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
 Is o'er the hills and far awa' ?
 When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
 Is o'er the hills and far awa' ?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
 It's no the driving drift and snaw;
 But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
 To think on him that's far awa';
 But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
 To think on him that's far awa'.

My father pat me frae his door,
 My friends they ha'e disown'd me a'.
 But I ha'e ane will tak' my part,
 The bonnie lad that's far awa';
 But I ha'e ane will tak' my part, —
 The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

A pair o' gloves he bought for me,
And silken snoods he ga'e me twa,
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that's far awa',
And I will wear them for his sake, —
The bonnie lad that's far awa'

O, weary winter soon will pass,
And spring will cleed the buken-shaw;
And my young babie will be born,
And he'll be hame that's far awa';
And my young babie will be born,
And he'll be hame that's far awa'.

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

TUNE — "*Cock up your beaver*"

WHEN first my brave Johnnie lad
Came to this town,
He had a blue bonnet
That wanted the crown,
But now he has gotten
A hat and a feather, —
Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
Cock up your beaver!

Cock up your beaver,
And cock it fu' sprush,
We'll over the border
And gr'e them a brush;
There's somebody there
We'll teach better behavior, —
Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
Cock up your beaver!

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

TUNE — "*I do confess thou art sae fair*"

I DO confess thou art sae fair,
 I wad been o'er the lugs in luv,
 Had I na found the slightest prayer
 That lips could speak thy heart could muve.
 I do confess thee sweet, but find
 Thou art sae thrifless o' thy sweets,
 Thy favors are the silly wind,
 That kisses ilka thing it meets

See yonder rosebud, rich in dew,
 Amang its native briars sae coy,
 How sune it tines its scent and hue
 When pu'd and worn a common toy!
 Sic fate, ere lang, shall thee betide,
 Though thou may gaily bloom a while;
 Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside
 Like ony common weed and vile

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

TUNE — "*Yon wild mossy mountains*"

YON wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
 That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
 Where the grouse lead their coveys through the heather
 to feed,
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.
 Where the grouse lead their coveys through the heather
 to feed,
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.

Not Gowrie's rich valleys, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me ha'e the charms o' yon wild mossy moors,
For there by a lanelly, sequestered cleat stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream
For there, by a lanelly, sequestered cleat stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green narrow strath;
For there, wi' my lassie, the day-lang I rove,
While o'er us, unheeded, flee the swift hours o' love.
For there, wi' my lassie, the day-lang I rove,
While o'er us, unheeded, flee the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, although she is fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her share,
Her parentage humble as humble can be,
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me
Her parentage humble as humble can be,
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
In her armor of glances, and blushes, and sighs?
And when wit and refinement ha'e polished her darts,
They dazzle our een as they flee to our hearts
And when wit and refinement ha'e polished her darts,
They dazzle our een as they flee to our hearts

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me,
And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasped in her arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!
And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasped in her arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

TUNE — "*The Maid's Complaint*"

It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face,
Nor shape, that I admire,
Although thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awake desire.
Something, in ilka part o' thee,
To praise, to love I find,
But, dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungenerous wish I ha'e,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than if I canna mak' thee sae,
At least to see thee blest
Content am I, if Heaven shall give
But happiness to thee :
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die.

O SAW YE MY DEARIE?

TUNE — "*Eppie M'Nab.*"

O, saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
O, saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
She's down in the yard, she's kissin' the laird,
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.
O, come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
O, come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!

Whate'er thou hast done — be it late, be it soon,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
And forever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
O, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
O, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
As light as the air, as fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR?

TUNE — "*Lass, an' I come near thee.*"

WHA is that at my bower door? —
O, wha is it but Findlay?
Then gae yere gate, ye'ae nae be here! —
Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.
What mak' ye sae like a thief? —
O, come and see, quo' Findlay,
Before the morn ye'll work mischief —
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in? —
Let me in, quo' Findlay,
Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din —
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
In my bower if ye should stay? —
Let me stay, quo' Findlay;
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day, —
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain, —
 I'll remain, quo' Findlay
 I dread ye'll ken the gate again, —
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay
 What may pass within this bower, —
 Let it pass, quo' Findlay,
 Ye maun conceal till your last hour, —
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay

THE BONNIE WEE THING *

TUNE — "*Bonnie wee thing*"

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine
 Wishfully I look and languish,
 In that bonnie face o' thine;
 And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
 In æ constellation shine,
 To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
 Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine!

* "Composed," says the Poet, "on my little idol, the charming, lovely Davis."

LOVELY DAVIES *

TUNE — "*Miss Muir*"

O HOW shall I, unskilfu', try
The poet's occupation,
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
That whispers inspiration?
Even they maun dare an effort mair
Than aught they ever gave us,
Or they rehearse, in equal verse,
The charms o' lovely Davies

Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
Like Phœbus in the morning,
When past the shower, and every flower
The garden is adorning
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
When winter-bound the wave is ,
Sae droops our heart when we maun part
Frae charming, lovely Davies

Her smile 's a gift, frae 'boon the lift,
That mak's us mair than princes,
A sceptred hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances
The man in arms 'gainst female charms,
Even he her willing slave is ,
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
Of conquering, lovely Davies.

* The heroine of "*The Bonnie Wee Thing*."

My muse to dream of such a theme,
Her feeble powers surrender ;
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendor
I wad in vain essay the strain, —
The deed too daring brave is ;
I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire
The charms o' lovely Davies

THE TITHER MORN.

To a Highland air.

THE tither morn,
When I forlorn,
Aneath an aik sat moaning,
I did na trow
I'd see my jo
Beside me, 'gain the gloaming.
But he sae trig
Lap o'er the rig,
And dawtingly did cheer me,
When I, what reck,
Did least expec'
To see my lad sae near me.

His bonnet he,
A thought aye,
Cocked sprush when first he clasped me ;
And I, I wat,
Wi' fainness grat,
While in his grips he pressed me.

De'il tak' the war'
I late and air
Hae wished since Jock departed
But now as glad
I'm wi' my lad
As short syne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en
Wi' dancing keen,
When a' were blithe and merry,
I cared na by,
Sae sad was I
In absence o' my dearie
But, praise be blest,
My mind's at rest,
I'm happy wi' my Johnny;
At kirk and fair,
I'se aye be there,
And be as canty's ony.

AE FOND KISS •

TUNE — "*Rory Doll's Port*"

AE fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, and then, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

• The heroine of this song was Clarinda.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy ;
 But to see her was to love her ,
 Love but her, and love forever
 Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met — or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ,
 Ae farewell, alas ! forever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee !

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

TUNE — “ *The weary pund o' tow* ”

I BOUGHT my wife a stane o' lint
 As gude as e'er did grow ,
 And a' that she has made o' that
 Is ae poor pund o' tow

CHORUS

The weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow ,
 I think my wife will end her life
 Before she spin her tow.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle low,
And aye she took the tither souk,
To drouk the stowrie tow

Quoth I, For shame, ye dirty dame,
Gae spin your tap o' tow !
She took the rock, and wi' a knock
She brak' it o'er my pow

At last her feet — I sang to see't —
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe ;
And or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow

The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow !
I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.

GALLA WATER.

THERE's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander through the blooming beather ;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla Water

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better ;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla Water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
And though I ha'e nae meikle tocher ;
Yet, rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure ;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O, that's the chiefest of warld's treasure !

YOUNG JESSIE *

TUNE — "*Bonnie Dundee*"

TRUE-HEARTED was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,
But by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair,
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over ;
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain ;
Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O, fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close,
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring,
Enthroned in her een he delivers his law
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger !
Her modest demeanor 's the jewel of a'.

* Jessie Stalg, daughter of Provost Stalg, of Dumfries

I HA'E A WIFE O' MY AIN.

TUNE — "*Naebody*"

I HA'E a wife o' my ain —
I'll partake wi' naebody ,
I'll tak' cuckold frae nane,
I'll gi'e cuckold to naebody.
I ha'e a penny to spend,
There — thanks to naebody ;
I ha'e naething to lend —
I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord —
I'll be slave to naebody ,
I ha'e a guid braid sword,
I'll tak' dunts frae naebody ;
I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naebody ;
If naebody care for me,
I'll care for naebody.

O, KENMURE 'S ON AND AWA'.*

TUNE — "*O, Kenmure's on and awa', Willie.*"

O, KENMURE 's on and awa', Willie !
O, Kenmure 's on and awa' !
And Kenmure's lord 's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.

* This song refers to the gallant Viscount Kenmure, who fought for Prince Charles Edward in 1715, and perished on the scaffold.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie !

Success to Kenmure's band !

There's no a heart that fears a Whig

That rides by Kenmure's hand

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie !

Here's Kenmure's health in wine !

There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,

Nor yet o' Gordon's line

O, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie !

O, Kenmure's lads are men !

Their hearts and swords are metal true —

And that their faes shall ken

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie !

They'll live or die wi' fame

But soon, wi' sounding victory

May Kenmure's lord come hame !

Here's him that's far awa', Willie !

Here's him that's far awa' !

And here's the flower that I lo'e best —

The rose that's like the snaw !

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

TUNE — "*The Collier Laddie*"

O, WHERE live ye, my bonnie lass ?

An' tell me what they ca' ye ?

My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,

And I follow the Collier Laddie —

My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,

And I follow the Collier Laddie.

O, see you not yon hills and dales
The sun shines on sae brawlie ?
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie —
They a' are mine, they shall be thine,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie

And ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gaudy ,
And ane to wait at every hand,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie —
And ane to wait at every hand,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.

Though ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly ;
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier Laddie —
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier Laddie

I can win my five pennies a day,
And spend 't at night fu' brawlie ;
And mak' my bed in the Collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie —
And mak' my bed in the Collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie

Luve for luve is the bargain for me,
Though the wee cot-house should haud me,
And the warld before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier Laddie —
And the warld before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier Laddie !

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME.

THE noble Maxwells and the powers
 Are coming o'er the border,
 And they'll gae big Terreagle's towers,
 An' set them a' in order
 And they declare 'Terreagle's fair ;
 For their abode they choose it .
 There's no a heart in a' the land
 But's lighter at the news o't.

Though stars in skies may disappear,
 And angry tempests gather ,
 The happy hour may soon be near
 That brings us pleasant weather
 The weary night o' care and grief
 May ha'e a joyfu' morrow ,
 So dawning day has brought relief—
 Farewell our night o' sorrow !

AS I WAS A-WAND'RING

TUNE—" *Rinn M'eudial mo M'healladh,*"—a Gaelic air.

As I was a-wand'ring a midsummer e'enin',
 The pipers and youngsters were makin' their game ;
 Among them I spied my faithless fause lover,
 Which bled a' the wound o' my dolor again.
 Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him !
 I may be distressed, but I winna complain ;
 I'll flatter my fancy I may git anither, —
 My heart it shall never be broken for ana.

I couldna get sleeping till dawning greetin';
The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain
Had I na got greetin', my heart wad a broken,
For, O' luv' forsaken 's a tormenting pain!
Although he has left me for greed o' the siller,
I dinna envy him the gams he can win,
I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow,
Than ever ha'e acted sae faithless to him
Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him!
I may be distressed, but I winna complain,
I'll flatter my fancy I may git another, —
My heart it shall never be broken for aye

THE POSIE

O, LUVE will venture in where it daur na weel be seen,
O, luv' will venture in where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove, among the wood sae
green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a
peer,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';
The hyacinth 's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hly it is pure, and the hly it is fair,
 And in her lovely bosom I'll place the hly there;
 The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,
 Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day,
 But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take
 away,

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'enng star is near,
 And the diamond-drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear;
 The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear.

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luv,
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
 That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er
 remove.

And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

TUNE — "*Ye Jacobites by name*"

YE Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear;

Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear,

Ye Jacobites by name,

Your fautes I will proclaim,

Your doctrines I maun blame —

You shall hear.

What is right, and what is wrang, by the law, by the law,
 What is right, and what is wrang, by the law?

What is right, and what is wrang²
 A short sword, and a lang,
 A weak arm, and a strang
 For to draw

What makes heroic strife famed afar, famed afar²
 What makes heroic strife famed afar²
 What makes heroic strife²
 To whet th' assassin's knife,
 Or hunt a parent's life
 Wi' bludie war

Then let your schemes alone in the state, in the state;
 Then let your schemes alone in the state;
 Then let your schemes alone,
 Adore the rising sun,
 And leave a man undone
 To his fate.

THE BANKS OF DOON.*

FIRST VERSION.

YE flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fair;
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae fu' o' care?

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
 That sings upon the bough;
 Thou minds me o' the happy days
 When my fause luvie was true.

* The heroine of this song was Miss Kennedy, of Dalgarrock. She died of a broken heart for McDouall of Logan.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
 That sings beside thy mate;
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
 And wist na o' my fate

Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
 To see the woodbine twine,
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,
 And sae did I o' mine

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
 Frae off its thorny tree;
 And my fause lover staw the rose,
 But left the thorn wi' me.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

TUNE — "*The eight men of Moidart.*"

WILLIE Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkum-doddie;
 Willie was a wabster gund,
 Could stown a clue wi' ony body.
 He had a wife was dour and din,
 O' Tinkler Maidgie was her mither;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her

She has an e'e — she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very color;
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
 A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller;
 A whiskin' beard about her mou',
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither —
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad nae gie a button for her.

She's bow-houghed, she's hem-shinned;
 Ae limp'ing leg, a hand-breed shorter;
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter.
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shouther —
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gi'e a button for her

Auld Baudrans by the ingle sits,
 An' wi' her loof her face a-washin';
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig.
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;*
 Her wale nieves like midden-creels;
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-Water:
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gi'e a button for her

FAREWHEEL TO A' OUR SCOTTISH FAME.†

TUNE — “*Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.*”

FAREWHEEL to a' our Scottish fame!
 Fareweel our ancient glory,
 Fareweel ev'n to the Scottish name,
 Sae famed in martial story!
 Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
 And Tweed rins to the ocean,
 To mark where England's province stands —
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue
 Through many warlike ages,

* She wipes her mouth with an old stocking

† This song alludes to the union with England, long unpopular amongst the Scottish people.

Is wrought now by a coward few,
 For hireling traitors' wages
 The English steel we could disdain,
 Secure in valor's station,
 But English gold has been our hane —
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

O, would or I had seen the day
 That treason thus could sell us,
 My auld gray head had lien in clay
 Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace !
 But pith and power, till my last hour,
 I'll mak' this declaration
 We're bought and sold for English gold —
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

BONNIE BELL

THE smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
 And surly Winter grimly flies,
 Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
 And bonnie blue are the sunny skies ;
 Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
 The evening gilds the ocean's swell,
 All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
 And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
 And yellow Autumn presses near,
 Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
 Till smiling Spring again appear.
 Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
 Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
 But never ranging, still unchanging,
 I adore my bonnie Bell.

LADY MARY ANN

TUNE — "*Craigston's growing*"

O, LADY MARY ANN
Looks o'er the castle wa',
She saw three bonnie boys
Playing at the ba',
The youngest he was
The flower among them a' —
My bonnie laddie's young,
But he's growin' yet

O father, O father !
An' ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year
To the college yet
We'll sew a green ribbon
Round about his hat,
And that will let them ken
He's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann
Was a flower i' the dew,
Sweet was its smell,
And bonnie was its hue ;
And the langer it blossomed
The sweeter it grew ,
For the lily in the bud
Will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochrane
Was the sprout of an aik ;
Bonnie and bloomin'
And straught was its make :

The sun took delight
To shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag
O' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane
When the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa'
That we ha'e seen ;
But far better days
I trust will come again,
For my bonnie laddie's young,
But he's growin' yet

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

WHERE Cart rins rowin' to the sea,
By mony a flower and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver

O, I had wooers aught or nine ;
They gied me rings and ribbons fine ;
And I was feared my heart would tane,
And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie signed my tocher-band,
To gi'e the lad that has the land ,
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And gi'e it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers ;
While bees delight in opening flowers ;
While corn grows green in summer showers,
I'll love my gallant weaver.

JEANIE'S BOSOM

TUNE — "*Louis, what reck I by thee?*"

LOUIS, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean?
Dyvor, beggar louns to me,
I reign in Jeanie's bosom

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me,
Kings and nations, swith awa'!
Reif randies, I disown ye!

THE MIRK NIGHT O' DECEMBER.

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er so sweet
As the mirk night o' December,
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber,
And dear was she I dare na name,
But I will aye remember.
And dear, &c.

And here's to them that, like oursel',
Can push about the jorum,
And here's to them that wish us weel--
May a' that's guid watch o'er them!
And here's to them we dare na tell,
The dearest o' the quorum.
And here's to, &c.

LADY ONLIE

TUNE — "*Ruffian's Rant*"

A' THE lads o' Thorne-bank,
 When they gae to the sho e o' Bucky,
 They'll step in an' tak' a pint
 Wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky
 Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
 Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky
 I wish her sale for her guid ale,
 The best on a' the shore o' Bucky

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
 I wat she is a dainty chucky,
 And cheerlie blinks the ingle-gleed
 Of Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
 Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
 Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky;
 I wish her sale for her guid ale,
 The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

THE CARLES OF DYSART

FISHERMAN'S SONG.

TUNE — "*Hey, ca' through.*"

UP wi' the carles o' Dysart,
 And the lads o' Buckhaven,
 And the kimmers o' Largo,
 And the lasses o' Leven.

Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
 For we ha'e mickle ado ;
 Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
 For we ha'e mickle ado

We ha'e tales to tell,
 And we ha'e sangs to sing ;
 We ha'e pennies to spend,
 And we ha'e pints to bring

We'll live a' our days,
 And them that come behin',
 Let them do the like,
 And spend the gear they win

Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
 For we ha'e mickle ado ,
 Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
 For we ha'e mickle ado

THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDIE, O!

TUNE — “ *The deuks dang o'er my daddie.* ”

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,
 The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O!
 The fient ma care, quo' the feirie auld wife,
 He was but a paidhn' body, O!
 He paidles out, an' he paidles in,
 An' he paidles late an' early, O!
 Thae seven lang years I ha'e hen by his side,
 An' he is but a fusionless carle, O!

O, haud your tongue, my feirie auld wife,
 O, haud your tongue now, Nansie, O!
 I've seen the day, and sae ha'e ye,
 Ye wadna been sae donsis, O!

I've seen the day ye buttered my brose,
 And cuddled me late and early, O !
 But downa do's come o'er me now, —
 And, O, I feel it sairly, O !

HAD I A CAVE

TUNE — “ *Robin Adair* ”

HAD I a cave on some wild distant shore,
 Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar,
 There would I weep my woes,
 There seek my lost repose,
 Till grief my eyes should close,
 Ne'er to wake more

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare,
 All thy fond-plighted vows — fleeting as air ?
 To thy new lover hie,
 Laugh o'er thy perjury,
 Then in thy bosom try
 What peace is there !

THE DE'IL'S AWA' WI' TH' EXCISEMAN.

TUNE — “ *The de'il cam' fiddling through the town.* ”

THE de'il cam' fiddling through the town,
 And danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman,
 And ilka wife cries — “ Auld Mahoun,
 I wish you luck o' the prize, man ! ”

The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa',
 The de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman ;
 He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
 He's danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman !

We'll mak' our maut, we'll brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black de'il
That danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man,
But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the land
Was — the de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman

The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa',
The de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman;
He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
He's danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman!

PHILLIS THE FAIR

TUNE — "*Robin Adair*"

WHILE larks, with little wing,
Fanned the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
Forth I did fare,
Gay the sun's golden eye
Peeped o'er the mountains high;
Such thy morn' I did I cry,
Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song,
Glad did I share;
While yon wild flowers among,
Chance led me there
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
Such thy bloom I did I say,
Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
Doves cooing were ;
I marked the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare ,
So kind may Fortune be —
Such make his destiny —
He who would injure thee,
Phyllis the fair

MY SPOUSE NANCY.

TUNE — “ *To Janet.* ”

HUSBAND, husband, cease your *strife*,
Nor longer idly rave, sir ,
Though I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir

“ One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy ,
Is it man, or woman, say,
My spouse Nancy ? ”

If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience ,
I'll desert my sovereign lord,
And so good-bye, allegiance !

“ Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy,
Yet I'll try to make a *shift*,
My spouse Nancy.”

My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it
When you lay me in the dust.
Think, think how you will bear it.

"I will hope and trust in heaven,
Nancy, Nancy,
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse Nancy"

Well, sir, from the silent dead
Still I'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

"I'll wed another like my dear
Nancy, Nancy,
Then all hell will fly for fear —
My spouse Nancy."

ANNA, THY CHARMS.

TUNE — "*Bonnie Mary.*"

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
And 'press my soul with care;
But, ah! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair!
Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
To hope may be forgiven;
For sure 'twere impious to despair,
So much in sight of Heaven.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER

TUNE — "*Fee him, father*"

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie thou hast left me ever,
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, thou hast left me ever;
 Aften hast thou vowed that death only should us sever,
 Now thou'st left thy lass for aye — I maun see thee
 never, Jamie,

I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, thou hast me forsaken,
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, thou hast me forsaken;
 Thou canst love another jo while my heart is breaking;
 Soon my weary een I'll close, never mair to waken,
 Jamie,

Ne'er mair to waken.

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATIE?

TUNE — "*Roy's wife*"

CHORUS

CANST thou leave me thus, my Katie?
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie?
 Well thou know'st my aching heart,
 And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

Is this thy plighted fond regard,
 Thus cruelly to part, my Katie?
 Is this thy faithful swain's reward —
 An aching, broken heart, my Katie?
 Canst thou, &c.

Farewell ' and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katie '
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear —
But not a love like mine, my Katie
Canst thou, &c.

O PHILLY!

TUNE— "*The sow's tail*"

HE

O PHILLY ' nappy be that day,
When, roving through the gathered hay,
My youthfu' heart was stown away,
And by thy charms, my Philly!

SHE.

O Willy ' aye I bless the grove
Where first I owned my maiden love,
Whilst thou didst pledge the Powers above
To be my ain dear Willy.

HE.

As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

SHE

As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

HE.

The milder sun and bluer sky,
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Phully

SHE

The little swallow's wanton wing,
Though wafting o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
As meeting o' my Willy

HE

The bee that through the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compared wi' my delight, is poor,
Upon the lips o' Phully

SHE

The woodbine in the dewy weet,
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy

HE

Let Fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tine, and knaves may win;
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
And that's my ain dear Phully.

SHE.

What's a' the joys that gowd can gie!
I care nae wealth a single flie,
The lad I love 's the lad for me,
And that's my ain dear Willy.

HAD I THE WYTE SHE BADE ME.

TUNE — "*Had I the wyte she bade me*"

HAD I the wyte, had I the wyte,
Had I the wyte she bade me ,
She watched me by the luc-gate side,
And up the loan she shawed me ;
And when I wadna venture in,
A coward loon she ca'd me ,
Had Kirk and Statc been in the gate,
I lighted when she bade me

Sae craftily she took me bcn,
And bade me make nae clatter ;
"For our ramgunshoch, glum guidman
Is o'er ayont the water "
Whae'er shall say I wanted grace
When I did kiss and dawte her,
Let him be planted in my place,
Syne say I was a fautor

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
Could I for shame refused her ?
And wadna manhood been to blame
Had I unkindly used her ?
He clawed her wi' the nippln'-kame,
And blae and bluidy bruised her .
When sic a husband was frae hame,
What wife but wad excused her ?

I dighted aye her een sae blue,
And banned the cruel randy ;
And weel I wat her willing mou'
Was e'en like sugar-candy

At gloaming-shot it was, I trow,
 I lighted on the Monday;
 But I cam' through the Tysday's dew,
 To wanton Willie's brandy

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE

TUNE — “ *If thou'll play me fair play.* ”

THE bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Wore a plaid, and was fu' braw,
 Bonnie Highland laddie
 On his head a bonnet blue,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 His loyal heart was firm and true,
 Bonnie Highland laddie

Trumpets sound and cannons roar,
 Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
 Bonnie Lawland lassie
 Glory, honor, now invite,
 Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 For freedom and my king to fight,
 Bonnie Lawland lassie

The sun a backward course shall take,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie!
 Ere aught thy manly courage shake,
 Bonnie Highland laddie.
 Go ' for yoursel' procure renown,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 And for your lawful king his crown,
 Bonnie Highland laddie!

LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

TUNE — “*Ye're welcome, Charlie Stuart.*”

O LOVELY Polly Stewart !
O charming Polly Stewart !
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That's half sae fair as thou art
The flower it blows, it fades and fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it ,
But worth and truth eternal youth
Will gi'e to Polly Stewart.

May he whose arms shall fauld thy charms,
Possess a leal and true heart ,
To him be given to ken the heaven
He grasps in Polly Stewart
O lovely Polly Stewart !
O charming Polly Stewart !
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That's half sae sweet as thou art.

CASSILLIS BANKS.*Tune unknown*

Now bank an' brae are clathred in green,
An' scattered cowslips sweetly spring ;
By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream
The birdies flit on wanton wing.

To Cassilis' banks, when e'enin' fa's,
 There wi' my Mary let me flee,
 There catch her ilka glance of love,
 The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e !

The chield wha boasts o' wairld's walth,
 Is often laird o' meikle care,
 But Mary she is a' mine ain —
 Ah ! Fortune canna gie me mair !
 Then let me range by Cassilis' banks,
 Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,
 And catch her ilka glince o' love,
 The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e !

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTATION TO HIS MISTRESS *

TUNE — "*De'il tak' the wars*"

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature ?
 Rosy morn now lifts its eye,
 Numbering ilka bud which Nature
 Waters wi' the tears o' joy
 Now through the leafy woods,
 And by the reeking floods,
 Wild Nature's tenants freely, gladly stray ;
 The lintwhite in his bower
 Chants o'er the breathing flower ;
 The laverock to the sky
 Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

* Chloë, &c., Jean Lorimer (Mrs Whelpdale)

Phœbus, gilding the brow o' morning,
 Banishes ilk darksome shade,
 Nature gladdening and adorning,
 Such to me my lovely maid
 When absent frae my fair,
 The murky shades o' care
 With starless gloom o'erest my sullen sky,
 But when, in beauty's light,
 She meets my ravished sight,
 When through my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart —
 'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN.

TUNE — “ *The carlin o' the glen* ”

YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
 Sae gallant and sae gay a swain,
 Through a' our lasses he did rove,
 And reigned, resistless, king of love.
 But now, wi' sighs and starting tears,
 He strays among the woods and briers,
 Or in the glens and rocky caves,
 His sad complaining dowie raves.

I wha sae late did range and rove,
 And changed with every moon my love,
 I little thought the time was near,
 Repentance I should buy sae dear:
 The slighted maids my torments see,
 And laugh at a' the pangs I dree;
 While she, my cruel, scornfu' Fair,
 Forbids me e'er to see her mair!

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

TUNE — "*Jacky Latin.*"

GAT ye me, O, gat ye me,
O, gat ye me wi' naething?
Rock and reel, and spinnin'-wheel,
A mickle quarter basin
Bye attour my gutcher has
A high house and a laigh ane,
A' forbye my bonnie sel',
The lass of Ecclefechan

O, haud your tongue, now, Luckie Laing,
O, haud your tongue and jauner;
I held the gate till you I met,
Syne I began to wander;
I tint my whistle and my sang,
I tint my peace and pleasure;
But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,
Wad airt me to my treasure

THE WINTER IT IS PAST.*

THE winter it is past, and the summer's come at last,
And the little birds sing on every tree,
Now everything is glad, while I am very sad,
Since my true love is parted from me.

* It is doubtful whether this song was written by Burns.

The rose upon the brier, by the waters running clear,
May have charms for the linnet or the bee ;
Their little loves are blest, and then little hearts at rest,
But my true love is parted from me

My love is like the sun — in the firmament does run,
Forever is constant and true ,
But his is like the moon, that wanders up and down,
And is every month changing anew

All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,
I pity the pains you endure ,
For experience makes me know that your hearts are full
o' woe,
A woe that no mortal can cure

THE COOPER O' CUDDIE.

TUNE — "*Bob at the Bowster*"

THE Cooper o' Cuddie cam' here awa' ;
He ca'd the girs out owre us a' —
And our guidwife has gotten a ca'
That angered the silly guidman, O.
We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
Behind the door, behind the door,
We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
And cover him under a mawn, O.

He sought them out, he sought them in,
Wi' de'il ha'e her ! and de'il ha'e him !
But the body he was sae doited and blin',
He wist na where he was gaun, O.

They coopered at e'en, they coopered at morn,
 Till our guidman has gotten the scorn,
 On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
 And swears that there they shall stan', O.
 We'll hude the cooper behind the door,
 Behind the door, behind the door,
 We'll hude the cooper behind the door,
 And cover him under a mawn, O.

THE CARDIN' O'T.

TUNE — "*Salt fish and dumplings.*"

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo',
 To make a coat to Johnny o't;
 For Johnny is my only jo,
 I lo'e him best of ony yet.
 The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
 The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
 When ilka ell cost me a groat,
 The tailor staw the linnin' o't.

For though his locks be lyart gray,
 And though his brow be held aboon,
 Yet I ha'e seen him on a day
 The pride of a' the parishen.
 The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
 The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
 When ilka ell cost me a groat,
 The tailor staw the linnin' o't.

AH, CHLORIS.

TUNE — "*Major Graham*"

AH, Chloris ' since it may na be
That thou of love wilt hear,
If from the lover thou maun flee,
Yet let the friend be dear

Although I love my Chloris mair
Than ever tongue could tell,
My passion I will ne'er declare, —
I'll say, I wish thee well

Though a' my daily care thou art,
And a' my nightly dream,
I'll hide the struggle in my heart,
And say it is esteem.

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

TUNE — "*Charlie Gordon's welcome hame.*"

OUT over the Forth I look to the north,
But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
The south nor the east gi'e ease to my breast,
The far foreign land, or the wild-rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.*

TUNE — "*The lass that made the bed to me*"

WHEN Januar' wind was blawin' cauld,
As to the North I took my way,
The mirksome night did me enfauld,
I knew na where to lodge till day.

By my good luck a maid I met,
Just in the middle o' my care,
And kindly she did me invite
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bowed fu' low unto this maid,
And thanked her for her courtesy,
I bowed fu' low unto this maid,
And bade her mak' a bed for me.

She made the bed baith large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down,
She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye soun'."

She snatched the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;
But I called her quickly back again
To lay some mair below my head.

A cod she laid below my head,
And served me wi' due respect;
And, to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.

* "*The bonnie lass that made the bed to me*" was composed on an amour of Charles II, when skulking in the North, about Aberdeen, in the time of the Usurpation. — BURNS

“Haud off your hands, young man,” she says,
“And dinna sae uncivil be,
Gif ye ha’e onie love for me,
O, wrang na my virginie!”

Her hair was like the luns o’ gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivorie,
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see,
Her limbs the polished marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.

I kissed her owre and owre again,
And aye she wist na what to say;
I laid her between me and the wa’—
The lassie thought na lang till day

Upon the morrow, when we rase,
I thanked her for her courtesy;
But aye she blushed, and aye she sighed,
And said, “Alas! ye’ve ruined me”

I clasped her waist, and kissed her syne,
While the tear stood twinkling in her e’e;
I said, “My lassie, dinna cry,
For ye aye shall mak’ the bed to me”

She took her mither’s Holland sheets,
And made them a’ in sarks to me
Blithe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me!

The bonnie lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me;
I’ll ne’er forget, till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed to me!

SAE FAR AWA'.

TUNE — "*Dalkeith Maiden Bridge*"

O, SAE and heavy should I part,
 But for her sake sae far awa';
 Unknowing what my way may thwart,
 My native land sae far awa'
 Thou that of a' things Maker art,
 That formed this Fair sae far awa',
 Gi'e body strength, then I'll ne'er start
 At this my way sae far awa'.

How true is love to pure desert,
 So love to her, sae far awa'
 And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
 While, oh! she is sae far awa'.
 Nane other love, nane other dart,
 I feel but hers, sae far awa',
 But fairer never touched a heart
 Than hers, the Fair sae far awa'.

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

TUNE — "*Duncan Gray*"

LET not woman e'er complain
 Of inconstancy in love,
 Let not woman e'er complain
 Fickle man is apt to rove.

Look abroad through Nature's range, —
Nature's mighty law is change.
 Ladies, would it not be strange
 Man should, then, a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies,
Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go

Why, then, ask of silly man
To oppose great Nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can, —
You can be no more, you know

PLL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN *

TUNE — "*I'll gae nae mair to yon town.*"

I'LL aye ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green, again;
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.
There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
What brings me back the gate again,
But she my fairest faithfu' lass,
And stowhns we sall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
When trystin'-time draws near again;
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith, she's doubly dear again!
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green, again;
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

* Jean Armour (Mrs. Burns) was the heroine of this song.

SAW YE MY PHELY?

QUASI DICAT PHILLIS

TUNE — "*When she came ben she lobbet.*"

O, SAW ye my dear, my Phely?
 O, saw ye my dear, my Phely?
 She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
 She winna come hame to her Willy

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
 What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
 She lets thee to wot that she has thee forgot,
 And forever disowns thee her Willy.

O, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
 O, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
 As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

TO THEE, LOVED NITH.

Tune unknown

To thee, loved Nith, thy gladsome plains,
 Where late wi' careless thought I ranged,
 Though preat wi' care, and sunk in woe,
 To thee I bring a heart unchanged.

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
 Though memory there my bosom tear;
 For there he roved that brake my heart,
 Yet to that heart, ah, still how dear!

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

TUNE — "*O'er the hills,*" &c

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad?
How can I the thought forego,
He's on the seas to meet the foe?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love,
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are with him that's far away

CHORUS

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away,
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun
My sailor's thundering at his gun.
Bullets, spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away!

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power;
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can — I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
 And bid wild War his ravage end;
 Man with brother man to meet,
 And as a brother kindly greet
 Then may Heaven with prosperous gales
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails;
 To my arms their charge convey,
 My dear lad that's far away
 Over the seas, &c.

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'

TUNE — "*Onagh's Waterfall*"

SÆ flaxen were her ringlets,
 Her eyebrows, of a darker hue,
 Bewitchingly o'er-arching
 Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue
 Her smiling sae wyling,
 Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
 What pleasure, what treasure,
 Unto these rosy lips to grow!
 Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
 When first her bonnie face I saw,
 And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
 Her pretty ankle is a spy
 Betraying fair proportion,
 Wad make a saint forget the sky.

* The heroine of this song was the beautiful Jean Lorimer.

Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her faultless form and gracefu' air ;
 Ilka feature — auld Nature
 Declared that she could do no mair .
 Hers are the willing chains o' love,
 By conquering beauty's sovereign law
 And aye my Chloris' dearest chain,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'

Let others love the city,
 And gaudy show at sunny noon ;
 Gi'e me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moon,
 Fair beaming, and streaming,
 Her silver light the boughs amang ;
 While falling, recalling,
 The am'rous thrush concludes his sang :
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 And say thou lo'es me best of a'.

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY

TUNE — "*The Killog c.*"

BANNOCKS o' bear meal,
 Bannocks o' barley ;
 Here 's to the Highlandman's
 Bannocks o' barley !
 Wha in a brulzie
 Will first cry a parley ?
 Never the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley !

Bannocks o' bear meal,
 Bannocks o' bailey ;
 Here's to the Highlandman's
 Bannocks o' barley !
 Wha in his wae-days
 Were loyal to Charlie ?
 Wha but the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley ?

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER.

TUNE — "*The Job of Journeywork*"

ALTHOUGH my back be at the wa',
 And though he be the fautor,
 Although my back be at the wa',
 Yet, here's his health in water !
 O ! wae gie by his wanton sides,
 Sae brawlie's he could flatter ;
 Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,
 And dree the kintra clatter
 But though my back be at the wa',
 And though he be the fautor ;
 But though my back be at the wa',
 Yet, here's his health in water !

THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY.*

It was the charming month of May,
 When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
 One morning, by the break of day,
 The youthful, charming Chloe,

* Altered from an old English song

From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flowery mead she goes,
The youthful, charming Chloe

CHORUS

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe

The feathered people you might see
Perched all around on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody,
They hail the charming Chloe;
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Out-rivalled by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.
Lovely was she, &c.

WAE IS MY HEART

TUNE — "*Wae is my heart.*"

WAE is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e,
Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me.
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep ha'e I loved;
Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair ha'e I proved;
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest.

O, if I were where happy I ha'e been,
 Down by yon stream and yon bonnie castle green;
 For there he is wandering, and musing on me,
 Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e.

HEE BALOU.

TUNE — "*The Highland Balou.*"

HEE balou ! my sweet wee Donald,
 Picture o' the great Clanronald,
 Brawlie kens our wanton chief
 Wha got my young Highland thief

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie !
 An' thou live, thou'll steal a naigie
 Travel the country through and through
 And bring hame a Carlisle cow

Through the Lawlands, o'er the border,
 Weel, my babie, may thou furdur !
 Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie,
 Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

MY PEGGY'S FACE.*

TUNE — "*My Peggy's face.*"

MY Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
 The frost of hermit age might warm;
 My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
 Might charm the first of humankind.

* The heroine of this song was Margaret Chalmers.

I love my Peggy's angel air,
 Her face so truly, heavenly fair,
 Her native grace, so void of art,
 But I adore my Peggy's heart

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
 The kindling lustre of an eye;
 Who but owns their magic sway!
 Who but knows they all decay!
 The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
 The generous purpose, nobly dear,
 The gentle look, that rage disarms —
 These are all immortal charms.

AMANG THE TREES, WHERE HUMMING BEES.

TUNE — “ *The King of France, he rode a race* ”

AMANG the trees, where humming bees
 At buds and flowers were hinging, O,
 Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
 And to her pipe was singing, O;
 'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,
 She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O,
 When there cam' a yell o' foreign squeels,
 That dang her tapsalteerie, O.

Their capon craws and queer ha-ha's,
 They made our lugs grow eerie, O;
 The hungry bike did scrape and pike,
 Till we were wae and weary, O;
 But a royal ghaist, wha ance was cased
 A prisoner aughteen year awa',
 He fired a fiddler in the North
 That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

MY LADY'S GOWN, THERE 'S GAIRS UPON 'T

TUNE — "*Gregg's Pipes*"

CHORUS

MY lady's gown, there's gairs upon 't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon 't;
But Jenny's jumps and jirkinet
My lord thinks meikle mair upon 't.

My lord a-hunting he has gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane.
By Colin's cottage hes his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassilis' blude;
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher gund
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
Where gor-cocks through the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,
A lily in a wilderness

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music-notes o' lovers' hymns
The diamond dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
O, that's the lass to mak' him blest.

My lady's gown, there's gairs upon 't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon 't;
But Jenny's jumps and jirkinet
My lord thinks meikle mair upon 't.

O WAT YE WHAT MY MINNIE DID?

O, wat ye what my Minnie did,
My Minnie did, my Minnie did —
O, wat ye what my Minnie did
On Tysday 'teen to me, jo?
She laid me in a saft bed,
A saft bed, a saft bed,
She laid me in a saft bed,
And bade gude'en to me, jo

An' wat ye what the parson did,
The parson did, the parson did —
An' wat ye what the parson did,
A' for a penny fee, jo?
He loosed on me a lang man,
A mickle man, a strang man,
He loosed on me a lang man,
That might ha'e worried me, jo.

An' I was but a young thing,
A young thing, a young thing —
An' I was but a young thing,
Wi' nane to pity me, jo
I wat the kirk was in the wyte,
In the wyte, in the wyte,
To pit a young thing in a fright,
An' loose a man on me, jo.

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNIE LASS.

TUNE — "*Laggan Burn*"

HERE's to thy health, my bonnie lass !
Guid night, and joy be wi' thee !
I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door,
To tell thee that I lo'e thee.
O, dinna think, my pretty pink,
But I can live without thee ;
I vow and swear, I dinna care
How lang ye look about ye

Thou'rt aye sae free informing me
Thou hast nae mind to mairry ;
I'll be as free informing thee
Nae time ha'e I to tarry.
I ken thy friends try ilka means
Frae wedlock to delay thee ;
Depending on some higher chance —
But Fortune may betray thee

I ken they scorn my low estate,
But that does never grieve me ;
But I'm as free as any he, —
Sma' siller will relieve me
I'll count my health my greatest wealth,
Sae lang as I'll enjoy it ;
I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
As lang 's I get employment.

But far-off fowls ha'e feathers fair,
And aye until ye try them ;
Though they seem fair, still have a care,
They may prove waur than I am.

But at twal at night, when the moon shines bright,
My dear, I'll come and see thee ,
For the man that lo'es his mistress weel,
Nae travel makes him weary

O, WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME?

TUNE — “ *Morag* ”

O, WHA is she that lo'es me,
And has my heart a-keeping?
O, sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dew's o' simmer weeping,
In tears the rosebuds steeping!

CHORUS

O, that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O, that's the queen of womankind
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming;
O, that's, &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attentions plighted,
That ilka body talking
But her by thee is slighted,
And thou art all delighted;
O, that's, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one ,
 When frae her thou hast parted,
 If every other fair one
 But her thou hast deserted,
 And thou art broken-hearted ;
 O, that's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie ever dearer ;
 O, that's the queen o' womankind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

O, STEER HER UP.

TUNE — “ *O, steer her up and haud her gaun.* ”

O, STEER her up and haud her gaun,
 Her muther 's at the mill, jo ,
 An' gin she winna tak' a man,
 E'en let her tak' her will, jo ,
 First shore her wi' a kindly kiss,
 And ca' anither gill, jo ;
 And gin she tak' the thing amiss,
 E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

O, steer her up, and be na blate,
 An' gin she tak' it ill, jo ,
 Then lea'e the lassie till her fate,
 And the time nae langer spill, jo :
 Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute,
 But thunk upon it still, jo ;
 That gin the lassie winna do't,
 Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

THE FAREWELL

TUNE — "*It was a' for our rightfu' king.*"

It was a' for our rightfu' king
We left fair Scotland's strand ;
It was a' for our rightfu' king
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain ;
My love and native land farewell '
Fot I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right, and round about,
Upon the Irish shore ,
And ga'e his bridle-reins a shake,
With adieu for evermore, my dear !
With adieu for evermore !

The sodger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main ,
But I ha'e parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again

When day is gane and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep,
I'll think on him that's far awa'
The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep.

O, AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

TUNE — "*My wife she dang me*"

O, AYE my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife did bang me ,
If ye gi'e a woman a' ber will,
Gude faith ' she'll soon o'er-gang ye.
On peace and rest my mind was bent,
And fool I was I married ,
But never honest man's intent
As cursedly miscarried.

Some sairie comfort still at last,
When a' their days are done, man ;
My pains o' hell on earth are past —
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
O, aye my wife she dang me,
And aft my wife did bang me ;
If ye gi'e a woman a' her will,
Gude faith ! she'll soon o'er-gang ye.

O, LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

TUNE — "*Cordwainer's March.*"

O, LAY thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

A slave to Love's unbounded sway,
 He aft has wrought me meikle wae;
 But now he is my deadly fae,
 Unless thou be my ain

There's monie a lass has broke my rest
 That for a blink I ha'e lo'ed best,
 But thou art queen within my breast,
 Forever to remain.
 O, lay thy loof in mine, lass,
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,
 That thou wilt be my ain

THE FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE *

TUNE — "*Killiecrankie*"

O, wha will to Saint Stephen's House,
 To do our errands there, man?
 O, wha will to Saint Stephen's House,
 O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man?

* The occasion of this ballad was as follows — When Mr Curningham, of Enterkin, came to his estate, two mansion houses on it, Enterkin and Annbank, were both in a ruinous state. Wishing to introduce himself with some *ecât* to the county, he got temporary erections made on the banks of Ayr, tastefully decorated with shrubs and flowers, for a supper and ball, to which most of the respectable families in the county were invited. It was a novelty in the county, and attracted much notice. A dissolution of Parliament was soon expected, and this festivity was thought to be an introduction to a canvass for representing the county. Several other candidates were spoken of, particularly Sir John Whitefoord, then residing at Cloncaird, commonly pronounced Gluncaird, and Mr Boswell, the well-known biographer of Dr Johnson. The political views of this festive assemblage, which are alluded to in the ballad, if they ever existed, were, however, laid aside, as Mr C did not canvass the county — GILBERT BURNS.

Or will we send a man o' law ^p
Or will we send a sodger ^p
Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
The meikle Ursa-Major ? *

Come, will ye court a noble lord,
Or buy a score o' lairds, man ^p
For worth and honor pawn their word,
Their vote shall be Glencard's, man
Ane gi'es them coin, ane gi'es them wine,
Anther gi'es them clatter,
Annbank, wha guessed the ladies' taste,
He gi'es a fête champêtre

When Love and Beauty heard the news
The gay green-woods amang, man,
Where, gathering flowers and busking bowers,
They heard the blackbird's sang, man ;
A vow, they sealed it with a kiss,
Sir Politics to fetter,
As theirs alone, the patent bliss,
To hold a fête champêtre.

Then mounted Mirth, on gleesome wing ;
O'er hull and dale she flew, man ;
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring,
Ilk glen and shaw she knew, man :
She summoned every social sprite
That sports by wood or water,
On the bonny banks of Ayr to meet,
And keep this fête champêtre

Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,
Were bound to stakes like kye, man ;
And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',
Clamb up the starry sky, man :

* Dr Johnson.

Reflected beams dwell in the streams
 Or down the current shatter,
 The western breeze steals through the trees
 To view this fête champêtre

How many a robe sae gaily floats!
 What sparkling jewels glance, man,
 To Harmony's enchanting notes,
 As moves the mazy dance, man!
 The echoing wood, the winding flood,
 Like Paradise did glitter,
 When angels met, at Adam's yett,
 To hold their fête champêtre

When Politics came there, to mix
 And make his ether-stane, man!
 He circled round the magic ground,
 But entrance found he nane, man.
 He blushed for shame, he quat his name,
 Forswore it every letter,
 Wi' humble prayer to join and share
 This festive fête champêtre.

THE LAST BRAW BRIDAL.

A FRAGMENT.

THE last braw bridal that I was at,
 'Twas on a Hallowmas day,
 And there was routh o' drink and fun,
 And mickle mirth and play
 The bells they rang, and the carlins sang,
 And the dames danced in the ha'.
 The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom
 In the midst o' ber kimmers a'.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA'.

TUNE — "*Here's a health to them that's awa'!*"

HERE'S a health to them that's awa'!

Here's a health to them that's awa'!

And wha wunna wish guid luck to our cause,

May never guid luck be their fa'!

It's guid to be merry and wise,

It's guid to be honest and true,

It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,

And bide by the buff and the blue

Here's a health to them that's awa'!

Here's a health to them that's awa'!

Here's a health to Charlie the chief of the clan,

Although that his hand be but sma'!

May Liberty meet wi' success!

May Prudence protect her frae evil!

May tyrants and tyranny tane in the mist,

And wander their way to the devil!

Here's a health to them that's awa'!

Here's a health to them that's awa'!

Here's a health to Tamme the Norland laddie,

That lives at the lug o' the law!

Here's freedom to him that wad read!

Here's freedom to him that wad write!

There's nane ever feared that the truth should be heard

But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa'!

Here's a health to them that's awa'!

Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,

Though bred amang mountains o' snaw!

Here's a health to them that's awa'!
Here's a health to them that's awa'!
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa'!

THE WINTER OF LIFE.

TUNE — "*Gil Morice*"

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,
The woods rejoiced the day,
Through gentle showers the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay,
But now our joys are fled
On winter blasts awa',
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'

But my white pow, nae kindly thow
Shall melt the snaws of age,
My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
Sinks in 'Time's wintry rage
O, age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain!
Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
Why com'st thou not again?

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

OH, I am come to the low countrie,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Without a penny in my purse
To buy a meal to me

It was na sae in the Highland hills,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie '
Nae woman in the country wide
Sae happy was as me

For then I had a score o' kye,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie '
Feeding on yon hills so high,
And giving milk to me

And there I had threescore o' yowes,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,
And casting woo' to me

I was the happiest of a' the clan,—
Sair, sair may I repine ,
For Donald was the brawest man,
And Donald he was mine

Till Charlie Stuart cam' at last,
Sae far to set us free ,
My Donald's arm was wanted then
For Scotland and for me

Their waefu' fate what need I tell ?
Right to the wrang did yield :
My Donald and his country fell
Upon Culloden-field

Och-on, O Donald, O !
Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
Nae woman in the world wide
Sae wretched now as me.

TO MARY

TUNE — "*Could aught of song*"

COULD aught of song declare my pains,
Could artful numbers move thee,
The Muse should tell, in labored strain,
O Mary, how I love thee !
They who but feign a wounded heart
May teach the lyre to languish ;
But what avails the pride of art
When wastes the soul with anguish ?

Then let the sudden bursting sigh
The heart-felt pang discover ;
And in the keen, yet tender eye,
O, read th' imploring lover
For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising ;
Beyond what fancy e'er refined,
The voice of Nature prizing.

WELCOME TO GENERAL DUMOURIER.

A PARODY ON "ROBIN ADAIR"

YOU'RE welcome to despots, Dumourier,
You're welcome to despots, Dumourier,
How does Dampiere do ?
Ay, and Bournonville too ?
Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier ?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;
I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;

I will fight France with you,
 I will take my chance with you;
 By my soul, I'll dance a dance with you, Dumourier!

Then let us fight about, Dumourier,
 Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
 Then let us fight about,
 Till freedom's spark is out,
 Then we'll be damned, no doubt, Dumourier

BONNIE PEG-A-RAMSAY

TUNE — "*Cauld is the e'enin' blast*"

CAULD is the e'enin' blast
 O' Boreas o'er the pool,
 And dawin' it is dreary
 When birks are bare at Yule

O, cauld blaws the e'enin' blast
 When bitter bites the frost,
 And in the mirk and dreary drift
 The hills and glens are lost

Ne'er sae murky blew the night
 That drifted o'er the hill,
 But bonnie Peg-a-Ramsay
 Gat grist to her mill

O, MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

As I was walking up the street,
 A barefit maid I chanced to meet;
 But O, the road was very hard
 For that fair maiden's tender feet.

O, Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete

It were mair meet that those fine feet
Were weel laced up in silken shoon,
And 'twere more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck;
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.
O, Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.

THERE WAS A BONNIE LASS

AN UNFINISHED SKETCH

THERE was a bonnie lass,
And a bonnie, bonnie lass,
And she lo'ed her bonnie laddie dear;
Till war's loud alarms
Tore her laddie frae her arms,
Wi' mony a sigh and a tear

Over sea, over shore,
Where the cannons loudly roar,
He still was a stranger to fear;
And nocht could him quail,
Or his bosom assail,
But the bonnie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

TWAS NA HER BONNIE BLUE E'E.

TUNE — "*Laddie, lie near me*"

'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin,
Fair though she be, that was ne'er my undoing.
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us, —
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;
But though fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom forever

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me, love, the dearest!
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter, —
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

TUNE — "*Aye wakin', O*"

CHORUS.

LONG, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

Can I cease to care?
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish?
Long, &c.

Every hope is fled,
Every fear is terror,
Slumber ev'n I dread,
Every dream is horror
Long, &c

Hear me, Powers divine !
O, in pity hear me !
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me !
Long, &c

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE.

TUNE — "*Humors of Glen* "

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume,
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the bluebell and gowan lurk lowly unseen ;
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And could Caledonia's blast on the wave ,
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud
palace,

What are they ? The haunt of the tyrant and slave !

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain ,
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save Love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS *

TUNE — "*John Anderson my jo*"

How cruel are the parents,
 Who riches only prize,
 And to the wealthy booby
 Poor woman sacrifice
 Meanwhile the hapless daughter
 Has but a choice of strife
 To shun a tyrant father's hate,
 Become a wretched wife

The ravening hawk pursuing,
 The trembling dove thus flies,
 To shun impelling ruin
 A while her pinions tries,
 Till of escape despairing,
 No shelter or retreat,
 She trusts the ruthless falconer,
 And drops beneath his feet

 MARK YONDER POMP.
TUNE — "*De'il tak' the wars*"

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,
 Round the wealthy titled bride;
 But when compared with real passion,
 Poor is all that princely pride
 What are the showy treasures?
 What are the noisy pleasures?

 * Altered from an old English song

The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art?
 The polished jewel's blaze
 May draw the wondering gaze,
 And courtly grandeur bright
 The fancy may delight,
 But never, never can come near the heart

But did you see my dearest Chloris
 In simplicity's array?
 Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
 Shunning from the gaze of day
 O, then, the heart alarming,
 And all resistless charming,
 In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul!
 Ambition would disown
 The world's imperial crown, —
 Even Advance would deny
 His worshipped deity,
 And feel through every vein Love's raptures roll.

CHLORIS

A FRAGMENT

TUNE — "*The Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*"

WHY, why tell thy lover
 Bliss he never must enjoy?
 Why, why undeceive him,
 And give all his hopes the lie?

O, why, while Fancy, raptured, slumbers,
 Chloris, Chloris all the theme
 Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,
 Wake thy lover from his dream?

SONG.

TUNE — "*Maggy Lauder* "

WHEN first I saw fair Jeanie's face
 I couldna tell what ailed me ,
 My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat,
 My een they almost failed me
 She's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight,
 All grace docs round her hover,
 Ae look deprived me o' my heart,
 And I became a lover
 She's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay,
 She's aye sae blithe and cheerie ;
 She's aye sae bonnie, blithe, and gay,
 O, gin I were her dearie !

Had I Dundas's whole estate,
 Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in —
 Did warlike laurels crown my brow,
 Or humbler bays entwining —
 I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet,
 Could I but hope to move her,
 And, prouder than a belted knight,
 I'd be my Jeanie's lover.
 She's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay, &c.

But sair I fear some happier swain
 Has gained sweet Jeanie's favor
 If so, may every bliss be hers,
 Though I maun never have her !
 But gang she east, or gang she west,
 'Twixt Forth and Tweed all over,
 While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
 She'll always find a lover.
 She's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay, &c.

HER FLOWING LOCKS

HER flowing locks, the raven's wing,
Adown her neck and bosom hing;
How sweet unto that breast to cling,
And round that neck entwine her!

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,
O, what a feast her bonnie mou'!
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
A crimson stull diviner

THE DISCREET HINT

Tune unknown.

- "LASS, when your mither is frae hame,
May I but be sae bauld
As come to your bower window,
And creep in frae the cauld?
As come to your bower window,
And when it's cold and wat,
Warm me in thy fair bosom, —
Sweet lass, may I do that?"
- "Young man, gin ye should be sae kind,
When our gudewife's frae hame,
As come to my bower window,
Where I am laid my lane,
To warm thee in my bosom, —
Tak' tent, I'll tell thee what,
The way to me lies through the kirk, —
Young man, do ye hear that?"

DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE.

TUNE — "*The Collier's Bonnie Lassie*"

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
The fickle Fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure,
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming,
The clouds' uncertain motion,
They are but types of women

O' art thou not ashamed
To doat upon a feature?
If man thou wouldst be named,
Despise the silly creature

Go, find an honest fellow,
Good claret set before thee
Hold on till thou art mellow,
And then to bed in glory

ADOWN WINDING NITH.

TUNE — "*The muckin of Geordie's byre.*"

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties!
They never wi' her can compare
Whaever has met wi' my Phillis *
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair

The daisy amused my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild,
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
For she is simplicity's child

The rosebud 's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest,
How fair and how pure is the lily,
But fairer and purer her breast !

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbor,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie
Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
Its dewdrop o' diamond her eye

Her voice is the song of the morning,
That wakes through the green-spreading grove
When Phæbus peeps over the mountains,
On music, and pleasure, and love

But beauty, how frail and how fleeting !
The bloom of a fine summer's day !
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay
Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties !
They never wi' her can compare
Whaever has met wi' my Phillis
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

* Miss Philadelphia McMurdo, his "Phillis the Fair"

A RED, RED ROSE *

TUNE — "*Graham's Strathspey.*"

O, MY luvè 's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June
O, my luvè 's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luvè am I,
And I will luvè thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun ·
I will luvè thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luvè !
And fare thee weel a while !
And I will come again, my luvè !
Though it were ten thousand m^{il}es.

THE RUINED MAID'S LAMENT.

O, MEIKLE do I rue, fause lo^vè,
O, sairly do I rue
That e'er I heard your flattering tongue,
That e'er your face I knew

* This song was an improvement of a street ballad, which is said to have been written by a Lieutenant Hinchey, as a farewell to his betrothed.

O, I ha'e tint my rosy cheeks,
Likewise my waist sae sma',
And I ha'e lost my lightsome heart,
That little wist a fa'

Now I maun thole the scornful sneer
O' mony a saucy quean,
When, gir the truth were a' but kent,
Her life 's been waur than mine

Whene'er my father thinks on me,
He stares into the wa',
My mither, she has ta'en the bed
Wi' thinking on my fa'

Whene'er I hear my father's foot,
My heart wad burst wi' pain,
Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e,
My tears rin down like rain.

Alas! sae sweet a tree as love
Sic bitter fruit should bear!
Alas! that e'er a bonnie face
Should draw a sauty tear!

But Heaven's curse will blast the man
Denies the bairn he got;
Or leaves the painfu' lass he loved
To wear a ragged coat.

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS *

TUNE — "*Rothemurche*"

CHORUS

FAIREST maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou were wont to do?

Full well thou know'st I love thee dear,
Couldst thou to malice lend an ear †
O, did not love exclaim, "Forbear,
Nor use a faithful lover so"
Fairest maid, &c

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, O let me share;
And by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know.
Fairest maid, &c †

* The last song composed by Burns It was sent to Thomson, July 12, 1796 The Poet died the 21st of the same month

† These verses, and the letter enclosing them, are written in a character that marks the very feeble state of Burns's bodily strength He was, in fact, dying "In this song," says Alan Cunningham, — the last he was to measure in this world — "his thoughts wandered to Charlotte Hamilton and the banks of the Devon."

LINES WRITTEN ON A TUMBLER.

YOU'RE welcome, Willie Stewart,
You're welcome, Willie Stewart,
'There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half sae welcome's thou art

Come, bumpers high, express your joy, —
The bowl we maun renew it,
The tappit-hen, gae bring her ben,
To welcome Willie Stewart

May foes be strang, and fitends be slack, —
Ilk action may he rue it,
May woman on him turn her back,
That wrangs thee, Willie Stewart!

TO SOME PEOPLE WHO WERE BOASTING
OF THEIR GRAND ACQUAINTANCES.

No more of your titled acquaintances boast,
And in what lordly circles you've been;
An insect is still but an insect at most,
Though it crawl on the head of a queen!

GLOSSARY.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo* is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute, after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthongs, *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey* sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A.	
A', all, every one, the whole	Aften, often, frequently, many times
Aback, away, aloof.	Agle, off the right line, ob- lique, wrong
Abeigh, at a shy distance	Aiblins, perhaps.
Aboon, above, up, in the re- gions of heaven	Aik, the oak
Abread, abroad, in sight, at large	Air, early, soon.
Abreed, in breadth.	Airl-penny, earnest-money, a piece of money for con- firming a bargain
Ae, one.	Airt, quarter of the heav- ens, to direct.
Aff, off	Airn, iron
Aff-hand, extempore, imme- diately	Aith, an oath
Aff-loof, unpremeditated	Aits, oats.
Afore, before, sooner than	Aiver, an old horse.
Aft, oft.	Aizle, a hot cinder.

Alake, alas!

Alane, alone, solitary, single, without company

Akwart, awkward, inelegant, untaught

Amaist, almost, nearly

Amang, among, mingled

An', and, if [with

Anee, once, one time

Ane, one, and

Anent, over against, concerning

Anther, another, one more

Ase, ashes, the remains of burnt coals

Asklent, asquint, aslant

Asteer, abroad, stirring

Athart, athwart, wrong

Aught, possession, as, in a my *ought*, in all my possession

Auldfarren, or Auldiarrent, sagacious, cunning, prudent

Auld lang syne, olden time, days of other years

Auld, old, ancient, advanced in years

Auntie, an aunt

Ava', at all, of all, of any

Awa, away, absent

Awfu', awful, terrible

Awn, the beard of barley, oats, &c

Awmie, bearded

Ayont, beyond, at a distance, out of the reach of

B.

Ba', ball.

Backets, ashboards; a square wooden vessel for carrying coals to the fire; a kind of box for holding salt

Backlins comin', coming back, returning

Bad, did bid

Baide, endured, did stay.

Baillie, a magistrate in Scotland, answering to an alderman in England

Bagga, dimin of bag, a familiar term used to signify the belly

Baime having large bones, stout

Bairn, a child

Bairn-time, a family of children, a brood

Baith, both, likewise

Bake, a small cake or biscuit

Ban, to swear, to make an irreverent exclamation; reproach, censure

Bane, bone [excel

Bing, to beat, to strive, to

Bardie, dimin of bard

Barefit, barefooted, without shoes or stockings

Barmie, of or like barm.

Batch, a crew, a gang

Batts, botts, small worms in the entrails of horses

- Baudrons, a cat.**
Bauld, bold, intrepid.
Bawk, a strip of land left unploughed, two or three feet in width, a ridge, a bank
Baws'nt, having a white stripe down the face
Be, to let be, to give over, to cease
Bear, barley
Beastie, dimin of beast.
Beet, to add fuel to fire
Beld, bald, without hair on the head
Belyve, by-and-by
Ben, into the spence or parlor
Benmost, innermost
Benlomond, a noted mountain in Dumbartonshire
Bethankit, grace or short prayer after the time or act of eating
Beuk, a book
Bicker, a kind of wooden dish, a short race
Bie, or bield, shelter.
Bien, wealthy, plentiful
Big, to build
Biggin, building a house
Biggit, built
Bill, a bull
Bilhe, a brother, a young fellow
Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c
- Birk, birch.**
Birken-shaw, Birchenwood-shaw, a small wood.
Birkie, a clever fellow
Birring, the noise of partridges, &c, when they spring
Bit, crisis, nick of time
Bizz, a bustle, to buzz.
Blae, livid
Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf. a term of contempt.
Blastit, blasted.
Blate, bashful, sheepish
Blather, bladder
Blaud, a flat piece of anything, to slap
Blaw, to blow, to boast.
Bleerit, bleared, sore with rheum
Bleert and blin', bleared and blind.
Bleczing, blazing, flaming.
Blellum, an idle, talking fellow
Blether, to talk idly, non-sense
Bleth'rin, talking idly.
Blink, a little white, a smiling look, to look kindly, to shine by fits
Blinker, a term of contempt
Blinkin, smirking, ogling
Blithe, or Blythe, cheerful.
Blue-gown, one of those beggars, who get annually on the king's birth-day, a

blue cloak or gown, with a badge	Braid, broad, plain.
Bluid, blood	Bragin't, reeled forward.
Bluntie, snivelling	Brak, a kind of harrow, an instrument used in husbandry
Blypc, a shred, a large piece	Brainge, to run rashly forward [vent.
Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittently	Brak, broke, made insol-
Bocked, gushed, vomited	Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses,
Bodle, an old copper coin, of the value of pennies Scots, or one-third of an English penny	Brash, a sudden illness.
Bogles, spirits, hobgoblins	Brats, coarse clothes, rags, &c
Bonie, or Bony, handsome, beautiful	Brattle, a short race, hurry, fury
Bonnock, a kind of thick cake of bread, a small jannack or loaf made of oatmeal	Braw, fine, handsome.
Boord, a board	Brawlyt, or Brawlie, very well, finely, heartily.
Boortrec, the shrub elder, planted much of old in hedges of barn-yards, &c	Braxie, a morbid sheep.
Boost behooved, must needs	Breastie, dimin of breast.
Bore, a hole in the wall	Breastit, did spring up or forward
Botch, blotch, an angry tumor	Breckan, fern
Bouk, body, a person	Breef, an invulnerable or irresistible spell.
Bousing, drinking, quaffing	Brecks, breeches
Bow-kail, cabbage	Brent, smooth.
Bow-hough'd, applied to the lower part of the thighs, when crooked or bent outwards	Brewin, brewing.
Brackens, fern.	Brie, juice, liquid
Brae, a declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill	Brig, a bridge
	Brunstane, brimstone.
	Brisket, the breast, the bosom
	Brither, a brother
	Brock, a badger
	Brogue, a hum, a trick.
	Broo, broth, liquid, water.

- Brose**, a kind of pottage, made by pouring boiling water or broth on oatmeal, which is stirred while the water is poured, a race at country weddings, who shall first reach the bridegroom's house, on returning from church, so called, perhaps, from brose being allotted to the victor
- Brownie**, a spirit, supposed, till lately, to haunt old houses, particularly those attached to farms, and sometimes to do the drudgery of the servants during the night
- Brough**, a burgh
- Brulzie**, a broil, a combustion.
- Brunt**, did burn, burnt.
- Burst**, to burst, burst
- Buehan-bullers**, the boiling of the sea among the rocks on the coast of Buehan
- Bucksin**, an inhabitant of Virginia
- Bught**, a pen
- Bughtin-time**, the time of collecting the sheep in the pens to be milked
- Burdly**, stout made, broad made
- Bum-clock**, a humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings
- Bumming**, humming, as bees
- Bummle**, to blunder; a dolt, a stupid person.
- Bummiler**, a blunderer
- Bunker**, a window-seat.
- Burdies**, dimin of birds.
- Burc**, did bear
- Burn**, water, a rivulet.
- Burnic**, dimin of burn.
- Buskie**, bushy.
- Buskit**, dressed finely, decorated
- Busks**, dresses
- Busle**, a bustle, to bustle.
- Buss**, shelter
- But**, Bot, with, without.
- But an' ben**, the country kitchen and parlor.
- By himsel'**, lunatic, distracted
- Byke**, a bee-hive, a crowd.
- Byre**, a cow-house.

C

- Ca'**, to call, to name, to drive
- Ca't**, or **Ca'd**, called, driven; calved
- Cadger**, a carrier
- Cadie**, or **Caddie**, a person, a young fellow.
- Caff**, chaff
- Caird**, a tinker
- Cairn**, a loose heap of stones

- Calf-ward**, a small enclosure for calves.
Callan, a boy.
Caller, fresh, sound, refreshing
Came, or **Cannie**, gentle, mild, dexterous.
Cannihc, dexterously, gently
Cantie, or **Canty**, cheerful, merry
Cantrip, a charm, a spell
Caprin, capering, skipping merrily
Cap-stane, cope-stone, key-stone
Careerin, cheerfully
Carl, an old man
Carl-hemp, the largest stalk of hemp, firmness of mind
Carlin, a stout old woman.
Cartes, cards
Caudron, a caldron
Cauk and keel, chalk and red clay
Cauld, Cold
Caup, a wooden drinking-vessel
Cavic, a coop or pen for poultry
Cawd, driven
Cesses, taxes
Chanter, a part of a bagpipe
Chap, a person, a fellow, a blow
Chaup, a stroke, a blow
Cheekit, cheeked.
- Cheep**, a chirp; to chirp.
Chiel, or **Cheel**, a young fellow.
Chimla, or **Chimlie**, a fire-grate, a fireplace
Chimla-lug, the fireside.
Chittering, shivering, trembling
Chockin, choking
Chow, to chew; **Cheek-for-chow**, side-by-side.
Chuffle, fat-faced
Clachan, a small village about a church, a hamlet
Claise, or **Claes**, clothes.
Claith, Cloth
Claithing, clothing
Clavvers, nonsense; not speaking sense.
Clap, clapper of a mill.
Clarkit, wrote
Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day
Clatter, to tell little idle stories, an idle story.
Clought, snatched at, laid hold of
Claut, to clean, to scrape, a heap, a great quantity, abundance
Clauted, scraped
Claver, clover
Clavvers, idle stories.
Claw, to scratch
Claw'd, scratched
Claymore, a sword, a weapon

- used either in cutting or thrusting
 Cleed, to clothe
 Cleeds, clothes
 Cleek, to lay hold of after the manner of a hook, to seize at all events
 Cleekit, having caught
 Clinkin, jerking, clinking
 Clunkumbell, he who rings the church-bell
 Clips, shears
 Clishmaclaver, idle conversation
 Clock, to hatch, a beetle
 Clockin, hatching
 Cloot, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c
 Clootic, an old name for the Devil
 Clour, a bump, or swelling, after a blow
 Clout, to beat, to strike, a blow, a cuff
 Cluds, clouds
 Clunk, to guggle in the manner of a bottle when it is emptying
 Coaxin, wheedling, flattery
 Coble, a fishing boat
 Cockernony, a lock of hair tied upon a girl's head, a cap
 Coekie, dimin. of coek
 Coft, bought
 Cog, a wooden dish
 Coggie, dimin. of cog.
- Coila, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire, so called from Coil, or Coulus, a Pietish monarch
 Collie, a general, and sometimes a particular name for country curs.
 Collieshangie, quarrelling.
 Commaun, command
 Cood, the cud
 Coof, a blockhead, a ninny.
 Cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits
 Cooser, a horse kept for mares
 Coost, did cast
 Coot, the ankle, or foot.
 Cootie, a wooden kitchen dish, fowls whose legs are clad with feathers are said to be *cootie*
 Corbies, a species of the crow.
 Core, corps, party, clan
 Corn't, fed with oats.
 Cotter, the inhabitant of a cot-house or cottage.
 Couthie, kind, loving
 Cove, a cave
 Cowe, to terrify, to keep under, to lop, a fright, a branch of furze, broom, &c
 Cowp, to barter, to tumble over, a gang
 Cowpit, tumbled
 Cowrin, cowering, stooping

- Cowt**, a colt, a young horse
Cozie, snug
Coziely, snugly.
Crabbit, crabbed, fretful, sour
Crack, to converse, conversation
Crackin, conversing
Craft, or **Croft**, in old husbandry, a field near a house
Cragie, dimin of **crag**, the throat, the neck
Craiks, birds, incessant calls or cries
Crambo-clink, or **Crambo-jingle**, rhymes, doggerel verses
Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel
Crankous, fretful, captious
Cranreuch, the hoar-frost
Crap, or **Crop**, the produce of land, to crop
Craw, a crow of a cock, a rook
Creel, a kind of osier basket To have one's wits in a *creel*, to be crazed. to be fascinated
Creeshie, greasy
Cromie, or **Crony**, an intimate acquaintance
Crood, or **Croud**, to coo, as a dove
Crooks, old ewes that have given over bearing.
Croon, a hollow, continued moan, to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull, to hum a tune
Crooning, humming
Crouchie, crook-backed
Crouse, cheerful, courageous
Crouselly, cheerfully, courageously
Crowdie, a composition of oat-meal and boiled water, sometimes from the broth of beef, mutton, &c
Crowdie-time, breakfast-time
Crowlin, crawling, creeping
Crummock, a cow with crooked horns
Crump, hard and brittle; — spoken of bread.
Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel
Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny.
Cuummock, a short staff with a crooked head
Curchie, a courtesy
Curler, a player at a game on the ice, practised in Scotland, called *curling*.
Curlic, curled, one whose hair falls naturally in ringlets. [on the ice.
Curling, a well-known game
Curmurring, murmuring, a slight rumbling noise.
Curpin, the crusher.

Cushat, the dove, or wood-pigeon.

Cutty, short, a spoon broken in the middle; a light woman

Cutty-stool, a stool on which culprits sit when making public satisfaction in the kirk, for having committed fornication

D

Daddie, a father

Daezt, stupefied, deprived of vigor or sensibility

Daffin, merriment, foolishness

Daft, merry, giddy, foolish

Daimen, rare, now and then

Daimen-icker, an ear of corn now and then

Dainty, pleasant, good-humored, agreeable

Dales, plains, valleys

Danton, to intimidate, to subdue

Dam, urine, piddle

Darklins, darkling, being in the dark, void of light

Daud, to thrash, to abuse

Daur, to dare, to defy

Daurt, dared, defied

Daurg, or **Daurk**, a day's labor

Davoc, David

Dawd, a large piece.

Dawtit, or **Dautet**, fondled, caressed.

Dearies, dimin of dears.

Dearthfu', dear

Deave, deafen

Deil-ma-care, no matter for all that

Deleerit, delirious.

Describe, to describe

Devle, a stunning blow

Diddle, to shake, to jog.

Dight, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff, cleaned from chaff

Dights, clean

Din, swallow.

Ding, to worst, to push.

Dimna, do not

Dirl, a slight tremulous stroke or pain

Dizzen, or **Diz'n**, a dozen

Doited, stupefied, hebetated.

Dolt, stupefied, crazed, a stupid fellow

Donsie, unlucky

Dool, sorrow, to sing *dool* to lament, to mourn

Doos, doves

Dorty, saucy, nice, discontented

Douce, or **Douse**, sober wise, prudent

Doucely, soberly, prudently

Dought, was or were able

Doup skelper, oie wh strikes the tail

Doup, the backside.

Dour , sullen, obstinate.	Dung , worsted, pushed, driven, exhausted.
Doure , stout, durable, sul- len, stubborn	Dunted , beaten, boxed.
Douser , more prudent.	Dush , to push, as a ram, &c.
Dow , am or are able, can	Dusht , pushed by a ram, ox, &c
Dowf , pithless, wanting spirit	
Dowie , worn with grief, fa- tigue, &c , half asleep	E
Downa , am or are not able, cannot	E'e , the eye
Doylt , stupid	Een , the eyes
Drap , a drop, to drop	E'enn' , evening, the close of the day
Dropping , dropping	Eerie , frightened, dreading spirits
Draunting drawling	Eld , old age
Dreep , to ooze, to drop	Elbuck , the elbow
Dreigh , tedious, long about it	Eldritch , ghastly, frightful
Dribble , drizzling, slaver	En' , end
Driddle , to be diligent in- significantly	Enbrugh , Edinburgh
Drift , a drove	Eneugh , enough
Droddum , the beech	Especial , especially
Drone , part of a bagpipe	Ettle , to try, to attempt, to endeavor
Drop-rumpl't , that droops at the erupper	Eydent , diligent, industri- ous
Droukit , drenched, wet	F
Drouth , thirst, drought	
Druken , drunken	Fa' , fall, lot, to fall
Drumly , muddy, thick, ob- scure	Fa's , does fall, waterfalls.
Drummock , meal and wa- ter mixed raw	Faddom't , fathomed
Drun't , pet, sour humor	Fae , a foe, an enemy
Dub , a small pond	Faem , foam
Duds , rags, clothes	Faiket , unknown, unem- ployed
Duddie , ragged.	Faurin , a present at fair-time

Fallow , fellow	a wonder (A term of contempt)
Fand , did find	Fetch , to pull by fits
Farl , a cake of bread	Fetch't , pulled intermittent
Fash , trouble, care; to trouble, to care for	Fey , foe [ly]
Fashious , troublesome	Fidge , to fidget
Fasht , troubled	Fiel , soft, smooth
Fastern E'en, Fasteens Even	Fient , fiend, a petty oath
Fauld , a fold, to fold	Fier , sound, healthy, a brother, a friend
Faulding , folding	Fisle , to make a rustling noise, to fidget, a bustle
Faut , fault	Fit , a foot
Fawsont , decent, seemly	Fizz , to make a hissing noise, like fermentation
Feal , a field, smooth	Flanen , flannel
Feirfu' , frightful	Fleech , to supplicate, or entreat, in a flattering manner
Fear't , frightened	Fleech'd , supplicated
Feat , neat, spruce	Fleechn , supplicating
Fecht to fight, a struggle, of whatever kind	Flesh , a fleecce
Fechtn , or Fetchn , fighting	Fleg , a kick, a random blow.
Feck , many, plenty	Flether , to decoy by fair words
Focket , warstcoat	Fletherin , flattering
Feckfu' , large, brawny, stout	Flewit , a smart blow
Feckless , puny, weak, silly, trifling	F-ey , to scare, to frighten
Feckly , weakly	Flichter , to flatter, as young nestlings when their dams approach
Feg , a fig	Flinders , shreds, broken pieces
Fede , feud, enmity	Flingin-tree , a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable; a stall.
Fell , keen, biting, the flesh immediately under the skin, a field pretty level on the side or top of a hill	
Fen , successful struggle, fight	
Fend , to live comfortably	
Ferhe , or Ferly , to wonder,	

Fliak , to fret at the yoke.	Furm , a form, bench.
Flaskit , fretted	Fyke , trifling cares, to piddle, to be in a fuss about trifles, to agitate.
Flutter , to vibrate, like the wings of small birds	Fyle , to soil, to dirty, to pollute.
Fluttering , fluttering, vibrating.	Fyl't , soiled, dirtied, polluted.
Flunkie , a servant in livery	
Foord , a ford	
Forbears , forefathers, ancestors.	
Forbye , besides	
Forfain , distressed, worn out, jaded	
Forfoughten , fatigued	
Forgather , to meet, to encounter with	
Forge , to forgive [tigue	
Forjesket , jaded with fatigue	
Forrit , forward.	
Fother , fodder	
Fou , full, drunk	
Foughten , troubled, harassed.	
Fouth , plenty, enough, more than enough	
Fow , a bushel, &c, also a pitchfork.	
Frae , from	
Freath , froth	
Frien' , friend	
Fu' , full	
Fud , the scut or tail of the hare, coney, &c.	
Fuff , to blow intermittently.	
Fuff't , did blow	
Funnie , full of merriment.	
Fur , a furrow.	
	G
	Gab , the mouth, to speak boldly or pertly.
	Gaberlunzie , an old man.
	Gadsman , a ploughboy, the boy that drives the horses in the plough
	Gae , to go
	Gaed , went
	Gaen , or Gane , gone
	Gaet , or Gate , way, manner, road
	Gang , to go, to walk.
	Gangrel , strolling, wandering, roving
	Gar , to make, to force.
	Gar't , forced
	Garten , a garter
	Gash , wise, sagacious; talkative, to converse.
	Gashin , conversing
	Gaucy , jolly; large
	Gaun , going
	Gawky , half-witted, foolish, romping
	Gear , riches, goods of any kind.

- Geck**, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn.
Ged, a pike.
Gentles, great folks
Geordie, a guinea.
Get, a child, a young one
Ghaist, a ghost.
Gie, to give.
Gied, gave.
Gien, given
Giftie, dimin. of gift
Giglets, playful girls.
Gilhe, dimin. of gill
Gilpey, a half-crown, a half-informed boy or girl, a romping lad, a loiden
Gimmer, an ewe from one to two years old.
GIN, if, against.
Gipsy, a young girl.
Girdle, a round plate of iron for toasting cakes over the fire
Girn, to grin, to twist the features in rage, agony, &c
Girning, grinning.
Gizz, a periwig
Glaikit, inattentive, foolish
Glaive, a sword
Glaizie, glittering, smooth, like glass
Glaum'd, aimed, snatched
Gleg, sharp, ready.
Gleib, glebe
Glen, dale, deep valley.
Gley, a squint, to squint
- Glib-gabbet**, that speaks smoothly and readily.
Glint, to peep
Glinted, peeped
Glintin, peeping
Gloamin, the twilight
Glowi, to stare, to look, a stare, a look
Glowr'd, looked, stared
Glowran, staring
Goavan, looking or staring awkwardly
Gowan, the flower of the daisy, dandelion, hawk-weed, &c
Gowany, Gowany Glens, daisied dales
Gowd, gold
Gowff, the name of *golf*, to strike, as the bat does the ball at golf
Gowff'd, struck
Gowk, a cuckoo. (A term of contempt)
Gowl, to howl
Gowling, howling
Graff, a grave
Grain, or **Grane**, a groan, to groan
Grain'd and Graunted, groaned and grunted.
Graining, groaning
Graip, a pronged instrument for cleansing stables
Grath, accoutrements, furniture, dress.
Grannie, a grandmother

Grape, to grope.
 Grapit, groped
 Grat, wept, shed tears
 Great, intimate, familiar
 Gree, to agree To bear
 the *gree*, to be decidedly
 victor.
 Gree't, agreed
 Greet, to shed tears, to
 weep
 Greetin, crying, weeping
 Grippet, caught, seized
 Groat To wet the whistle
 of one's *groat*, to play a
 losing game
 Grousome, loathsome, grim
 Grozet, a gooseberry
 Grumph, a grunt, to grunt
 Grumphie, a sow
 Grun', ground
 Grunstone, a grindstone
 Gruntle, the phiz, a grunt-
 ing noise
 Grunzie, the mouth
 Grushie, thick, of thriving
 growth.
 Gude, the Supreme Being,
 good.
 Guid, good
 Guid-morning, good morn-
 ing.
 Guid-c'en, good evening
 Guidman and Guidwife, the
 master and mistress of the
 house. Young *guidman*,
 a man newly married
 Guidfather, a father-in-law

Guidmother, a mother-in-
 law.
 Gully, or Gulhie, a large
 knife
 Gumble, muddy, turbid
 Gumption, understanding,
 judgment
 Gusty, tasteful

H

Ha', hall
 Ha'-Bible, the great Bible
 that lies in the hall
 Haec, to have
 Haen, had
 Haet Eient *haet*, a petty
 oath of negation, nothing
 Haftet, the temple, the side
 of the head
 Haflins, nearly half, partly.
 Hag, a scar or gulf in mooses
 or moors, an ugly old
 woman
 Haggis, a kind of pudding
 boiled in the stomach of
 a cow or sheep
 Hain, to spare, to save
 Hain'd, spared
 Hairst, harvest
 Haith, a petty oath
 Haivers, nonsense, speak-
 ing without thought
 Hal', or Hald, an abiding-
 place
 Hale, whole, tight, healthy.
 Haly, holy.

Hallan , a particular partition wall in a cottage, or, more properly, a seat of turf at the outside	Heapt , heaped.
Hallowmas , Hallow-eve, the 31st of October	Hearse , hoarse.
Hamc , home	Hear't , hear it.
Hamcly , homely, affable	Heartue , dimin of heart.
Hameward , homeward	Heather , heath
Han' , or Haun' , hand	Hechl oh! strange!
Hap , an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c, to wrap, to cover, to hap	Hecht , promised, to foretell something that is to be got or given, foretold, the thing foretold, offered
Happer , a hopper	Heckle , a board in which are fixed a number of sharp pins, used in dressing hemp, flax, &c
Happing , hopping	Heeze , to elevate, to raise
Hap-step-an'-loup , hop-skip-and-leap	Helm , the rudder or helm.
Harkit , hearkened	Herd , to tend flocks, one who tends flocks
Harn , very coarse linen	Herrin , a herring
Hash , a fellow that neither knows how to dress nor act with propriety	Herry , to plunder, most properly, to plunder birds' nests
Hastit , hastened	Herryment , plundering, devastation
Haud , to hold	Hersel' , herself, also a herd of cattle of any sort
Haughs , low-lying rich lands, valleys.	Het , hot
Hauri , to drag, to peel	Heugh , a crag, a coal-pit.
Haurlin , peeling	Hide and Hair , the carcass and hide, the whole
Haverel , a half-witted person, one who talks foolishly	Hilch , to hobble, to halt
Havins , good manners, decorum, good sense	Hilchin , halting
Hawkie , a cow, properly one with a white face	Hiltie-skiltue , in rapid succession
Healsome , healthful, wholesome	Himself , himself.
	Hiney , honey.
	Hing , hang.

- Hirple, to walk crazily, to creep.
 Hirplin, walking crazily.
 Hirsle, so many cattle as one person can attend
 Histie, dry, chapt, barren
 Hitch, a loop, a knot
 Hizzie, huzzie, a young girl
 Hoddin the motion of a sage countryman riding on a cart-horse, humble
 Hog-score, a kind of distance line, in curling, drawn across the rink
 Hog-shouter, a kind of horse-play, by justling with the shoulder, to juggle
 Hool, outer skin or case; a nut-shell, peas-cod
 Hoohe, slowly, leisurely
 Hoohe' take leisure! stop!
 Hoord, a hoard, to hoard.
 Hoordit, hoarded
 Horn, a spoon made of horn
 Hornie, one of the many names of the Devil
 Host, or hoast, to cough
 Hostin, coughing
 Hosts, coughs
 Hotch'd, turned topsy-turvy, blended, mixed
 Houghmagandie, fornication.
 Houp, nope
 Housie, dimin of house.
 Hove, to heave, to swell.
 Hov'd, heaved, swelled.
 Howdie, a midwife.
 Howe, hollow, a hollow or dell
 Howe-backit, sunk in the back, spoken of a horse, &c
 Howff, a landlady, a house of resort
 Howk, to dig.
 Howkit, digged
 Howkin, digging.
 Howlet, or Houlet, an owl
 Hloy, to urge
 Hoy't, urged
 Hoyse, a pull upwards.
 Hoyte, to amble crazily.
 Hughoc, dimin of Hugh.
 Hunkers, the ham, the hinder part of the thigh.
 Hurcheon, a hedgehog. (A term of slight anger)
 Hurdies, the loins, the crupper
 Hushion, a cushion, stockings without feet.

I.

- I', in
 Icker, an ear of corn.
 Ier-oe, a great-grandchild.
 Ilk, or Ilka, each, every.
 Ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly.
 Ingine, genius, ingenuity.
 Ingle, fire, fireplace.

Fee, I shall or will.

Ither, other, one another.

J

Jad, jade, also, a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl.

Jag, to prick, to pierce.

Jauk, to dally, to trifle.

Jaukin, trifling, dallying

Jauntie, dimin of jaunt

Jaup, a jerk of water; to jerk, as agitated water.

Jaw, coarse raillery; to pour out, to shut, to jerk, as water

Jillit, a jilt, a giddy girl.

Jimp, to jump, slender in the waist, handsome

Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner, a sudden turning a corner.

Jinker, one who turns quickly, a gay, sprightly girl,

Jinking, dodging. [a wag

Jirk, a jerk.

Jo, or Joe, a sweetheart, a favorite

Jocteleg, a kind of knife.

Jcuk, to stoop, to bow the head

Jow. To jow, a verb which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell.

Jundie, to juggle.

K

Kae, a daw

Kail, colewort, a kind of broth

Kail-runt, the stem of colewort

Kam, fowls, &c., paid as rent by a farmer

Kanugh, carking anxiety.

Kebars, rafters

Kebbuck, a cheese.

Keek, a peep, to peep.

Kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms

Ken, to know

Ken'd, or Kent, knew

Kennin, a small matter.

Kenspeckle, well known.

Ket, matted, hairy, a fleece of wool

Kilt, to truss up the clothes.

Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip

Kim, kindred

Kim', kind

King's-hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox,

Kintra, country. [&c.

Kintra-cooze, a country stallion

Kirn, the harvest supper. a churn; to churn.

Kirsan, to christen, or baptize.

Lalt, a ballad, a tune, to sing	Lyart, of a mixed color, gray.
Lammer, a kept mistress, a strumpet	M.
Lump't, limped, hobbled	Mae, more.
Link, to trip along.	Mair, more
Linkin, tripping	Maist, most, almost
Linn, a waterfall, a precipice	Maistly, mostly
Lint, flax Lint 1' the bell, flax in flower	Mak, to make
Lintwhite, a linnet	Makin, making
Lippen'd, trusted, put confidence in	Mailen, a farm
Loan, or Loanin, the place of milking	Mallie, Molly
Loof, the palm of the hand	'Mang, among
Loot, did let	Manse, the parsonage house where the minister lives
Looves, plural of loof	Manteele, a mantle
Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue	Mark, or Merk, an ancient Scottish silver coin, in value thirteen pence and one-third of a penny sterling
Loup, jump, leap	Mark, marks (This and several other nouns, which in English require an s to form the plural, are, in Scotch, like the words shcep, deer, the same in both numbers)
Lowe, a flame	Mar's year, the year 1715
Lowin, flanning	Mashlum, or Meshin, mixed corn
Lowric, abbreviation of Lawrence	Mask, to mash, as malt, &c.; to infuse.
Lowse, to loose	Maskin-pat, a tea-pot
Lows'd, loosed	Maukin, a hare.
Lug, the ear, a handle	Maun, must.
Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle	
Lum, the chimney	
Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c	
Lunt, a column of smoke, to smoke	
Luntin, smoking	

Mavis , the thrush.	Misteuk , mistook.
Maw , to mow.	Mither , a mother.
Mawin , mowing.	Mixtie-martie , confusedly
Meere , a mare.	mixed
Meickle , or Meikle , much	Moil , labor
Melancholious , mournful	Moistify , to moisten
Melder , corn, or grain of any kind, sent to the mill to be ground.	Monie , or Mony , many.
Mell , to meddle; also, a mallet for pounding bar- ley in a stone trough	Moop , to nibble, as a heep.
Melvie , to soil with meal	Moorlan' , of or belonging to moors
Men' , to amend, to reform, to change from worse to better.	Morn , the next day, to-mor- row.
Mense , good manners, de- corum	Mottie , full of motes or small particles of matter.
Menseless , ill-bred, rude, impudent	Mou , the mouth.
Messin , a small dog	Moudiewort , a mole.
Midden , a dung-hill.	Mousie , dimin of mouse.
Midden-creels , baskets for holding dung	Muckle , or Mickle , great, big, much
Midden-hole , a gutter at the bottom of a dung-hill	Musie , dimin of muse.
Mid , prim, affectedly meek	Muslin-kail , broth composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens.
Min' , mind, remembrance	Mutchkin , an English pant.
Mind t , mind 't, resolved, intending.	Myse' , myself.
Minnie , mother, dam	
Mirk , dark	
Mirkest , darkest.	
Misca' , to abuse, to call	
Misca'd , abused [names.	
Mislear'd , mischievous, un- mannerly.	

N.

Na, no, not, nor.
Nae, no, not any.
Naething, or **Naithing**,
nothing.
Naig, a horse.
Nane, none.
Nappy, ale; to be tipsy.
Natch, to lay hold of vio-
lently.

Neebor, a neighbor.
Negleckt, neglected.
Neuk, nook
Niest, next in order, or next in time.
Nieve, the fist.
Nievenu', a handful, a small quantity.
Nieffer, an exchange; to exchange, to barter
Niger, a negro.
Nine-tailed-cat, a hangman's whip.
Nit, a nut.
Norland, of or belonging to the north.
Notic't, noticed, observed.
Nowte, black cattle.

O

O', of.
Ochuls, name of mountains.
O haith! **O faith!** an oath.
Onie, or **Ony**, any.
Or is often used for *ere*, before
Orra, superfluous, unwanted
O't, of it.
Oughtlins, in the least degree.
Ourie, shivering, drooping
Oursel', or **Oursels**, ourselves
Outlers, cattle not housed
Owre, over, too.
Owre hip, a way of fetching

a blow with a hammer over the arm.

P

Pack, intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool.
Pandel, to paddle, to play in water.
Painch, the paunch.
Patrick, a partridge.
Pang, to cram.
Parle, speech
Parritch, oat-meal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish.
Pat, did put, a pot.
Pattle, or **Pettle**, a plough-staff.
Paughty, proud, haughty.
Pawky, or **Pawkie**, cunning, sly
Pay't, paid, beat.
Pech, to fetch the breath short, as in an asthma.
Pechan, the crop, the stomach.
Peelin, peeling
Pet, a domesticated sheep; a great favorite.
Pettle, to caerish; a plough-staff
Philabegs, short petticoats, worn by Highlandmen
Phraise, fair speeches, flattery; to flatter, to wheedle.
Phraisin, flatter

Pibroch, a Highland war-song, adapted to the bag-pipe.	Preen, a pin, a pointed short piece of wire.
Pickle, a small quantity	Prent, print.
Pine, pain, uneasiness	Prie, to taste.
Pit, to put	Prie'd, tasted
Placard, a public proclamation	Prif, proof
Plack, an old Scotch coin, the third part of a Scotch penny, twelve of which make an English penny	Prig, to cheapen, to dispute.
Plackless, penniless, without money.	Priggin, cheapening
Plaid, an outer loose garment	Primsie, demure, precise.
Platie, dimin of plate	Propone, to lay down, to propose
Plough, or Plew, a plough	Provost, the first magistrate of a royal borough, answering to Lord Mayor in England
Pliskie, a trick, a mischief	Provoses, plural of Provost
Pock, a bag, a small sack	Pund, pound, pounds
Pound, to seize on cattle, or take the goods, as the laws of Scotland allow, for rent	Pyle A <i>pyle</i> o' caif, a single grain of chaff
Poorrath, poverty, indigence	
Pou, to pull	Q
Pouch, a pocket	Quak, to quake
Pouchie, dimin of pouch	Quat, quit
Pouk, to pluck	Quey, a cow from one to two years old.
Pouse, to push, to penetrate	
Poussie, a hare, a cat	R
Pout, a poult, a cluck	Ragweed, herb ragwort
Pout, did pull.	Raible, to rattle nonsense, to talk foolishly
Pouthier, or Powther, powder	Rair, to roar.
Pouthery, like powder	Raize, to madden, to in flame
Pow, the head, the skull.	Ram-feezi'd, fatigued, over spread.
Pownie, a little horse.	

Ram-stam , thoughtless, forward.	Restit , stood restive, stunted, withered
Randie , turbulent, irregular, unsettled	Restrieked , restricted
Rantie , merry, cheerful, jovial	Rew , repent
Raploch , properly, a coarse cloth, but used as an adjective for <i>coarse</i>	Rief , or Reef , plenty
Rarely , excellently, very well	Rief-randies , sturdy beggars
Rash , a rush	Rig , a ridge
Rash-buss , a bush of rushes	Rin , to run, to melt
Ratan , a throb, a pulsation	Rink , the course of the stones, a term in curling on the ice
Ratton , a rat	Rinnin , running
Raucle , rash, stout, fearless	Ripp , a handful of unthreshed corn
Raught , reached	Riskit , made a noise like the tearing of roots
Raw , a row	Rockin , a term derived from those primitive times, when neighbors met alternately at one another's houses to spend the evening, the females, that they might enjoy the gossip, without the imputation of idleness, brought their <i>rocks</i> , or distaffs, with them
Rav , to stretch	Rood , stands likewise for the plural <i>roods</i>
Rax'd , stretched, levied	Roon , a shred
Ream , cream, to cream	Roose , to praise, to commend, applause
Reamin , brimful, frothing	Roun , round, in the circle or neighborhood
Reave , rove	Roupet , hoarse, as with a cold
Reck , to heed	Routhie , plentiful
Rede , counsel, to counsel	
Red-wat-shod , walking in blood over the shoe-tops	
Red-wud , stark-riid	
Ree , half-drunk, fuddled	
Reek , smoke, to smoke	
Reekin , smoking	
Reekit , smoked, smoky	
Remead , remedy, alternative	
Requite , required	
Rest , to stand restive.	

Row, to roll, to wrap.
 Row't, rolled, wrapped.
 Rowte, to low, to bellow.
 Rowth, or Routh, plenty
 Rowtin, lowing
 Rozet, rosin.
 Rung a cudgel.
 Runkled, wrinkled.
 Runt, the stem of colewort
 or cabbage.
 Ruth, a woman's name, the
 book so called, sorrow

S.

Sae, so.
 Saft, soft
 Sair, to serve; a sore
 Sairly, or Saurhe, sorely.
 Sair't, served
 Sark, a shirt.
 Sarkit, provided in shirts
 Saugh, the willow.
 Saul, soul
 Saumont, salmon.
 Saunt, a saint.
 Sant, salt
 Saw, to sow
 Sawin, sowing.
 Sax, six. [injury.
 Scaith, to damage, to injure,
 Scar, to scare; a scar.
 Seaud, to scald
 Seauld, to scold
 Scone, a kind of bread.
 Sconner, a loathing, to
 loathe.

Scraich, to scream, as a hen
 partridge, &c
 Screed, to tear; a rent.
 Scrieve, to glide swiftly
 along [ly
 Scrievin, gleesomely, swift-
 Scrimp, to scant.
 Scrimpet, did scant; scanty
 See'd, did see.
 Seizin, seizing.
 Sel', self A body's *sel'*,
 one's self alone.
 Sell't, did sell
 Sen', to send
 Sen't, I, he, or she sent, or
 did send, sent it.
 Servan', servant
 Session, an inferior spiritual
 court, of the kirk of Scot-
 land, consisting of an as-
 sembly of elders, who sit
 in judgment, and pro-
 nounce sentence on Chris-
 tian delinquents
 Settin, settling To get a
settle, to be frightened
 into quietness.
 Sets *Sets* off, goes away.
 Shackl'd, distorted, de-
 formed
 Shaird, a shred, a shard.
 Shangan, a stick cleft at one
 end, for putting the tail
 of a dog, &c, into, by
 way of mischief, or to
 frighten him away.
 Shave, a trick; any thing

done to cheat jocosely or to divert.	Sin, a son.
Shaver, a humorous wag; a barber	Sin', since.
Shavie, dimin of shave.	Sinny, sunny.
Shaw, to show, a small wood in a hollow place.	Sinsyne, since.
Shearer, a reaper, one employed in cutting down corn	Skaith See Scaith.
Sheen, bright, shining	Skellum, a worthless fellow
Sheep-shank To think one's self nae <i>sheep-shank</i> , to be conceited	Skelp, to strike, to slap, to walk with a smart tripping step, a smart stroke.
Sherra-moor, Sheriff-moor, the field where the famous battle of that name was fought in the rebellion of 1715.	Skelpi-limmer, a technical term in female scolding
Sheugh, a ditch, a trench, a Shiel, a shed. [sluice	Skelpin, stepping, walking; eager, warm
Shill, shrill.	Skiegh, or Skeigh, proud, nice, high-mettled
Shog, a shock; a push off at one side	Skinklin, a small portion.
Shool, a shovel.	Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly
Shoon, shoes.	Skirling, shrieking, crying.
Shore, to offer, to give; to threaten.	Skirl't, shrieked
Shor'd, offered	Skient, slant, to run aslant, to deviate from truth.
Shouter, the shoulder.	Skiented, ran, or hit in an oblique direction.
Sic, such	Skreigh, a scream, to scream
Sicker, sure, steady.	Skyrin, shining, making a great show.
Sidelins, sidelong, slanting.	Skyte, force, violence.
Siller, silver, money.	Slade, did slide
Summer, a summer.	Slae, a sloe.
Signet, singed, scorched-despicable.	Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence
	Slaw, slow.
	Slee, sly
	Sleest, slyest
	Sleekit, sleek, sly, cunning

Sliddery, slippery	Snowk, to scent or snuff, as a dog, horse, &c
Slype, to fall over, as a wet furrow from the plough	Snowkit, scented, snuffed
Slypet, fell	Sodger, a soldier
Sma', small	Sonsie, having sweet engag- ing looks, lucky, jolly
Smeddum, dust, powder, mettle, sense	Soom, to swim
Sn iddy, a smithy	Sooth, truth, a petty oath.
Smoor, to sniother	Sough, a sigh, a sound dy- ing on the ear
Smoor'd, smothered	Souple, flexible, swift
Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly	Souter, a shoemaker
Smytrie, a numerous collec- tion of small individuals	Sowens, a dish made of oat- meal, the seeds of oat- meal sourd, &c, boiled up till they make an agreeable pudding
Shaking, the champing of a dog's teeth when he aims at his prey	Sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity of anything li- quid
Snapper, stumble	Sowth, to try over a tune with a low whistle
Snash, abuse, Billingsgate	Sowther, solder, to solder, to cement
Snow, snow, to snow	Spac, to prophesy, to divine
Snaw-broo, melted snow	Spurge, to dash, to soil, as with mire
Snawie, srowie	Spaul, a lamb
Sneck, latch of a door	Spavie, the spavin
Sned, to lop, to cut off	Spaviet, having the spavin
Sneeshin, snuff	Speat, or Spute, a sweeping torrent, after rain or thaw
Sneeshin-mill, a snuff-box	Speel, to clumb
Snell, bitter, biting	Spect, to spit, to thrust through
Snick-drawing, thick con- triving	Spence, the country parlor
Snick, the latchet of a door	Spier, to ask, to inquire.
Snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery, to submit tame- ly, to sneak, to oppress	
Snoove, to go smoothly and constantly, to sneak	

Spler't , inquired.	Stank , did stink, a pool of standing water.
Splatter , a splutter; to splutter.	Stap , stop
Spleuchan , a tobacco-pouch.	Stark , stout
Splore , a frolic, a noise, a riot	Startle , to run, as cattle stung by the gad-fly.
Sprattle , to scramble	Staukin , stalking, walking with a stately step.
Spreckled , spotted, speckled, clambered	Stauirel , a blockhead, half-witted
Spring , a quick air in music, a Scottish reel	Staw , did steal, to surfest.
Sprit , a tough-rooted plant, somewhat like rushes	Stech , to cram the belly
Sprittle , full of spirits	Stechun , cramming.
Spunk , fire, mettle, wit.	Steek , to shut, a stick
Spunkie , nettlesome, fiery, will-o'-wisp, or ignis fatuus	Steer , to molest, to stir
Sputtle , a stick used in making oat-meal pudding or porridge, a notable Scotch dish	Steeve , firm, compacted.
Squad , a crew, a party	Stell , a still
Squatter , to flutter in water, as a wild duck, &c	Sten , to rear, as a horse.
Squattle , to sprawl, to struggle	Sten't , reared
Squeel , a scream, a screech, to scream	Stents , tribute, dues of any kind
Stacher , to stagger	Stey , steep
Stack , a rick of corn, hay, &c	Steyest , steepest
Staggie , dimin of stag	Stibble , stubble.
Stalwart , strong, stout	Stibble-rig , the reaper in harvest who takes the lead
Stan' , to stand	Stick-an'-stow , totally, altogether
Stan't , did stand	Stilt , a crutch, to halt, to limp
Stane , a stone	Stimpert , the eighth part of a Winchester bushel
	Stirk , a cow or bullock a year old
	Stock , a plant or root of colewort, cabbage, &c.

Stockin, stocking. Throwing the <i>stockin</i> , when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, and the candle out, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it strikes is the next that will be married	Stumple, dimin. of stump.
Stooked, made up in shocks, as corn	Stuff, corn, or pulse of any kind
Stoor, sounding hollow, strong, and hoarse	Sturt, troubled, to molest.
Stot, an ox	Sturtin, frightened.
Stoup, or Stowp, a kind of jug, or dish, with a handle.	Sucker, sugar.
Stoure, dust, more particularly, dust in motion	Sud, should
Stowlins, by stealth	Sugh, the continued rushing noise of wind or water
Stown, stolen	Suthron, southern; an old name for the English nation
Stoyte, to stumble	Sward, sward
Strack, did strike	Swall'd, swelled
Strae, straw To die a fair <i>strae</i> death, to die in bed	Swankie, or Swanker, a tight strapping young fellow or girl
Straik, did strike	Swap, an exchange, to barter
Straikit, stroked	Swarf, swoon
Strappan, tall and handsome	Swat, did sweat
Straight, straight	Swatch, a sample.
Streek, stretched, to stretch	Swats, drink, good ale.
Striddle, to straddle	Sweatin, sweating
Stroan, to spout, to piss	Sweer, lazy, averse Dead-sweer, extremely averse.
Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind, to walk sturdily	Swoor, swore, did swear.
Studdie, an anvil.	Swinge, to beat, to strike, to whip
	Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast, or pool; a knot in wood
	Swirle, knaggy, full of knots
	Swith! get away!
	Swither, to hesitate in choice

an irresolute wavering in choice.	Tedding spreading after the mower.
Syne, since, ago, then.	Ten-hours-bite, a slight feed to the horses, while in the yoke, in the forenoon.
T	
Tackets, a kind of nails for driving into the heels of shoes	Tent, a field pulpit, heed, caution, to take heed.
Tae, a toe Three-taed, having three prongs	Tentie, heedful, cautious wary
Targe, to examine, a target	Tentless, heedless
Tak, to take	Tough, tough
Takin, taking	Thack, thatch, <i>Thack</i> an rape, clothing, necessities
Tarmallan, the name of a mountain	Thae, these
Tangle, a sea-weed	Thairms, small guts, fiddle-strings
Tap, the top	Thankit, thanked
Tapeless, heedless, foolish.	Theekit, thatched
Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance	Thegither, together
Tarrow't, murmured	Themsel', themselves.
Tarry-breeks, a sailor	Tinck, intimate, familiar.
Tartan, a kind of cloth checkered with stripes of various colors	Thieveless, cold, dry, spited, spoken of a person's demeanor
Tauld, or Tald, told	Thir, these
Taupie, a foolish, thoughtless young person	Thirl to thrill
Tautd, or Tautie, matted together, spoken of hair or wool	Thurled, thrilled, vibrated.
Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled, spoken of a horse, cow &c	Thole, to suffer, to endure.
Teat, a small quantity	Thowe, a thaw, to thaw.
	Thowless, slack, lazy
	Thrang, to throng, a crowd.
	Thrapple, throat, windpipe.
	Thraw, to sprain, to twist, to contradict
	Thrawin, twisting, &c
	Thrawn. sprained, twisted.

contradicted; contradiction	Toddlin, tottering.
Threap, to maintain by dint of assertion	Toom, empty.
Threshin, thrashing.	Toop, a ram.
Threteen, thirteen	Toun, a hamlet, a farmhouse
Thistle, thistle	Tout, the blast of a horn, or trumpet, to blow a horn, &c
Through, to go on with, to make out	Touzie, rough, shaggy.
Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly	Tow, a rope
Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise, a blow producing a dull, heavy sound	Towmond, a twelvemonth.
Thumpit, thumped	Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress
Thysel', thyself	Toyte, to totter, like old age.
Till't, to it.	Trams, shafts
Timmer, timber	Transmogrify'd, transmigrated, metamorphosed
Timmer-propt, propped with timber	Thrashtrie, trash
Tine, to lose	Trews, trousers
Tint, lost <i>Tint</i> the gate, lost the way	Trickie, full of tricks, playful
Tinkler, a tinker	Trig, spruce, neat.
Tip, a ram	Trimly, excellently
Tippence, two-pence	Trow, to believe
Tirl, to make a slight noise, to uncover	Trowth, truth, a petty oath
Tirlin, uncovering	Trysted, appointed. To tryste, to make an appointment
Tither, the other	Try't tried
Tittle, to whisper	Tug, raw hide, of which in old times plough-traces were frequently made.
Tittling, whispering	Tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight
Tocher, marriage portion	Twa, two.
Tod, a fox	Twa-three, a few.
Toddle, to totter, like the walk of a child	'Twad, it would.

Twal, twelve. *Twal*-penny-
worth, a small quantity,
a pennyworth
Twin, to part
Tyke, a dog

U.

Unco, strange, uncouth;
very, very great, prodig-
ious
Uncos, news
Unfauld, unfold
Unkenn'd, unknown
Unsicker, unsure, un-
steady
Unskaith'd, undamaged, un-
hurt
Unweeting, unwitting, un-
knowing
Upo', upon
Urchin, a hedgehog

V.

Vap'rin, vaporizing, bully-
ing, bragging
Vauntie, vain, proud
Vera, very
Virl, a ring round a col-
umn, &c

W

Wa', wall
Wa's, walls.
Wabster, a weaver

Wad, would; to bet; a bet,
a pledge
Wadna, would not.
Wae, woe; sorrowful.
Waesucks! or Waes me!
alas! O the pity!
Waft, the cross thread that
goes from the shuttle
through the web, woof.
Wairfu', wailing
Wair, to lay out, to expend.
Wale, choice, to choose.
Wal'd, chose, chosen.
Walie, ample, large, jolly,
also an interjection of
distress
Wame, the belly.
Wamefou, a belly-full
Wanchancie, unlucky, ill-
omened, inauspicious
Wanrestfu', restless, uneasy
Wark, work
Wark-lume, a tool to work
with
Warl, or Warld, world.
Warlock, a wizard
Warly, worldly, eager for
amassing wealth.
Warran, a warrant; to war-
rant
Warst, worst.
Warstl'd, or Warsl'd, wres-
tled
Wastrie, prodigality.
Wat, wet I *wat*, I wot,
I know.
Water-brose, brose made of

- meal and water simply, without the addition of milk, butter, &c
- Wattle, a twig, a wand
- Wauble, to swing, to reel
- Waught, a draught
- Waukit, thickened, as fullers do cloth
- Waukife, not apt to sleep
- Waur, worse, to worst
- Waur't, worsted
- Wean, or Weanie, a child
- Weanie, or Weary Monie a *weary* body, many a different person
- Weason, weasand
- Weaving the stocking See throwing the stocking, (page 518)
- Wee, little
- Wee things, little ones
- Wee bit, a small matter
- Weel, well
- Weelfare, welfare
- Weet, rain, wetness
- Weird, fate
- We'se, we shall
- Wha, who
- Whaizle, to wheeze
- Whalpit, whelped, brought forth
- Whang a leathern string, a piece of cheese, bread, &c, to give the strappad.
- Whare, where
- Whare'er, wherever
- Whase, whose
- Whatreck, nevertheless.
- Whaup, the curfew, a kind of water-fowl
- Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk Penny - *wheep*, small-beer
- Whid, the motion of a hare running but not frightened; a lie
- Whidden, running, as a hare or coney
- Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies, erotchets.
- Whingin, crying, complaining, fretting
- Whirligigums, useless ornaments, trifling appendages
- Whirrin', whirring, the sound made by the flight of the partridge, &c.
- Whisht, silence. To hold one's *whisht*, to be silent
- Whisk, to sweep, to lash.
- Whuskin, large, sweeping
- Whuskit, lashed
- Whistle, a whistle, to whistle
- Whutter, a hearty draught of liquor
- Whunstane, a whinstone.
- Whyles, whiles, sometimes.
- Wi', with
- Wiek, to strike a stone in an oblique direction; a term in curling
- Wicker, willow, (the small est sort.)

Widdiefu' , wrathful, angry, raging, one deserving the gallows	Wonner , a wonder, a contemptuous appellation.
Widdle , struggle, bustle, effort	Wons , dwells, resides.
Wiel , a small whirlpool	Woo' , wool
Wife , a diminutive or endearing term for wife	Woo , to court, to make love to
Wilfu' , willing, full of will	Woddie , a rope, more properly, one made of withes or willows, a halter, a gallows
Willyart , bashful, reserved, timid	Wooer-hab , the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops
Wimple , to meander, to run very irregularly	Wordy , worthy
Wimpl't , meandered	Worset , worsted
Wimplin , waving, meandering	Wow! an exclamation of pleasure or wonder
Win , to wind, to winnow	Wrack , to tease, to vex
Win' , wind	Wraith , a spirit, a ghost, an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death
Win's , winds	Wrang wrong , to wrong, to injure
Win't , winded, as a bottom of yarn	Wreeth , a drifted heap of snow
Winna , will not	Writers , attorneys, lawyers
Winnock , a window	Wud , mad, distracted, wild.
Winsome , hearty, vaunted, gay	Wumble , a wumble, an instrument for boring holes
Wintle , a staggering motion, to stagger, to reel	Wyle , beguile
Winze , an oath	Wyhecoat , a flannel vest
Wiss , to wish, to have a strong desire	Wyte , blame, to blame, to accuse
Withouten , without	
Witless , simple, easily imposed on	
Wizen'd , hide-bound, dried, shrunk	

Y

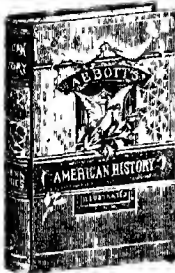
Ye ; this pronoun is frequently used for thou	Yerkit , jerked, lashed struck
Year is used both for singular and plural years	Yestreen , yesternight, the night before
Yearlings , born in the same year, coevals	Yett , a gate, such as is usually at the entrance into a farm-yard or field
Yearns , longs much, desires earnestly	Yill , ale
Yell , barren, that gives no milk	Yird , earth
Yerk , to lash, to strike, to jerk.	Yokin , yoking, a bout.
	Yont , beyond
	Yoursel' , yourself
	Yowe , an ewe
	Yowie , dimin of yowe.
	Yule , Christmas

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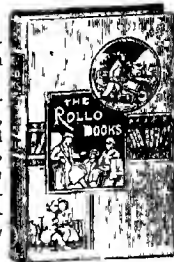
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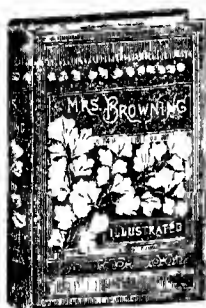
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